MAY 1955

COMMENTARY

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COMMENTARY, incorporating *Contemporary Jewish Record:* Published monthly by the American Jewish Committee, 50¢ a copy; $6.00 a year; 2 years, $10.00; 3 years, $14.00. No additional charge for Canadian or foreign postage. Offices, 34 West 33rd Street, New York 1. Re-entered as second class matter October 30, 1945 at the post office in New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1955 by the American Jewish Committee. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Magazine Subject Index, and Public Affairs Information Service.

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IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF

COMMENTARY

Germans Today *Terence Prittie*

What is the temper of opinion among ordinary Germans today? What lessons have they drawn from the recent and remoter past? To what extent are they making moral as well as financial restitution to Jews? A searching article by the correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* and broadcaster on German affairs for the BBC.

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The distinguished literary critic illuminates the conflicting impulses in the work of the deceased Soviet Jewish writer whom many consider the finest talent to have come out of the Russian revolution, and among the best short-story writers of the 20th century.

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An examination, by a steady COMMENTARY contributor, of the most important book to appear in years on the Far East as a political and social entity, K. M. Panikkar's *Asia and Western Dominance.*

Jewish Art from Boston *Hilton Kramer*

The twin retrospective shows of Hyman Bloom and Jack Levine, at the Whitney Museum in New York, give a young critic the chance to attempt a definitive assessment of the work of these two painters.

A Journey to Masada *Mark Sufrin and Jane Powell*

In the mountainous fortress of Masada, nearly one thousand men, women, and children, by a mass suicide, thwarted the conquering Roman Legions of their victory and escaped enslavement. A description by a film maker and an archeologist of a pilgrimage to the site of one of the great monuments to human and religious freedom.

How Leninist Is Mao's "Agrarian" Communism? *Karl Wittfogel*

A large and influential group of China scholars holds that Chinese Communism with its agrarian, peasant emphasis has developed along lines never envisaged by Leninist Communism and in fact constitutes a heresy. A noted scholar and the director of the University of Washington-Columbia University Chinese History Project subjects to critical analysis John K. Fairbank's *The United States and China,* Benjamin I. Schwartz's *Chinese Communism and the Rise of Mao,* and *A Documentary History of Chinese Communism* by these two authors together with Conrad Brandt.

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COMMENTARY

MR. EISENHOWER'S FAR EAST POLICY

The Prescription, as Before

HAROLD LAVINE

THE Eisenhower administration is often portrayed as a band of reckless men determined to wipe out Communism even at the cost of wiping out the human race along with it. There are millions in Western Europe and Asia who accept this picture without reservation, and there probably are millions in the United States, too, who accept it, at least in part. Yet the picture is simple fantasy.

GIVEN current headlines and the charges and counter-charges of "war party" and "appeasement," no wonder the average citizen has difficulty in knowing what present American policy in the Far East really is. Nor is it a secret that abroad the most fantastic notions are circulating on what President Eisenhower is up to. HAROLD LAVINE here attempts to put the actual facts in perspective. His aim is not so much to evaluate as help provide a sound basis for discussion. Mr. Lavine, a frequent contributor, is general editor of *Newsweek,* and he is widely recognized as one of this country's best-informed analysts of domestic politics and foreign affairs. He covered World War II and the Korean war at the front, at field headquarters, and in Washington. Born in New York City in 1915 and a graduate of Columbia, he is the author of *Fifth Column in America* and co-author, with James A. Wechsler, of *War Propaganda and the United States.* His most recent contribution to these pages was "What Arms Policy to Prevent World War III?" in November 1954.

The administration does talk recklessly at times, and it does have an unfortunate addiction to inflammatory phrases. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles somehow cannot discuss international affairs except in the language of a preacher denouncing sin or a district attorney exhorting a jury to bring in a verdict of murder in the first degree. And Vice President Richard M. Nixon has yet to learn that what Theodore Roosevelt advised the nation to do was not only to carry a big stick, but also to speak softly.

The administration has blustered about "seizing the initiative in the cold war," and about "launching a psychological offensive against the Communists." It has threatened France with "an agonizing reappraisal" of U. S. foreign policy, and Communist China with "instant, massive retaliation at times and places of our own choosing." It has "unleashed the forces of Chiang Kai-shek" and it has promised to "roll back the Iron Curtain."

This is just talk. The Eisenhower administration actually is a group of baffled men who bluster and threaten partly because they consider it good politics, but largely because they *are* baffled. They are just as frightened by the possibility of a third world war as those who accuse them of courting one. But having over the years watched the Communists devour country after country, they

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are frightened by the Communists, too. They know the only choice the United States has is between co-existence and co-extermination, but they ask: "How do you go about co-existing with a snake?"

The Eisenhower administration is, basically, a businessmen's administration, and businessmen are rarely adventurers. Nor are they, in this day and age, in spite of the Marxian gospel, "warmongers and imperialists." They are cautious and conservative men who abhor risk. They consider international tensions bad for business because they lead inevitably to bigger armaments, and bigger armaments lead just as inevitably to higher taxes, inflation, and controls. Moreover, they don't particularly like to produce arms; there's less trouble—and more profit—in turning out autos, refrigerators, and electric shavers.

THE President himself is not a businessman, of course, but he shares this attitude. By nature, Dwight D. Eisenhower is just as cautious and just as conservative as any Midwestern manufacturer. As supreme commander of the Allied forces in Europe during the war, he was never the swashbuckling soldier. He moved slowly, carefully, always anticipating the worst. The George E. Pattons fumed, but he refused to gamble unless he absolutely had to. He hasn't changed.

In addition, like many professional army officers, the President has an exaggerated respect for businessmen. They represent success and, in his mind, success is synonymous with ability. They are the men he invites to have dinner at the White House with him, and to whom he listens.

He listens particularly to his Secretary of the Treasury, George M. Humphrey, who is probably the most articulate exponent in Washington of the businessman's philosophy. Humphrey's private devil is inflation, and his first question always is: "How much will it cost?"

There are dissident voices, naturally. Senate Republican leader William E. Knowland of California, for one, has consistently prodded the administration for a more militant foreign policy, especially in the Far East. And so has Admiral Arthur W. Radford, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Radford is not an advocate of a preventive war, as some of his critics have charged, but he does insist that war can be avoided only by risking war. His attitude is not much different from that of those who favored stopping Hitler when he made his first move by occupying the Rhineland. These anti-fascists of the 30's recognized that sending an ultimatum to Hitler to quit the Rhineland might result in war, but they argued that retreating before Hitler would make war inevitable. In much the same way, Radford admits that sending an ultimatum to Communist China to keep hands off Matsu and Quemoy might result in war, but he does not think it will; he thinks, in fact, that it will deter the Communists from further aggression and thereby prevent war.

Whether Knowland and Radford are right or wrong could be argued endlessly. The anti-fascists of the 30's were called warmongers, too, and the appeasers were depicted as men of peace, but history may reverse the labels. This much, however, is certain: the Knowlands and the Radfords are not the architects of U. S. foreign policy; they are not the administration, but rather the opposition to the administration. To the President, in fact, Knowland is simply a cross he must bear. He does respect Radford, but he has consistently rejected his advice.

Given a choice between militancy and caution, the President invariably has chosen caution. There were those who argued with him against agreeing to a cease-fire in Korea. They wanted to continue the war to victory not only because it was bleeding Red China white, but also because it was keeping the Chinese from stirring up trouble elsewhere—including the Formosa Strait. Mr. Eisenhower authorized a cease-fire. When rioting broke out in East Germany in June 1953, there were those who argued with him to intervene, if only by launching a "psychological offensive." They saw an opportunity to "roll back the Iron Curtain" with only a

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slight risk of war. Slight or not, it was a risk, and Mr. Eisenhower refused. When Dienbienphu was under siege, Radford pleaded with him to order an air-atomic strike against the attacking Communists. Again he balked, and for the same reason.

STRIPPED of its rhetoric, in fact, the foreign policy that Mr. Eisenhower has been pursuing is little different from Harry S. Truman's. Those who fail to recognize this are simply confusing the rhetoric with the reality. The goal is precisely the same—the containment of Communism. And the means are far less dissimilar than administration spokesmen pretend or administration critics claim. Even what Adlai Stevenson has called the "yawning gap . . . between our words and deeds" was characteristic of Mr. Truman's foreign policy. Mr. Truman's action in "neutralizing Formosa" was no less an exercise in semantics than Mr. Eisenhower's policy in "unleashing Chiang." The joker lay in the fact that Mr. Truman failed to neutralize the offshore islands. While the U. S. Seventh Fleet presumably was keeping Chiang from invading the mainland of China from Formosa—which he couldn't do anyway—"The Spooks," CIA agents calling themselves Western Enterprise, Inc., continued to arm and train Nationalist troops on the offshore islands and to lead them in raids. (These so-called guerrillas were actually the best armed, best trained troops Chiang had.)

The policy of containment rests on the assumption that war is a catastrophe and peace an impossibility, at least in the foreseeable future. The alternative that it offers is a cease-fire, with the world divided into two worlds—including two Germanies, two Koreas, two Chinas, and two Vietnams—glaring at each other across a tangle of barbed wire, snarling at each other and occasionally throwing a grenade, but never going beyond that. In the 19th century, the aim would have been called "a balance of power"; in the 20th, Sir Winston Churchill's phrase probably is more descriptive: "a balance of terror."

During the Truman administration, the nation's stockpile of atomic weapons and the Strategic Air Command deterred the Communists from launching a third world war. Secretary of State Dean Acheson never talked of "instant, massive retaliation," but the threat was implicit. Mr. Eisenhower, too, is counting on air-atomic power to prevent a third world war. He believes that Soviet Russia, at least, recognizes that such a war could end only in the destruction of both worlds. He considers the men in the Kremlin as evil as the Nazis and as determined on world domination, but he doubts if they want the same *Gotterdämmerung*.

This does not mean that Mr. Eisenhower expects the Communists to abandon their drive for world domination. On the contrary, he believes they will keep striving to expand the borders of the Communist world—but only by measures short of a third world war. They will start civil wars like the civil war in Greece, he thinks, and little wars like the invasion of South Korea. They will deliver ultimatums and sponsor subversive movements—but they will not march.

Again like Mr. Truman, the President is attempting to counter the Communists by creating an Iron Ring around the Iron Curtain—that is, by perfecting the nation's system of alliances and by bolstering its allies both militarily and economically to a point where they could be destroyed only by a third world war. The President recognizes that, at times, the United States may even have to bolster them with troops and that it may even have to fight the little wars. Just how it should fight, he still hasn't decided. His decision probably would depend on the circumstances, but he believes that a little war need not be a limited war in precisely the same way the war in Korea was limited. If the Communists again invaded South Korea, for example, he might order an attack on the bases from which the invasion was launched. And he might even authorize the use of "little A-bombs" against battlefield targets. Mr. Truman never did, but Mr. Truman didn't have the same vast arsenal of tactical atomic weapons.

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SINCE the Eisenhower administration's foreign policy is basically the same as the Truman administration's, it has, naturally enough, succeeded where the Truman administration's succeeded and failed where the Truman administration's failed. It has been a success in Western Europe and a failure in the Far East.

Western Europe now is fairly stable economically. The Communists still are powerful in France and Italy, and Italy still has a serious unemployment problem, but there is little danger of the Communists capturing either country except in the event of a third world war. NATO is a going concern, and once Western Germany rearms it will be capable of handling anything short of a full-scale attack by the Red Army. Trieste no longer is a political problem and a source of tension between Italy and Yugoslavia and, though Yugoslavia still makes noises like a neutral, it actually has become an ally of Greece and Turkey.

In short, the United States has just about achieved the goal that Mr. Truman was seeking when he enunciated the Truman Doctrine, launched the Marshall Plan, and created the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. A stalemate has been created. The situation is hardly ideal. Germany remains divided and Austria remains occupied. On the other hand, the spread of Communism has been halted, the danger of war has all but disappeared and, while the German problem remains as perplexing as ever, the problem of Austria may be near solution; having failed to prevent ratification of the Paris agreements, the Russians now seem ready to quit Austria for a price the West can pay.

In the Far East, the situation is quite different. There, the Truman administration didn't even attempt to contain the Communists until North Korea invaded South Korea. It stood idly by all the while the Reds were driving Chiang from the mainland, waiting, in Acheson's words, for "the dust to settle." Perhaps there was nothing it could have done. That can be debated endlessly, too.

Once the Reds did invade South Korea, Mr. Truman moved swiftly. He not only ordered General of the Army Douglas MacArthur to defend the republic; in addition, he reversed his policy toward Chiang and ordered the Seventh Fleet to defend Formosa and the Pescadores.

The reversal was dictated by military necessity. Chiang in 1950 was incapable of holding Formosa and the Pescadores himself. The United States could not permit the islands to fall into the hands of the Communists, for if the war in Korea developed into a full-scale war in the Far East, they would then be a threat not only to South Korea but to Japan and the Philippines as well. (It was from Formosa, incidentally, that Japan launched her invasion of the Philippines in 1941.)

That was how the process of building up Chiang started. Later, when the Chinese Communists entered the Korean war, the Generalissimo was encouraged to attack the mainland. He could only conduct pinprick raids, but they were enough to immobilize a good part of the Chinese Communist army which otherwise might have been used to kill United Nations troops in Korea.

The war in Korea was a nasty war and a highly unpopular one—but it did contain the Communists, and in more ways than were apparent to most Americans. It prevented the Chinese Reds from giving Ho Chi Minh the arms he needed to meet the French and Vietnamese in pitched battle. And it bolstered the Japanese economy. By using Japan as a base, the United States temporarily solved Japan's economic problems.

When Mr. Eisenhower "unleashed Chiang," a wisecracker in the Pentagon remarked: "That's like unleashing a chihuahua in a den of tigers." In the cold, hard light of retrospect, the action was ludicrous. And yet it did serve a purpose. It was a warning to Red China that if she refused to agree to a cease-fire in Korea, she would find herself faced with an all-out war. The same warning had previously been made by the Truman administration through Chester Bowles, then U. S. Ambassador to India.

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Whether the United States should have sought a cease-fire is another question. There were those who advised both Truman and Eisenhower against it. They predicted exactly what the results would be. To continue the war, however, had become a political impossibility. The American people had no stomach for it.

The trouble began the moment the cease-fire was signed. Artillery, which Red China had earmarked for Korea, was moved south to Indo-China, and Dienbienphu became a trap. The United States began to withdraw troops from the Far East, and with each GI who left, Japan's troubles increased. Most important of all, Red China began to build up its defenses along the Fukien coast. It became increasingly difficult for Chiang's guerrillas to raid the mainland. Soon it was the Reds who were attacking the offshore islands.

THE immediate problem that faces the United States today lies in the Formosa Strait. And for all the belligerent talk in Washington, the real aim of the Eisenhower administration is clear: the President would like Chiang to evacuate Matsu and Quemoy, the offshore islands he still holds. Then he would like both Chiang and the Reds to agree to a cease-fire. As a practical matter, whether they did or did not wouldn't make much difference. Chiang doesn't have the military capability to attack the mainland from Formosa, nor can the Reds attack Formosa from the mainland until they build a navy strong enough to challenge the Seventh Fleet.

The result would be "two Chinas." The administration is perfectly aware of that, though it shies from the phrase. And it also recognizes that under a "two-China policy" it eventually would have to agree to a seat for Red China in the United Nations. Secretary Dulles, in fact, has said as much.

What Mr. Eisenhower would like to happen and what he can do about it are two different things. He cannot publicly call on Chiang to evacuate Matsu and Quemoy, not only for political reasons, but also because by doing so he would in effect be inviting the Communists to attack them. He can only hope that Chiang will give up the idea of embroiling the United States in a war with Red China over Matsu and Quemoy and quit the islands voluntarily.

Elsewhere in the Far East, the policy of containment faces even greater difficulties. Japan can live only by selling, but where can she sell? Most of her pre-war markets have shrunk or disappeared, and the United States can never replace them, even if Mr. Eisenhower should succeed in getting Congress to lower tariffs, which appears likely. Under the circumstances, increased trade between Japan and Red China is almost inevitable, and the administration fears that increased trade would lead to closer diplomatic relations.

The administration would like Japan to rearm and become an anti-Communist bastion in the Pacific, but the Japanese have no desire for that role. They say they can't afford more than a token defense force. Actually, they don't want it. They're perfectly content to let the American taxpayer and the American GI defend them. Besides, they are an extremely pragmatic people. They tried militarism and it led only to disaster; as a result, they are now anti-militarist.

In Southeast Asia, the situation appears almost hopeless. The United States has defense pacts with some of the nations of Southeast Asia, but they are meaningless, for the real threat there is not Communist aggression but Communist subversion. The governments of South Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, and Thailand are simply not capable of dealing with a determined Communist movement. The United States is attempting to bolster them militarily and economically, but there just isn't much to bolster. Ngo Dinh Diem, the Premier of South Vietnam, for example, is a fine man, intelligent, honest, and patriotic, but those qualities, admirable as they may be, do not make him a leader. A Catholic in a nation of Buddhists, an intellectual in a nation of peasants, Diem has no mass support. The only anti-Communists who have, un-

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fortunately, are the leaders of the religious sects. And they, for the most part, are relics of feudalism who could not possibly run the country either.

The Eisenhower administration believes there is a chance of saving South Vietnam from the Communists, but only an outside chance. And if South Vietnam goes, it believes that Communist movements will at once start flourishing in Laos. Perhaps by then Laos will be capable of defending itself against subversion; perhaps not. If Laos goes, the administration thinks, Cambodia will be threatened next.

Under the circumstances, the attitude of sheer desperation that characterized Dulles on his recent return from the Far East can easily be understood. The administration is certain that sooner or later the Communists will be contained, but the question is: where? How much of Asia will they be able to devour before a stalemate can be achieved?

If Nehru were to abandon his policy of neutrality, the administration's problem would be eased, for Nehru, though not "the voice of non-Communist Asia," as his admirers maintain, is nevertheless a great force. For that reason, the administration frequently gets irritated with his holier-than-thou attitude. The pettishness certainly doesn't help U. S. relations with India, but the members of the administration are human, too, and Nehru's pretensions to superior wisdom and morality can be infuriating. Moreover, the administration is convinced that some day India, too, will come running for American help.

THIS is a far more complicated world than anyone in the administration suspected when Mr. Eisenhower became President in January 1953. And it has become an increasingly frightening world. Mr. Eisenhower has said: "Since the advent of atomic weapons it seems clear that there is no alternative to peace." That is his most deeply held conviction, but he does not wish to purchase peace at the price of Communism. It's a tightrope he must walk to avoid both war and Communism, and sometimes the strain becomes a little too much for some members of the administration. This is usually when they start talking big and bold, and sound like a bully boasting: "I can lick anybody in the joint!" The fact remains, however, that Mr. Eisenhower is just as determined as Mr. Truman ever was to follow the course of containment; and in this he appears to have the overwhelming support of the American people.

The Knowlands and the Radfords may well be right: the policy of retreat could lead to war. Right or wrong, at the moment, the Knowlands and the Radfords are merely offstage noises. As for the Democrats, they do not really oppose the policy. When they criticize it, as Stevenson did recently, they criticize only the pronunciamentos that administration officials issue about what they are doing.

The Democrats would like to make an issue of the administration's foreign policy, but they can't. For basically it's the same foreign policy they pursued when they were in power. Dulles was quite right in saying about Stevenson's speech that Stevenson had advocated only what the administration had been doing.

Politically, there isn't any alternative to containment. On the one hand, few Americans want to die for Matsu and Quemoy; on the other hand, few want the Communist blight to spread over the world. And the policy of containment is the middle way. Mr. Eisenhower couldn't abandon it without committing political suicide, and he doesn't want to abandon it anyway.

The problem is the problem as before—how to make containment work. The prescription, as before, is firmness, steady nerves, patience—and prayer.

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TOYNBEE'S JUDGMENT OF THE JEWS

Where the Historian Misread History

FRANZ BORKENAU

UNDER title of "The Modern West and the Jews," A. J. Toynbee devotes a subsection of Volume VIII of the last four books of his *Study of History* to the fate of Jewry under the Nazis and to subsequent developments in Israel. His remarks therein about Zionism and Israel have, quite rightly, outraged Jews and other people. Mr. Toynbee equates the monstrous crimes perpetrated upon the Jews of Europe by the Germans with what the Israelis did to the Arabs of Palestine, and seems to find the Israelis as much at fault as the Nazis were! One might attribute this slanderous indictment of Zionism to Mr. Toynbee's weakness for symmetry and parallels, for likenesses and correspondences in general. But from the tenor of his other remarks about the Jews and things Jewish, it seems plausible to conclude that something more fundamental is at work than a historical or literary device. Toynbee is swayed by certain misconceptions as to the nature and history of Jewry as a people and as a spiritual tradition. These misconceptions have the force of an animus—one symptom of which is the surprisingly small part he assigns to Judaism in the origins of Christianity, and his tendency to overstress the originality of the latter's universal and redemptive aspects to the neglect of everything Prophetic in the Old Testament.

But Toynbee is a professional historian and only an amateur theologian. It is his historical assumptions, definitions, and verdicts that require examination first and demand to be taken most seriously.

MR. TOYNBEE does not regard the history of the Jews as *altogether* unique, and in this he is, of course, right. The transformation of a tribal kingdom into a non-territorial, *millet* community whose religious and national identity coincided, was a frequent phenomenon in the Middle East after the fall of the Assyrian empire in the 7th century B.C.E. From then till the disintegration of the Ottoman Turkish empire, the Middle East was largely made up of such *millets* (the term itself is of Ottoman origin): that is, groups separated by religion rather than language, living side by side in the same countryside and same towns. In this situation the religious community filled many of the social and political functions—though by no means all—that the linguistically unified nation does in modern Europe. The Armenians and Parsees, like the Jews, are classical examples of such "religion-nations," and to them could be added the

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THE last installment of A. J. Toynbee's *Study of History* contains a judgment upon Zionism, and the Jews, that has outraged many non-Zionists as well as Zionists. FRANZ BORKENAU, who here deals with Professor Toynbee's views, is better known to the readers of COMMENTARY as a political observer than historian, but he has published many historical studies in journals abroad, and his first love was and remains history—world history in particular. Born in Vienna, he was active in left-wing German politics during the 20's, and emigrated to England with Hitler's advent. After the war he returned to Germany to serve for a time as professor of history at the University of Marburg. He now lives in Switzerland and enjoys a worldwide reputation as a decipherer of events within the inner circles of Soviet power, having not only forecast Stalin's death but also predicted the showdown between Khrushchev and Malenkov weeks before it came. Mr. Borkenau is the author of several books, among them *The Spanish Cockpit, World Communism,* and, most recently, *European Communism.* His last contribution to this magazine was "The Peking-Moscow Axis and the Western Alliance" in December 1954.

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Copts as well as the many other *millet* groups Toynbee mentions as existing at large in the Arab world, and particularly in Lebanon and Syria.

Toynbee defined the *millet,* and described the Jews as constituting one, in the first volume of his *Study of History.* What he saw as the basic sociological reason for the "Jewish tragedy" in Europe was the collision between the *millet* type of community and the territorially, linguistically, and politically unified national structures into which Western civilization is organized. The conflict was inevitable because the two types of structure were incompatible. In this reviewer's opinion, Toynbee is again right. Where he goes astray, however, is in assuming, implicitly and without evidence, that the Jews must remain a *millet* in order to survive as Jews. This error vitiates almost everything else he has to say about the Diaspora. Yet he seems to be aware that the history of Jewry since the 18th century is that of an abandonment of the *millet*—or ghetto—and an increasing integration in modern Western civilization, and that this has been done without appreciable loss of ethnic identity. The contradiction stems from the fact that, though the Jews have refused to fit themselves into Toynbee's scheme, he insists on retaining it nevertheless. This, as well as his bias against Judaism as such, may help explain the acrimony of his remarks about them.

In Toynbee's scheme, modern life is faced with a choice between "archaism" (or ossification) and "futurism" (or nihilism). How could the Jews, an archaic community to begin with, and remaining one until very recently, have so resolutely chosen the alternative of "futurism"—that is, to establish a Jewish territorial state in Palestine and at the same time to modernize themselves in the Diaspora? Not only should they, in Toynbee's view, have remained a *millet,* if only in order to stay devout and ward off modern "secularism," but also because he holds that the *millet* will be more viable than the nation-state as a basic institution in the next, "religious" phase of world history.

THE first thing to ask in following the train of thought that has led Toynbee into error about the contemporary Jews is whether the *millet* they formed in the past can be defined in the same terms as the communities formed by the modern Assyrians, the Copts, the Armenians, and the other *millets* that, unlike the Jews, have remained largely tied to the Middle East. The answer touches on the very essence of the Jews as a people.

As I have said, *millets* are nations that are defined by religion, not by territory, political forms, or language. Hence the content of its religion plays the chief role in determining the history of a *millet* people. Toynbee, for all his professed solicitude for religion, overlooks this factor of content and judges from form alone: accordingly, the history of the Jews in the Diaspora should be more or less like that of the Armenians and Copts in their Diasporas. But it is not. The reason, though it may be concealed from Toynbee, is not hard to find. Like the Jews, the Armenians, Assyrians, Copts, *et al.,* all have had pre-*millet* pasts as territorially and politically unified nations. Unlike the Jews, however, none of these other *millet* peoples is connected by religion with its pre-*millet* past, and none acquired its status as a *millet* in quite the same way. Neo-Babylonian, Hellenistic, Roman, and Moslem conquerors imposed that status on these peoples by force of arms, and in most cases before they had adopted their present religion or even a precursor of it. As they were deprived of political independence by an outside "universal state," so they were converted to the Christianity to which they all adhere as *millets* by what was, more often than not, an outside "universal church."

With the Jews it was quite otherwise, the relation between their *millet* and pre-*millet* phases being directly inverted. Israel's religious transformation, culminating in Judaism, was already implicit in Mosaic law, and proceeded rapidly after the beginning of the Prophetic age, which came before there was any serious foreign threat to either Israel's or Judah's political integrity. The

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Prophets emphasized righteousness and devotion to the sole and unique Jehovah at the expense, if necessary, of state power. When Israel and then Judah collapsed under foreign invasion, the latter at least was so penetrated by Prophetic teaching, and the teaching itself so advanced, that Judah was able to preserve her national identity despite the loss of both homeland and political independence. Thus, with the First Exile, Jewry became the first people able to safeguard its identity solely by means of religion and ritual: hence the prototype of all the other *millet* peoples. It was because they more or less created, and *chose*, their conception of themselves as a religious community that the Jews remained a peculiar people, even after one section of them returned to their homeland under Persian rule and reassumed a more conventional outward aspect as a nation. And it was by triumphantly reviving the *millet* conception later on, after the fall of the Second Temple and their final dispersion, that, to the amazement of the Gentiles, the Jewish nation survived an even more catastrophic political defeat than the Babylonian conquest.

But the point here is not so much the success of the *millet* form as a means of national survival as the fact that the Jews were the only people to *choose* the *millet* as their own creation, rather than have it imposed upon them by others. They were able to do this because their own, native religion, with its "premature" belief in a single almighty God, had under the duress of exile sloughed off almost every trace of tribalism and almost every attachment to a political end, and shifted its center of gravity to the spiritual plane. All the other *millet* peoples, with the sole exception of the Parsees, have no memory, cultural or religious, of their pre-*millet* histories. The Jews, on the other hand, emerging from a disintegrating *millet* world today, still retain a continuity with their pre-*millet* past. That past holds something tremendous—the revelation of a faith and an outlook which mothered the two universal faiths of Christianity and Islam. This Jewish past is not a contrived or reconstructed historical memory, as the "primordial" Teutonic past of Wotan and Valhalla was for the crackpot ideologues of Nazi Germany, but was always, and remains, a living, active, natural force.

ONE's past largely determines one's future. The living past of a *millet* people who remember nothing before their *millet* is likely to bring in the future either the continuation of their *millet* existence or their disintegration as a group. The Jews, despite Mr. Toynbee, are not faced with these exclusive alternatives because their memories leap back over two thousand years of ghetto life to the Prophets and the Exodus. The Jewish identity has not quickly disintegrated under the impact of modern life as the ethnic identities of other *millets* have. Religious or irreligious, the Jews have maintained their character and continuity as Jews almost everywhere.

Einstein, opposing the anti-rationalism inherent in the empirical outlook of a Planck or a Heisenberg, insists upon the need, the possibility, and the obligation to render the universe intelligible in terms of a single rational principle—just as the Deutero-Isaiah insisted on the intelligible unity of God's governance of the world. If the Jewish contribution to every activity, good and bad, in behalf of social justice and liberalism is so disproportionately large, it is not simply because Jews themselves hope to gain by this, but also because Isaiah and Micah are still part of the Jewish consciousness. And the latter-day return to Zion evokes, and invokes, the memory of a similar return after the First Exodus.

Obviously, the pre-ghetto past of Jewry is not the "ghost" Toynbee says it is. Nor is the Jewish invocation of such a remote past "archaistic": it is at one and the same time a reaching back and a reaching forward in which the past reinforces the advance into the future. Little in modern Jewish existence reminds one of the arduous, half-frustrated efforts by which the Arabs and the Persians —let alone the smaller *millet* peoples—now try to modernize themselves. Jews play a

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leading role, as a type as well as individuals, in many fields of modern life, and are able to contribute their share without undue effort in those where they do not lead. Jews themselves often ascribe this to their superior intelligence, but they are wrong. While ghetto existence did put a premium on intellectual at the expense of physical and certain practical capacities, religious tradition had a much greater and stronger hand in shaping Jewish character in the long run, and the Prophetic impulse spurs Jews to eminence much more than their supposed intellectual superiority does. Without that impulse, Jewish intellectuality (which is more a matter of training than of innate endowment) might find no better task for itself than money-making.

TOYNBEE attacks Jewish secularism in its assimilationist as well as Zionist form. Theodor Mommsen, the German historian whose account of the fall of the Second Temple certainly reveals that he was aware of Jewish failings, showed a profounder understanding of the characteristic Jewish relation to past and future. The Jew, he said, is as ready to adapt his outward conduct to whatever milieu he finds himself in, as he is unwilling to surrender one parcel of his inmost being to it. The Jewish character can be described as a synthesis of well-nigh complete stability with well-nigh complete variability. This makes Jewish participation in non-Jewish culture something unique and special—and since the demise of their original pre-Hellenistic civilization, the Jews have always had to live with, or participate in, one non-Jewish culture or another. If the Jewish combination of outer assimilation with inner aloofness or detachment has proved disturbing to Gentiles, for the same reason it has been most fertile and creative, whether for the Jews themselves or for the "host" culture.

The Nazis, alas, paid the Jews the inadvertent compliment of resenting their inner aloofness and the contributions it enabled them to make: it was the one grain of reality at the center of the horrible myths they wove out of their hatred for the Jews, which was also an inverted fascination with an unreachable essence. Whereas Toynbee's objurgations of Zionism and his animus against Judaism in general relate to some of the most superficial aspects of contemporary Jewish life, the Nazis distorted and diabolized an aspect infinitely more profound, namely, the stiff-necked Jewish insistence on remaining Jewish under all circumstances.

TOYNBEE makes too easy an identification between modern Western secularism and the contemporary Jewish variety. The two may have converged until recently (with the happy result of releasing the Jews from the ghetto) but now they seem to be diverging. Gentile secularism appears to be heading towards a pure empiricism and relativism, whereas the Jewish kind still clings to the notion of human existence as something rationally and metaphysically intelligible and purposeful. Witness the extent to which Jewish secularism produces people *religiously* and disinterestedly dedicated to universal causes. Secularized Puritanism, which used to produce similar fruits, no longer does so to the same extent as secularized Judaism because it lacks the same inherent continuity with Prophetic tradition.

If the modern world, both Western and Communist, continues to adhere, as seems likely, to its present course of ruthless practical "realism," with its growing contempt for reason and humanism, then it may well fall to the Jews (amid the laughter of an incredulous world) to play a major part in the preservation of our cultural heritage. It may be they who will do most to enable high culture to survive until the advent of more propitious times—as the Greek and Latin Church Fathers performed a similar function during the last stages of the decay of classical civilization.

SECULARISM passes easily over into nationalism, however, and it is for its nationalism, as incorporated in Zionism, that Toynbee inveighs most bitterly against mod-

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ern Jewry. Since the present writer is neither a Jewish nationalist nor a religious Jew—though very much a Jew according to the Nuremberg laws—he will not, he hopes, be accused of partisanship in his refutation of Toynbee's slanders. For slanders they are.

In Toynbee's view, the Israeli has become an entirely "new man" because he has divested himself of his Jewish past; and it is the Israeli in general, not this or that individual Israeli with fascist leanings, that Toynbee describes as "half American farmer-technician, half Nazi sicarius." This is an elegant way of calling the Israelis "half Nazi gangsters," since *sicarius,* as Horace and Cicero used the word, means "assassin." This is no slip of the pen; on one page Toynbee states that "on the Day of Judgment the gravest crime standing against the German National Socialists' account might be, not that they exterminated a majority of the Western Jews, but that they had caused the surviving remnant of Jewry to stumble. . . ." In other words, the *worst* thing the Nazis did was to push Zionism into militant and decisive action.

TOYNBEE diagnoses Israeli behavior as motivated by the "impulse to become a party to the guilt of a stronger neighbor [the Nazis!] by inflicting upon an innocent weaker neighbor the very sufferings that the original victim had experienced." He adds that the impulse behind the deeds of Palestinian Jewry since 1948 reflects what is "perhaps the most perverse of all the base propensities of Human Nature." That is: the Israelis have, in effect, treated the Arabs in the same spirit as that in which the Nazis exterminated five and a half million Jews!

He is able to draw up this calumnious indictment of Zionism only by ignoring all the really relevant factors. Zionism acquired more than a tincture of aggressive modern nationalism from its surroundings, just as traditional Judaism acquired more than a tincture of rigid ritualism from its pre-modern environment; but the fundamental fact in both cases is not the excessiveness but the incompleteness of the coloring received from tendencies prevalent in the surrounding milieu. Anti-ritualistic as well as mystic trends ran through *millet* Jewry (which could not be said to anywhere near the same degree of the Armenians or Copts), and these foreshadowed the day when ritualism would cease to be the hallmark of Jewry.

In our time Zionism, though derived from Western nationalism and in its birthplace exposed to contamination from the resentful nationalism of Central Europe, did not aspire to manhandle others as others had manhandled Jews; Zionism was born in the first place out of the desire for refuge from the renewed anti-Semitic persecution in Russia and all the German-speaking countries in the latter part of the 19th century. The militancy of Zionism at any moment has always been proportional to the degree of anti-Semitism in the environment; it has been militant out of the plain necessities of defense, not out of its inner logic. In this way, again, Jewry, while adapting itself externally to non-Jewish forms—nationalism in this case—keeps its inner autonomy.

Jewish nationalism, unlike the French variety, did not come to fulfill democratic aspirations; such aspirations the Jews could pursue outside Zion. Nor did it spring from the Romantic movement, as German nationalism had; or from a new identification, like that of Russian nationalism, of state with religion. The midwife of Jewish nationalism was the Dreyfus Case at the end of the 19th century. It first became an effective force in answer to Jewish misfortunes during the 1914-18 war, and reached a stage of extreme militancy only after the recent world war and the Nazi murder camps, when the Jewish remnant in Palestine had to choose between independence and self-defense on the one hand, and massacre at the hands of the Arabs on the other. If Zionism continues to be militant in Israel, it is largely because the threat it had to ward off with arms in 1948 is still present.

BUT persecution was not the only parent of Zionism. There was also the dream of social justice, a direct heir of the Prophetic

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tradition. Israel's socialist institutions are somewhat out of proportion to her present state of economic development, but certain socialist ideals have been realized by the Israelis as nowhere else in the world. At the same time socialism has contributed enormously to making Zionism a fundamentally pacifist movement and to mitigating what tendencies it has towards aggressive nationalism.

Another major motive of Zionism has been the desire to return the Jews to the land and to a rural way of life. This desire may not be Prophetic in origin, but there is no question but that the idealization of rural life is a strong Prophetic theme. The most immediate reason for this Zionist tendency, however, was a growing reaction against the terrible vocational specialization and narrowness imposed on the Jews by *millet* life and the ghetto. Nor could Jews have a land of their own unless they worked it themselves and spread over its countryside. Cooperative socialism and the return to the land became almost one and the same thing in Jewish Palestine. This is one of the facts that Toynbee conspicuously omits mentioning when he characterizes the youth of the *kibbutzim* as "half American farmer-technician" and "half Nazi sicarius."

The double impulse towards social justice and the rural way of life explains that feat which Toynbee—with the grudgingness that accompanies everything he has to say in favor of Jews—calls a "left-handed tour-de-force," and at which he expresses amazement: the self-transformation of ghetto-dwellers into efficient farmers within the space of a single generation. But in view of the Jew's average level of culture, the Jewish tradition of flexible and infinite external adaptability, and the equally Jewish and older Prophetic tradition with its power to inspire self-dedication and self-sacrifice, the Jewish return to the land becomes less surprising than might appear at first glance. What it did reveal was the true character of the modern Jew and refute the slanderously distorted one he had received in the Diaspora. If Toynbee regards this as a "tour de force" —which has the connotation of being unnatural—it is because he accepts the distorted version of the Jewish character which holds that Jews can never make good farmers or good soldiers. Unable to account for the facts that contradict this version, he vents his puzzlement in angry denunciation of the facts.

CONCLUDING his "essay" on modern Jewry, Toynbee speculates with a good deal of relish on the possibility of conflict between the Jews remaining in the Diaspora and those who now become Israelis in Palestine. There is indeed a real problem here. To a Western urban sector given over to intellectuality and business, Jewry has now added a rural Middle Eastern one given over to practical tasks and agriculture. Though it would be vain to deny the possibilities of tension between the two sectors, it nonetheless takes Toynbee's spite, and superficiality, to overlook the astounding success with which Jewry has maintained its solidarity over the past two thousand years, though scattered among such different countries and civilizations. This capacity for unity in diversity—a capacity that belongs uniquely to the Jews—is as alive today as it ever was and, actually, the obstacles it has to cope with seem less formidable at the present moment than for a long time in the past.

Half the test has already been passed insomuch as the *Galut* no longer objects as it used to, before Hitler, to the very project of Zionism and the *Yishuv*. Now non-Zionist as well as Zionist accepts the Yishuv. What remains of the test is for the Yishuv to pass. To urge all Jews, especially those in the West, to migrate to Israel is not only visionary; it is false. It is right and proper that Tel Aviv should concern itself with concrete, practical matters, but Jewry's spiritual concerns cannot be attended to there on the same level as in New York or London. The Yishuv and the Galut *together* constitute and realize the fullness of Jewish experience and potentiality. Alone, the Galut cannot divest itself sufficiently of the handicaps of the ghetto past; alone, the Yishuv cannot become full

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heir and continuator of Jewish spiritual tradition. The Yishuv-plus-Galut is something entirely different from a Western nation-state: it is the fulfillment of Jewish diversity-in-identity. Without the Galut, the Yishuv would be the dwarfed parody of a Western nation-state and prey to all sorts of pathological distortions in its isolation—aberrations of the kind we have seen recently in Eastern and Central Europe. Without the Galut, the Yishuv might prove Toynbee half right.

It further characterizes Toynbee's attitude towards Israel that, while stressing the possible tensions between New York and Tel Aviv, he should neglect entirely another major aspect of Jewish diversity-in-unity. The future of Jewry as a whole probably depends to a greater extent on eventual relations between European (including American) and Oriental Jews than on those between Israeli and American Jewry. The deepest cleavage existing within Jewry is between Europeanized and Orientalized Jews. It is a problem to which Zionists gave little thought in the past. If the two groups cannot merge or work out a common type in Israel, then—and only then—the Israeli experiment will have failed on the spiritual plane.

THE chief importance of Jewish secular "assimilationism" does not lie in its effect on Jewish survival, but in the part it may play in the survival of spiritual and intellectual tradition should the world lapse into totalitarian neo-barbarism. Similarly, the success of the ethnic merger to which Israel is now challenged, though decisive for her own future, is even more decisive for the future of mankind. Even Mr. Toynbee will agree, I feel, that relations between East and West will be the dominant concern in the next phase of world history. In this perspective, the open or concealed racism of all the countries of Anglo-Saxon culture, together with the growing impotence of the non-racist French, leaves Israel as the only place within the orbit of genuinely Western civilization where the East and West can meet inside the same national community with the possibility of physical and cultural interpenetration. Is this too much of a load to put on Israel? Does it exaggerate her importance to the rest of the world? I think not.

While Jewish history has never had a great material impact upon other peoples, its spiritual impact has been of a depth and extent that are unparalleled. Here again, the Nazis in their mixture of animal and metaphysical hatred saw truer than Toynbee does with his malicious and contrived formulations. The Nazis at least grasped the enormous importance for the world of Jewry as a *spiritual* entity—though, or precisely because, it was a spirit in whose light they saw themselves condemned. They appreciated the attractive power of Jewry and its eminent role as a conductor of spiritual currents, which was all the more reason why they wanted to destroy it. Today this role is perhaps more crucial for the rest of mankind than ever before. Should a merger of East and West inside Israel be achieved, Diaspora Jewry will feel the effects immediately, and we may be sure that through that Jewry they will be rapidly conveyed to the rest of the world.

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CAMP RAMAH: WHERE HEBREW IS THE KEY

A Full Jewish Education for a Full Jewish Life

MORRIS FREEDMAN

IN THE past two or three years "Camp Ramah" had been turning up with increasing frequency in conversations about Jewish education. I knew "Ramah" was the collective name for three summer camps for youngsters in Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut. But, apparently, for many it represented much more: it seemed to them a key effort in Conservative Judaism to provide a full Jewish life—or at least a preparatory sample of it—for American Jewish youth, especially those destined for future religious and communal leadership. To discover more about Camp Ramah and the movement it represented, I last summer decided to visit one of the camps.

In preparation for my visit I went to the Jewish Theological Seminary, a few blocks from Columbia University and across the street from Union Theological Seminary, to talk to Dr. Judah Goldin, who, as dean of the Seminary's Teachers Institute, formulates the educational program of the camps. Ramah is sponsored and operated by the United Synagogue of America, the organization of Conservative congregations associated with the Jewish Theological Seminary, in conjunction with the Teachers Institute-Seminary College of Jewish Studies.

Dr. Goldin, a slim, scholarly man in his early forties with pleasantly intense eyes and direct manner, was an associate professor in the School of Religion of the State University of Iowa, and Hillel director there, before assuming his present post. He has a B.A. from City College, an M.A. from Columbia, and his doctorate in Hebrew literature and ordination from the Seminary, where he was one of the outstanding students of the late Dr. Louis Ginzberg, considered the leading Talmudist of modern times. Dr. Goldin has also taught at Illinois and Duke; and he assisted the Seminary's president, Louis Finkelstein, in the editing of the authoritative work *The Jews: Their History, Culture, and Religion* (1944).

WE WALKED across Broadway to have lunch at International House. "Our premise," he told me when we sat down in the large, airy dining room, plunging right to what he apparently considered a primary consideration, "is that you cannot fully understand the Bible and the various Jewish holy books, that you cannot *fully* understand what it is to be a Jew, without Hebrew. You know, Edmund Wilson made a point like this in his recent article in the *New Yorker*. We want our youngsters to know what they're reading when they say their daily prayers. Not only the literal meaning of each word, but also the spirit. Consequently, we make Hebrew a living tongue for them.

"Don't misunderstand me. Go up to one of our camps and you'll hear plenty of English spoken. But we'd like them to do everything in Hebrew, play baseball, swim, eat, dance, hold their bull sessions in Hebrew. We provide a setting where it is natural to speak Hebrew, and then we hope everything else will follow.

"But, of course," he stressed, "the Hebrew is only a means to an end. It is almost incidental to our main aim, which is to develop

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WHETHER or not there is a boom in Jewish education, as some say, certainly there has never been anything like the demand today by parents and children alike for knowledge and participation in the Jewish heritage. Nor has there ever been such a ferment of ideas and programs to meet the demand. Each of the patterns offers its own blending of the "traditional" and the "modern," its own integration of "Jewish" and "American," of "religious" and "secular." Here MORRIS FREEDMAN gives us a first-hand report of what many regard as one of the livelier and more promising efforts in this direction. Mr. Freedman's last article in COMMENTARY, "New Jewish Community in Formation" (January 1955), offered a picture of one of the newer Jewish community centers. Mr. Freedman has his doctorate from Columbia University and is an associate editor of COMMENTARY.

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a *full* consciousness of Jewishness. How without Hebrew, without the language of their people, can one get to love the tradition? Every morning, after daily services and breakfast, from nine-thirty to eleven, the camp divides into study groups. Even our counsellors must attend classes; in fact, that's largely why they are there; all are students of one sort or another. These sessions range from elementary study of Hebrew, although this is rare, to advanced examination of Talmudic problems. The teachers of the older groups are scholars and rabbis, and we have a resident professor, a member of the Seminary staff, at each of the camps. He is there to lecture, to study, to answer questions and generally to serve as a model of a *talmid hacham*. Afternoons, generally, outdoor activities—hiking, games, swimming—are followed. The heart of our program is in Jewish observance—daily and Sabbath prayers, grace at meals, reading and studying texts, and so on. Sabbath at Ramah is something to see."

He went on to tell me about the students. "Ramah is not inexpensive as camps go, $500; and so to make sure we get the best boys and girls, we have a good number of scholarships. These are sponsored by local communities. Ramah in Wisconsin was established eight years ago when Midwestern congregations felt the need to continue their educational programs right through the summer. Ramah in the Poconos was opened in 1950, and Ramah in Connecticut in 1953. Every year we turn away dozens of applicants. If we had the personnel, we could establish and fill ten more camps at once. Right now, we hope our counsellors-in-training will serve as the core for new camps.

"You see, our program at the Seminary is not only to provide rabbis, teachers, and cantors. One of the basic lacks in American Jewish life—perhaps the fundamental one—is the knowledge for proper leadership in local communities—lay leadership. Through our camps, through our Leader Training Fellowship program, we hope to provide this learning and this leadership."

How Zionist was the camp, I asked Professor Goldin. "We're not a Zionist camp," he said. "Not that we exclude Israel and the subject of Zionism. It's just that our program is not one which revolves predominantly about Israel. We have Israelis on the staff, and we teach Zionist history, indeed, we spend a good deal of time considering the philosophical relations of Israel with Judaism. We are concerned with the totality of the Jewish tradition, and in this, Israel, of course, plays a very large part."

A MONTH or so later I drove out to Camp Ramah in Connecticut, which is 110 miles from New York City, mostly on Merritt Parkway. The camp, which covers some thousand acres, lies between Moodus and East Hampton, in the lush, unspectacular hills not far south of the Berkshires, an area sometimes referred to as the Connecticut Catskills. A county road, occasionally used by the public, runs through it, the section from the highway to the center of the camp being paved. Just off the highway is a sign reading: "Cars for Camp Ramah Not Permitted Beyond This Point on the Sabbath."

I arrived late Thursday afternoon, during a brief rain, to spend a long weekend that included Tisha b'Av, the solemn day of fasting and prayer that commemorates the destruction of the Temple. I parked near the sign that said "Office." A large pavilion on one side had on its roof two words in Hebrew, the second one of which I made out, from my knowledge of Yiddish, to be "Ramah"; the first one *"machaneh,"* I learned later, my Hebrew being scanty, means "camp." The office was in the lobby of an immense building, also open on the sides. In the main room several tall boys were playing basketball, causing the structure to tremble with their leaps. After I had settled myself in a guest cottage on the hill that overlooks the road, I went to look for Dr. Morton Siegel, the director.

He had gone off somewhere, and I was invited by the amiable lady in charge of guest accommodations to wait for him on the porch of his house, which was a small two-story building of white clapboard attached to the kitchen and dining room, much larger, sprawling buildings, although of one story. Most of the buildings were made of bark-covered logs that had turned nearly black with weathering. The area was quiet except for the muffled clatter from the kitchen and the distant thumping of the basketball players. The rain had died away to a mist. I rocked softly, leafing through the pamphlet containing information for parents. Most of

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it was conventional, but I was caught by two items: "Please do not send or bring comic books to camp," and "Please leave all guns and knives home." In a little while, a station wagon drove up to the side of the house.

A tall, husky young man in brown trousers, tan sport shirt, and brown denim bombardier cap squashed back on his head, got out and strode up to the house, holding a cigar, his genial, rosy face grinning broadly. "I'm Dr. Siegel," he said and thrust out his hand. "*Shalom.*" I said hello, and he sat down alongside me in another rocker. . . . I spent a good deal of time with Dr. Siegel on his porch during my stay, talking about the camp; losing quick games of chess to him, with a set of medieval figures decked out in crusaders' outfits; and occasionally eavesdropping while he took care of camp problems.

Dr. Siegel had got his B.A. in 1945 from Yeshiva University, but abandoned his graduate work toward the rabbinate there one year before finishing. One among several reasons for this step was that he felt class discussion ought to be conducted in Hebrew rather than in Yiddish. He also has an M.A. and Ph.D. in history from Columbia, and had taught in Jewish schools while attending Yeshiva and Columbia. He was principal of the Religious School of the Laurelton, Queens, Jewish Center (he insisted on bestowing the word "Religious" on it to make its function unmistakable) before he became director of the Department of Youth Activities of the United Synagogue, which post he now holds.* He was thirty last December, and has three children.

I asked him about the Hebrew. "All the campers—there are 204—have to know the language to some considerable degree before we accept them," he said. "Our more than thirty counsellors, and some of the older group, carry on most of their communication in Hebrew, and when any of us are addressed in English we'll answer in Hebrew generally, explaining any difficult words or idioms."

I apologized for not making my question clear, and asked him about the rationale for using the language. He looked at me blankly for a moment, then nodded briskly. "I see," he said. "Well, how else are you going to get them to know their Jewish background? They've got to live in the language before they can get its spirit, before they can grasp the meaning of the Holy Books. There's no substitute. Translation never does justice to a language. You can't get the spirit of a people in translation. Take Chaucer or Dante. Did you read the article in the *New Yorker* about the Hebrew Bible?"

WE BROKE up our discussion a short while later to go to supper, but I pursued the question of Hebrew throughout the five days I was there. Aside from the standard telephone and Western Union plaques, all public signs were in Hebrew, except that those like "Keep Out," "Danger," "Director's House," and "No Parking," were also in English. The signs in the kitchen indicating the dairy and meat sections were in English only. The walls of the dining hall were covered with small illustrated posters in Hebrew giving the appropriate blessings for the various foods. One poster, accompanied by fanciful little drawings, urged one to "Wake in Hebrew, Dress in Hebrew, Wash in Hebrew, Eat in Hebrew, Study in Hebrew, Play in Hebrew, Dance in Hebrew, Dream in Hebrew." The library, too, had posters in Hebrew, but some of these, identifying local trees and birds, were partly in English, and the poster warning of poison ivy was entirely in English. Mimeographed sheets were also posted in the library and distributed throughout the bunks illustrating the Hebrew for such common camp words as "toothpaste, sandals, broom, shower, bathing suit." All announcements on the public-address system were in Hebrew. They opened with "*Hakshivu, hakshivu*" ("Pay attention, pay attention"), which began to sound after a while like "Now hear this, now hear this." A mimeographed newspaper covering world and camp events was published in modern Hebrew. Material intended for the younger children indicated vowels by the vocalization symbols; for the older ones, the symbols were omitted.

I asked Samuel Dinsky, the Educational Director, about pronunciation and vocabulary. He is Educational Consultant the rest of the year to the Jewish Education Committee of New York City, and originator of

*He has since resigned as camp director to devote his full time to United Synagogue youth, which under his direction has increased from 500 in 1951 to 14,750 in 1955.

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the "Schenectady Plan for Jewish Education," under which all ideological groups in a community combine to sponsor an educational program; he is currently completing his doctorate in Jewish education at Dropsie College. He is a short man with a mustache, forty years old, and breathes an intense energy. His office put out reams of mimeographed matter in Hebrew. The typewriter does not indicate vowel points, which have to be inserted by hand, and I once entered his office to see an almost medieval picture: an old, thin-haired man with stooped shoulders and skullcap working closely with a stylus on a stencil, carefully marking the vowels.

"Our pronunciation is a compromise between the Ashkenazic," Dinsky said, "more common in America, and the Sephardic, the Israeli way. Mostly it's a difference only of the 's' and 't,' you know, *kashrus,* or *kashrut.* We tend toward the Israeli. As for vocabulary, we have a problem. Obviously, classical Hebrew cannot give us all the words we need, and the Israeli vocabulary has no words for American things and is sometimes too free for us.

"Let me tell you what happened when we opened our canteen in the social hall. There is no word in classical Hebrew for canteen. So a modern word was created: *chanutia,* which is the diminutive for a retail shop or store. We put up a sign over the canteen reading *chanutia.* When our first group of Israeli counsellors arrived, one took me aside and hesitantly told me that I had the wrong word over the door. I asked him for the right one. *Canteena,* he told me. We left it at *chanutia.* We would lose something of the point of our program if we adopted this Israeli attitude toward Hebrew. They laugh at some of our expressions, and we laugh at some of theirs."

The problem of vocabulary has troubled other Hebrew-speaking camps in this country, and one of them, Camp Massad, which is run by the Histadruth Ivrith of America, has put out a glossary of the Hebrew for contemporary American things. (Massad requires every activity to be carried on in Hebrew, disciplining counsellors and campers who lapse habitually. A visitor to Massad once overheard an outraged baseball player swearing in Hebrew at an opponent. "The disparity between his violent feeling," he told me, "and the mildness of the only available Hebrew epithets—'donkey,' 'animal' —was touching.") Dinsky has made up glossary sheets for swimming and for arts and crafts, and was preparing one for baseball. I asked one of the counsellors for the Hebrew for "Kill the umpire," and he rolled it right off—"Destroy the judge," it comes out. Certain international words are left alone. Thus, telephone, television, sardines are the same in Hebrew; automobile, however, is *mechanit,* a vehicle. Some words used in Hebrew are the same in English—sandals, melons. The campers all used their Hebrew names, or if they didn't have any, were given ones by Dinsky. The air was filled with "Shulamith, Devorah, Yehoshua, Yehudah," and the like.

THE counsellors and many of the campers used Hebrew quite unaffectedly, and lapsed as often from English into Hebrew as from Hebrew into English. While I talked with the older counsellors, one of them, at a loss for the right English expression, would occasionally turn to the others and give them the Hebrew for what he wanted to say, always promptly getting an English equivalent, which he sometimes rejected as not offering the right shade of meaning. This happened both with Israeli and American-born counsellors.

Once I was sitting on Siegel's porch while the top personnel of the camp, all American-born, held a meeting inside. The talk shifted constantly from Hebrew to English and back again. A swimming session I attended was conducted entirely in Hebrew. The simplest announcements as well as the most advanced discussions were in Hebrew. One evening, after the closing grace for supper, the top woman counsellor delivered a short address to which the hushed dining room listened solemnly. She was urging campers to go to the lost-and-found office occasionally. I heard a group addressed by Dr. Chaim Zalman Dimitrovsky, the Seminary's resident professor, on the distinctions between wisdom and emotion in a poem by Solomon ibn Gabirol, the medieval writer. One of the teen-age girls, who, I saw, was listening with awed attention, later confessed to me that it had been pretty much over her head. I came across groups of the older boys and girls conducting animated discussions in Hebrew—

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and equally often, in English—although the baseball and touch football games I eavesdropped on were entirely in English. "Moses never was a good passer," I heard one eleven-year-old complain loudly about a team-mate. The religious services, however, were conducted entirely in Hebrew. To encourage the youngest campers to use the language, a list indicating proficiency was posted outside the dining room. Campers who read five books in Hebrew (mostly thin children's texts) and then wrote a report in Hebrew on them got a small Hebrew-English dictionary inscribed by Dr. Siegel.

The counsellors amused themselves with translation. At supper one night, one counsellor asked in Hebrew for the bottle with the cat on top; he wanted the catsup. Last year the camp put on *The Wizard of Oz* in Hebrew, and was planning *Alice in Wonderland* when I left. Much of the humor in the translation, one counsellor told me, is lost on the campers, but the counsellors at least laugh for weeks after at some of the constructions.

RELIGIOUS observance was quite as organized and disciplined—and, apparently, as comfortably accepted—as the use of Hebrew. Every day began with morning prayer a half hour after the loudspeaker, which could be heard throughout the widespread camp area, issued its first *"Hakshivu, hakshivu."* The service I saw Friday morning was typical.

The waiters and waitresses, and the youngest campers, gathered first in the outside pavilion and launched into the ritual. Then the campers wandered into the large assembly hall singly and in groups of two and three. (This was the building where I had seen the basketball players. The Ark stood under one of the baskets.) All the boys wore caps. I noticed a good number of basketball and other sport caps, and also one or two Confederate caps and several bright green and red plaid golfing caps; there were relatively few *yarmelkes*. Some boys had on Dodger shirts.

The boys sat in one of the sections, the girls, who arrived later, in the other. I was told that this was purely accidental since the campers entered in bunk groups; one morning, I did see a number of girls sitting on the boys' side. The boys, carrying little velvet bags with the Star of David embroidered on them, paused before sitting down to bare an arm and wind the *tefillin* around it, and then around the forehead. They donned their prayer shawls, picked up prayer books piled at the end of the bench, sat down, and opened the books. All of this was done with the abstract air of habit. A boy took his place at the lectern to lead the congregation, a girl at his side to announce the pages. Participation was clearly routine.

On Saturday morning when the Torah was taken out of the Ark and unrolled, two boys held its corners, and at intervals one came up to the lectern from the congregation to read a passage. I recall particularly one burly, tall, blond boy with a crew-cut lumbering up, kissing the fringe of his prayer shawl, touching it to the Torah, then reciting the blessing. When he returned to his place, he was stopped along the way by boys who shook his hand. The boys, and many of the girls, too, swayed and weaved, young evocations, except for their thin voices and their disciplined rows, of all the old men I had ever seen in *shul*.

"The religious services," Siegel told me during one of our rocking sessions, "are much fuller than is normal in the city. We follow the traditional form. Our study program is related to the Bible text read at weekly services. The text for the week and the portion in the Torah that is read are studied all week at the morning sessions. Our theme this week is 'Out of Darkness, Light.'"

I asked about the participation of the girls in service. "Well," Siegel said, "we give them a big part, as you saw. But we don't go against tradition too much. A girl won't be called up to the Torah, for example. But she does announce the passages, and we have the sermon of the week delivered by a girl from time to time.

"Our general attitude is to conserve as much as we can of meaningful Jewish tradition. We don't insist that the older boys not use a straight-edged razor. Those that feel strongly, of course, use an electric razor or depilatories and we provide facilities for them." (Before my first meal, I had asked Siegel whether I had to wear a head covering. "It's not necessary," he replied promptly, taking a spare skullcap out of a pocket, "but it's the custom, and if you like, you may borrow this.")

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After breakfast Friday morning, I accompanied Dinsky on a tour of the classes. We began with the nursery group, eleven children of three and four supervised by three teachers. They were indoors, in a large screened room with tiny benches and closets, playing blind man's buff—in Hebrew. "Some of these kids," Dinsky told me, "know Hebrew as their first language. A few are children of Israeli counsellors, but one or two, born here of American parents, old-time Zionists, use only Hebrew at home." A group of five- and six-year-olds were lolling about outside the nursery, sucking lollipops and listening vaguely to a lesson in English on the destruction of the Temple. "The Jews refused to bow down to idols," the teacher said as we went by. We passed a class of boys of about eight or nine sheltered in a grove reading a text with large Hebrew letters with vowel "dots." The instructor, a red-faced man around fifty with white hair and horn-rimmed glasses, was following intently. When we passed by later, during the recess, the boys were loudly and vigorously playing touch football, and the teacher was standing at the side absorbed in a copy of the New York *Times*.

The main area for classes was a large undulating meadow surrounded by forest, known in Hebrew as the "pool area." "That's because," Dinsky told me, "our small swimming pool is there and it's on the way to the river, where we do our main swimming. On warm Friday nights we hold outdoor services here." Clusters of campers—one only three in number, another numbering thirteen—were reclining on the ground under trees, or sitting on the porches of nearby bunks, or against the handball wall. One boy perched on a garbage can. Here and there, boys and girls leaned against one another. "Each group has a specific place to go," Dinsky said, "for good weather and for bad. They can always change their assembly spot, but they have to let me know. I have charts showing where they are all the time, and what they're supposed to be studying. They can set their own subject, with our approval, of course. They also have library and free study periods. This week most of the material has been connected with Tisha b'Av." I heard a number of discussions in Hebrew. An advanced group, led by a counsellor languidly holding a cigarette—a rabbinical student at the Seminary, Dinsky told me—happened to burst into spirited argument as we went by. The group, Dinsky said, was engaged in considering the rabbinic legends associated with Tisha b'Av. Other groups were examining Jeremiah, the *Ethics of the Fathers*, and Medieval Hebrew poetry. We interrupted the tour of the classes for a brief inspection of one of the recently built bunks, a V-shaped building in a warm brown wood. The narrow cots were quite close together and at the head of each was a clutter of personal belongings. I saw a tennis racket and a fencing foil and mask. The counsellor's area was marked off by a partition with a window in it.

Halfway through the one-and-a-half-hour study period, the loudspeaker announced recess. The groups dispersed abruptly, the stillness was broken by shouts of play, and a basketball session and several handball games began. Two boys produced tennis rackets and banged a ball against one of the handball walls. We stopped to talk with one group, and I asked a boy in his teens about class participation. "It gets very hot and subtle," he said. "Last week, during the regular Saturday afternoon discussion period, we had no subject to take up ourselves, and the counsellors suggested we talk about following ritual without understanding why we do so. That session lasted all week end, in Hebrew and in English, with everyone, counsellors and campers, joining in." I asked Dinsky whether he had any problems with students who played hookey or didn't keep up with their work. "No," he said at once. "First, they wouldn't be here unless they were interested; second, social pressure forces them to keep to the norm." As we passed the library room on the way back to his office, he found two boys of eleven who should have been inside leaning against a car outside. He shooed them in. "See," he said to me with rueful satisfaction, "our kids are normal."

Friday afternoon was quiet. Many of the campers were in their bunks. As I wandered around, I could see in the distance a baseball game going on, or a group of little girls singing and dancing in a circle. The assembly hall, in the main area, was buzzing. Lovely slim girls of twelve and

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thirteen were running around in ballet slippers and leotards preparing for the Tisha b'Av pageant Saturday night. Two platforms had been built out from the stage, and I saw several groups posed on it. A chorus sat in front. The dramatics counsellor, a bushy-haired, slim-hipped, athletic young man from Israel, during the few minutes I watched him went from cajolery to explosion. "Remember," he shouted in English, "don't so much as blink an eye! You are statues. Statues!" When he subsided, he resumed in Hebrew, and the rehearsal went on. At five this activity as well as the games ceased and a hush fell over the camp.

ABOUT six, the first boys and girls reappeared. They were dressed entirely in white. The girls were wearing, generally, white shorts, white blouses, white socks and shoes. The boys had on white slacks and almost all had white satin skullcaps. Gradually, the open area in front of the assembly hall filled. The boys and girls looked healthy and fresh and eager; they were relaxed, moving around casually, talking gently without excitement, waiting. It was a cool evening, and some were wearing sweaters or jackets with college insignia. I saw the seals of Wesleyan, Wellesley, Yale, Harvard, Yeshiva, and Brandeis. Then they moved into the hall and took seats. The air was bright with their whiteness and their youthful alertness. The camp leaders came in, sitting on the side, also dressed for the Sabbath. Siegel was wearing tan trousers, a brown jacket, a starched white shirt, and a brown figured tie. "This is the way I generally dress for the Sabbath," he told me later. "We ask the children to wear white so they'll feel the difference. Of course, you'll notice not all of them do. We're not strict about it."

In usual fashion, the assembly closed services with the singing of a lilting melody, and the boys and girls filed out, smiling, laughing, and talking spiritedly, wishing everyone "*Shabbat shalom*" and shaking hands at random. I must have been greeted twenty times in this way. One group broke into a circling dance, the *hora,* on the road just outside the door, their arms gripped around one another's shoulders, their legs kicking out in well-practiced unison. Another group started a lively song, which I learned was an Israeli folk tune, then shifted to what sounded suspiciously like a passage from a Mendelsohn oratorio. It was actually from Lewandowski, an early 19th-century German Jewish composer, one of whose compositions the camp choir had not long ago presented.

Gradually, the boys and girls filed into the dining hall, which was brightly lit, the Sabbath candles adorning the table at which Siegel and his chief assistants sat. Immediately after the benediction for bread, the waiters and waitresses (who were also campers but paid about half the usual fee) fell into a spirited, stamping "Conga" line that wound between the tables. They sang a spirited Sabbath melody, accompanied by the diners. Some of them carried their aluminum trays, and some of the girls were in shorts. Suddenly the line dissolved and almost at once dinner began appearing on the tables. It was a big meal, including grape juice (in lieu of wine, because of the younger children), soup, fricassee, roast chicken, vegetables, potato *kugel,* cucumber salad, cake, and tea. A little mimeographed menu in Hebrew was laid at each place. The waiters simply delivered the serving plates to the tables, and the campers, aided by the counsellors, distributed the contents.

AFTER the dishes were cleared, song books were passed out, and the camp's music director, a sturdy girl in her twenties, pulled out a chair from a table and stood on it to announce the songs. (This was a nightly procedure; on Friday evening, however, piano accompaniment was eliminated.) All of the melodies were catchy. The early ones were calm, one of them, I was told, a jukebox hit in Israel, *"Colaniot,"* with the slow, schmalzy quality of something like "The Tennessee Waltz." The singing increased in intensity. One incremental song sounded like a Hebrew version of "Old Macdonald Had a Farm." "Clementine" was rendered in Hebrew, and even "Happy Birthday to You," in honor of one camper. Guest directors were called up to lead the assemblage. One, Rabbi Seymour Siegel, a rotund young man, now an official at the Seminary but a few years ago a counsellor at Pennsylvania's Ramah, in which post he obviously was remembered fondly by those of the campers and counsellors who had known him there,

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directed an enthusiastic, wordless, Hasidic song that had the assemblage alternating between whispering and shouting. After an hour, a girl broke in with the opening of grace, the excitement subsided a little during the reading, and Friday night supper was over.

OUTSIDE again, there were more greetings of *"Shabbat shalom,"* and a dancing jag began. In waves, the campers were now surging toward the brightly lit assembly hall.

There was no instrumental music, just the steady singing, stamping, and clapping of the campers. Two great circles had formed, occasionally cutting into one another, and each itself constantly changing shape, flowing in and out and breaking up. Now and then, smaller circles would develop. Once, two concentric circles formed, the outer one of girls, the inner one of boys, and the partners kept changing, linking and unlinking arms over their heads, their feet moving in minuet-like steps. In the midst of all this movement, I noticed a lithe but chunky girl, her face flushed into vivid prettiness, who was providing some kind of leadership, mostly directing what already was happening. She jumped, and turned, and bounced, with professionally controlled abandon. (She was the dance director, I found out, an Israeli here in America to study nursery school methods.)

Changes from one type of dance and from one song were spontaneous. A shout would suddenly go up, the dancers would re-form, and a new pattern would emerge. In one, the campers grabbed one another around the waist and started a Conga line that undulated around other dancing groups up to the stage, into the lobby, back into the center of the hall, where it dissolved into another circling number. Throughout all this, boys and girls walked outside in pairs, where they strolled away into the darkness, holding hands; they'd come back in a while, move into the hall, and abruptly join the dancing again.

As the evening wore on, groups of campers were shepherded out to bed by their counsellors, the younger ones, of course, leaving first. The floor became roomier, and the dancing settled down to more elaborate, slower, more graceful steps, the singing never slackening nor even the dancing, transitions from one step to another being made without pause. Here and there, a boy or girl would stand outside a circle watching the leg and hand movements closely, then would join in, hesitantly at first, more confidently in a few minutes.

One of the counsellors stopped for a moment to talk with me. "This is nothing," he said. "You should see us when we can dance outside. We go up and down the road and end up in the pool area." About eleven, I left to go to sleep. On my way out, in the lobby, I saw the Israeli dance instructor demonstrating an especially complicated kicking and clapping number, and I went to my cottage, exhausted. I learned the next morning that after the dancing concluded (it lasted, I was told next day, till midnight —Standard Time; like all camps, Ramah doesn't run on Daylight Saving—the camp curfew), the counsellors and the visiting rabbis repaired to Siegel's house for refreshments and sedentary singing.

SATURDAY was a leisurely day, with the camp waking late. There were no announcements on the loudspeaker at any time during the day. Morning services were relaxed and began without the girls. A counsellor later explained to me, with a grin, that this was an attempt to embarrass the girls into coming earlier; they were consistently late on the Sabbath, partly because they lived farther from the assembly hall than the boys, partly because they just took their time. All the campers were again dressed in white. At the end of the service, a blond athletic-looking girl came up to the lectern to read the sermon she had prepared. Later, I got a translation of it. She connected the destruction of the Temple, and the Exile, the themes of Tisha b'Av, with a loss of respect for law and justice. There were more *"Shabbat shaloms"* outside. Again dancing and singing broke out here and there, including, briefly, *"Alouette."* Breakfast, also, took a long time and, again, was followed by prolonged singing. The afternoon was spent in study and discussion, with Dr. Dimitrovsky leading one group in the explication of a Talmudic passage. Other counsellors were considering with their groups the significance of Tisha b'Av.

Siegel spent a good part of Saturday afternoon looking through the Hebrew text that

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gave the correct Tisha b'Av ritual. "All sorts of little problems come up," he explained to me. "For example, should we use wine for the *havdalah* tonight. The *havdalah* is the ceremony separating the Sabbath from the next day, but tomorrow is Tisha b'Av, which is a day of sadness, and wine is a sign of joy." After discussing the point with one of the visiting rabbis and with Dr. Dimitrovsky, it was decided to have the wine drunk by a minor, that is, someone not yet Bar Mitzvah, but to change nothing else. "You know, the nine days preceding Tisha b'Av are supposed to be days of denial—no swimming, no meat, and the like. Some of our campers are following the strict Tisha b'Av procedure, and we have special arrangements for them. Tomorrow will be a fast day, or at any rate, most of it will be. The first meal will be at one, and there'll be two suppers, one at six for those not following the fast, and another at sundown for those following it strictly." I asked Siegel whether the camp was as liberal in making exceptions for those less observant than the norm. "There aren't any campers here who want to do less than we do. They wouldn't be here to begin with if they felt that way." In the afternoon, he held a seminar on Tisha b'Av with a group of counsellors.

THE Sabbath ended soberly. Tisha b'Av, of course, began at sundown, and the campers, after supper, went to their bunks, from which they emerged in dark, even shabby clothes. Siegel changed to a brown crewneck sweater and a leather lumberjacket. Others made similar changes. The assembly hall was left unlit. Benches were arrayed around the stage, and platforms built out from it. Hundreds of candles in glass holders (shaped in the form of five-pointed stars, although the counsellor who had gone to buy them in the Middletown five-and-ten had looked for six-pointed ones) were put out on the benches, and when it got dark outside the candles were lit. The campers, without shoes, shuffled in quietly and squatted on the floor in front of the benches, on which they rested their elbows and prayer books. The candles threw a flickering dramatic light, fuzzing all shadows, suddenly catching a face here, a face there, in darkly sculptured emphasis. The guests took their places in the permanent seats along the side. The Negro and Puerto Rican kitchen helpers stood by the exits.

Dr. Dimitrovsky, wearing a sweater over an open-collared shirt, stood up in front of the stage. He waited until all movement stopped, and then, in the hush, recited (from memory) in Hebrew the passage from Chapter 37 of Ezekiel about the dry bones in the valley which rose and lived again. ". . . these bones are the whole house of Israel. . . ." He followed this with a commentary on the significance of Tisha b'Av, the burden of which, a rabbi sitting next to me whispered, was that Tisha b'Av should be a symbol of hope, not of despair. The day, he said, should be one for optimism and joy in the eventual redemption of the Temple. When finished, Dimitrovsky went to the side, where he sat down on the floor against the wall. Then the campers and counsellors ranged in front of the stage began the haunting recital of Lamentations, following the text by flashlight and candlelight. Now and then, an expert tenor or bass would take up the primitive, piercingly melancholy chant. Only one of these voices, I learned, belonged to a student of the Seminary's cantors' school. Without knowing a word, I was chilled by the bleak lament. Once, from the choir, a low, exquisite mezzo-soprano sounded out, incredibly poignant.

The pageant was slow and dignified. The platform on the left contained several figures in flowing, dark blue robes representing the oppressors. As they went through their stylized movements indicating attack, the boys and girls on the right platform, representing the Jews but dressed likewise in dark blue, cowered. The group on the stage itself, between the two platforms, read the text of the pageant, written by the dramatics counsellor, and a tall, good-looking girl, an older camper who had directed the choreography, appeared as Rachel to intercede with God in behalf of the Jews.

The services and pageant took several hours, and toward the end some of the younger campers were leaning against their counsellors on the floor, nodding with sleepiness. As candles sputtered and went out, counsellors went over and replaced them with fresh ones. The final chant was in a lighter vein. When I asked Siegel about this, he explained that an attempt is made to close all services on a cheering note.

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IMMEDIATELY after the services, the younger campers went to bed, and the older ones wandered around a while before they too retired. Normally, however, Saturday night is devoted to social dancing, the music being provided by records. A few of the counsellors made up a party to go into town.

Normal activities were also dispensed with on Sunday, which normally is a day like all others, even when parents come visiting. After the morning services, Dinsky came to the front, pushed forward a large blue and white box with a slit on top, and made an announcement about gifts to the Jewish National Fund. Aiding the reconstruction of Israel is considered part of the positive celebration of Tisha b'Av. The campers were to make their donations by bunks.

I had been introduced Friday during the study period to a boy of fifteen who had been elected president of the camp's Leader Training Fellowship. I ran into him and asked him about his election. "I guess I was chosen," he told me, "because my associates thought I had the qualities of leadership. I did no campaigning, although I wanted the honor of the job, even though it's a great responsibility. We decide such things as evening activities, and help settle problems of discipline. Why do I want to be a leader? So that I can serve my community better, so that I can put my Jewishness to its best use. I want to be active in center affairs and help make Jewishness a living, important thing." He was wearing a sports jacket, white shirt with open collar, khaki trousers, and fashionably soiled white buckskin shoes, looking much like a typical college freshman except for his intricately embroidered skullcap. I saw him now and then walking hand in hand with a pretty girl.

Later during the day he appeared on the porch with a friend to ask Siegel whether the two of them could go into town briefly. Siegel considered that a while, joking with the boys in Hebrew, and then said that they could if it really meant so much to them, but that since their trip couldn't be established as a matter of routine, it would be up to the two of them to explain to any others who wanted the same privilege why no one else could go. The two boys looked at each other, giggled, lowered their heads a while, and then said that they guessed going didn't mean that much to them. Generally, camp discipline is scarcely a problem. The pranks are mild; a waiter told me of a typical one. A half dozen twelve-year-old boys woke at five in the morning one day and, after tumbling their counsellor out of bed, held a pow-wow to plan some mischief. They decided to go to the dining hall to set the tables, then to hide to see the surprise of the waiters.

In the afternoon, Siegel introduced me to two boys of fourteen and fifteen. One lived on Fifth Avenue in New York, and the other in Rochester, where his father owns a nursery furniture store. I asked them about their parents' attitude to their going to Ramah. "Well," said the boy from Fifth Avenue, "mine are not very happy about it. I got interested when my tutor who was preparing me for Bar Mitzvah persuaded me of the importance of Judaism. He's a protegé of Rabbi Milton Steinberg. The only reason they went to the bother of Bar Mitzvahing me was because of my grandfather. Now, they're indifferent. I follow my own kind of *kashrut* at home, that is, I don't eat any pork products, although of course there's nothing for me to do but eat the same meat everyone eats." The Rochester boy's parents were very pleased with their son's growing Jewishness. "I have a married sister, though," he said, "who's as far away from this as you can get."

The boys also told me that they could never conceive of marrying Jewish girls with a strong resistance to being observant—much less, of course, Gentile girls; that family background made absolutely no difference in camp relations; that camp ritual became automatic after a few weeks; that both had been to Ramah before and hoped to keep coming back; and that both were near the top of their classes in their public high schools.

I WANDERED into the empty dining room during the late afternoon. A tall, husky boy, a counsellor, was sitting there, leafing through a pocket edition of Shaw's *Man and Superman*, and carrying on a desultory kidding conversation with a tall blond girl in shorts. I joined them. The boy was a Harvard sophomore, majoring in liberal arts; the girl was a high school senior from Philadelphia. Our bull session lasted for well over

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an hour, and it was joined near the end by several other counsellors. I asked them how they felt about Israel.

"I'm planning to go there as soon as I can," said the Harvard boy abruptly. "I hate the way Jews observe the Sabbath and their Jewishness in general in America. Did you ever go to services on a Saturday morning in a well-to-do synagogue? Minks, Cadillacs, diamonds, a Bar Mitzvah show, constant chatter." I suggested that things might not be different in Israel. "I've thought of that," he said promptly. "I want to go see. Then, maybe I'll just become a rabbi in America." That idea startled everyone. "That would be the only way I can see of reforming American Jews," he explained.

A freckled, vivacious girl answered me sharply when I asked how the girls felt about being left out of religious services in certain important ways. "I've been to Orthodox Jewish schools since I'm four, and I feel in fact that many things are far too lax here. Like some of the chief counsellors eating supper today before sundown. It isn't the place for good Jewish girls to be involved in services so much, or to sit together with boys." I asked her whether she planned to go to a *mikvah* or shave her head before marriage. "That's going too far now," she said.

It is easy to be impressed by the boys and girls at Ramah. They are bright, self-possessed, alert, intelligent, and on the whole remarkably free of dogmatism or any sign of fanaticism. Dr. Goldin had remarked to me that many of them have double educational programs in the city, at their regular schools and in Jewish centers. "And generally," he added with hesitant pride, "the ones who come to Ramah are among the best at both places."

I was especially pleased to find little of the unctuous smugness one comes to expect in prodigies. The boys and girls cross-examined me vigorously, but with courtesy and tolerance, when I suggested to them that there were many persons who considered themselves Jews but who happened not to have been Bar Mitzvah, were largely ignorant of Jewish history and tradition, and knew no Hebrew at all—yet never felt the lack of any of these things. (Only one person—and he was a visitor to the camp, a salesman—said to me, when he intruded on the discussion, that such persons might as well go over to Christianity. A visiting rabbi, an otherwise amiable person, shouted at me once that one who had read the Bible in English alone could not possibly have understood it.)

A good number of the male waiters and counsellors and campers had intentions, of varying degrees of seriousness, of becoming rabbis or cantors. But most kept returning to Ramah simply because they liked the life there. "It's fun to keep your mind and senses active," a tall, pretty girl said, smiling. She was a Bridgeport high school senior. "The ritual is no burden, and we keep its meaning alive through constant talk and relating it to the ancient writings." A boy broke in. "The attraction is obvious," he shrugged. "Some people like music or art camps, or summer school, we like this. Besides, this has some point for us spiritually and culturally as well as intellectually. Our individual lives, those of our families, present and future, will be affected by this. Also, just being Jewish in some vague way is not as satisfying, to us anyway, as giving our Jewishness substance in living and knowledge and thinking. Maybe this sounds pompous, but you wanted a serious answer."

I asked the group how many young people were here because of community ambition alone, the desire to be prominent in camp politics and later on in center affairs. "I know what you mean," another boy, a junior counsellor, said quickly. "Sure, we have stuffed shirts, and they get elected to various offices. They're ready to work, so let them. But they're surrounded by the rest of us, and I can tell you a politician out of Ramah is likely to be more alert, more skilled, than someone who hasn't gone through this mill." With the exception of the Harvard boy, none wanted or expected to go to Israel; all were members of organizations in their synagogue centers.

"You know," Siegel said to me, when I expressed my wonderment at the complete acceptance of Hebrew and of religion among the campers, "this is a new generation. They know nothing of the Socialist Yiddishist tradition in American Jewish life. We should like to tell them of this in our study periods, but we have more important things right now, and I'm sure that we'll get around to including this." One visiting rabbi expressed

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himself as sorry that none of the kids was being acquainted with Yiddish in any way. Another was troubled that Jewish thought and history were not being related more intimately to world affairs and culture.

THE three head counsellors were regarded with deep respect and admiration by the campers. During services, there were occasional silent and intimate exchanges of smiles between the congregation and the counsellors when the reader at the lectern faltered or erred in his chant. Chaim Potak, chief counsellor, a dark, solemn young man in his twenties, is a graduate of Yeshiva and a rabbi ordained by the Seminary. (He has just been assigned by the Seminary for duty as an army chaplain.) Every morning he stood in front of the lectern speechless and expressionless until the assembly was quiet. He then resumed his seat, and services began. At the conclusion he rose, issued a few instructions, and bid the campers *"Boker tov"*—"Good morning." This was always followed by a drawn out, mass response: *"Boker tov,* Chay-yim." His specific group was made up of the boys and girls in the Leader Training Fellowship, by whom he was regarded with obvious affection. One evening the group encircled him after supper, and several of the taller girls casually rubbed noses with him, murmuring delightedly.

David Arzt, also in his twenties, is a rabbi ordained by the Seminary, of which his father is vice-chancellor. (Just recently, he took a post in Portsmouth, Virginia.) He has an undergraduate degree from Columbia College where he studied engineering. His college career was broken by army service. When I asked him about the ingenious ways I had noticed some of the campers had of donning their *tefillin* (one boy whipped his cap off with one hand while adjusting the cube on his forehead with the other with a wonderful deftness), he answered drily. "Yeah, we line them up every day and give them military drill—one, two, three, hup—in putting on their *tefillin* by the numbers." The third counsellor was Bathsheva Segal, a dark young woman with rimless glasses and full-blown hair, whom I never saw with makeup. Her three-year-old daughter, who knows Hebrew and English equally well, was at the camp.

The Israeli counsellors, of whom there were twenty, were regarded as a mixed blessing. The administration finds it necessary to hire them simply because there aren't enough otherwise qualified persons who can speak Hebrew fluently. While they are great enthusiasts for Hebrew (the two I spoke with happily referred me to Edmund Wilson's article), they are more than indifferent to the religious emphasis of the camp. "Only in America," one said, "where religion is so fashionable can you find this kind of thing." I saw another walk out in the middle of services one day, muttering about the waste of time. All of them also happen to be ardent nationalists, and one of them pressed me for nearly an hour on the indispensability of Israel to the Jews of the world.

I spent an intensive couple of hours with Dimitrovsky, whom I was urged by everyone to talk with since he was the intellectual model of the camp, and, apparently, of the whole movement. An Israeli by birth, he was ordained a rabbi in Jerusalem, and has his master's from the Hebrew University and doctorate from the Seminary; he is very pious, and at one time studied to be a mathematician. Mathematics is still a hobby. He is a tall, gangly man with a bony face, in his early thirties, and has the remotely shy and gracious manner of some scholars that seems to hide a confidence bordering on assertiveness. Our confrontation was most courteous and vague. I felt unable to convey to him an attitude of Jews toward Hebrew and Judaism that sprang from less than total commitment. His answers, in a soft, mellifluous voice, gave the impression that this was a problem he had long settled; he cited—once again—Wilson's article, quoted a number of fetching aphorisms from the Talmud, and told me of personal experiences he had had with doubters who had finally decided to become rabbis. I am afraid that in spite of the most earnest intention, our attempt at communication was far short of successful.

Nor did I fare better with others. Once I asked a visiting rabbi, perhaps too obliquely, whether the camp ought to be using the group pressures present in all such enterprises to put over its religious program. "That's it exactly," he replied enthusiastically. "What better place than a summer camp to teach Judaism to youngsters, since you can control their daily lives in every way?"

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I seemed, moreover, to have failed completely in getting anyone to discuss whether the very success of the camp in developing facility in Hebrew and instilling an automatic observance of ritual, toward the end of a "fuller" Judaism, might not indicate an escapist attitude to the reality outside the camp that was taking a considerably different direction. No one would grant that the camp might be fostering a separation from the mainstream of American life, or for that matter, from the American Jewish community. "A full Jewish education will help a child lead a richer life anywhere," was the theme of the replies I got. Another rabbi oratorically insisted that a Jew should know Isaiah as well as Confucius, and, when I assented, plunged forward for the kill: "But you'll never really know Isaiah except in Hebrew and by also knowing ritual."

I MADE several visits to a nearby Jewish summer hotel that had no connection with the camp. Its cottages bore such names as "The Tel Aviv" and "The Weitzman" (*sic*), and its social hall displayed Israeli and American flags. No one there seemed to have any idea that Tisha b'Av eve coincided with Saturday night. A small orchestra was playing in the social hall. I met the mothers and fathers of several Ramah campers there.

"We can't stay any longer at the camp itself," one father explained. "The cots in the guest bunks are so hard and narrow, and there's nothing to do there. We never miss a week end, though; sometimes our boy doesn't even know we're there. We just stay in the distance to catch a look at him." The man and woman had escaped from Germany, where both their families had been entirely wiped out. This was their only child.

"You don't know what this camp means to us, and to our boy," the father said to me, as we stood at the bar. He had had a number of drinks before we began to talk, and he urged a double Scotch on me. "We used to send him to camps before, and we never felt safe. I would give the swimming counsellor a ten-dollar bill every week just to keep an eye on him, and still we worried. Now we have no worries at all. We know he'll be taken care of completely."

"It's a pleasure," his wife, a thin, pretty, alert woman broke in, "to see him at the morning services."

"Yes," the father said at once, "that's something to see. He's making a Jew out of me again. I stopped believing in anything after Hitler. What's the use of it all, I thought. The whole family gone. But we had him Bar Mitzvah, and he got interested. He was very unhappy his first year here. But then he learned how to put on his *tefillin*, and to recite the prayers, and we glow all over when we watch him."

A physician and his wife at this same hotel had two teen-age boys at the camp. "It's amusing to watch the kids becoming *tsaddiks*," he said to me. "All this really means something to them. Maybe they won't become rabbis, or community leaders, or even observant Jews. But, what the hell, they're really learning something solid, not just crap like woodcraft or hiking. I'm all for it, even though my wife gets a little edgy when they start badgering her about blessing candles and being kosher. I tell them we'll lead our lives our way, they can lead theirs their way. I am sure they'll get over all this the way adolescents do." Siegel had previously told me, with much satisfaction, about one boy who, when his parents asked him what he wanted most for his seventeenth birthday, replied, "A kosher home." Siegel said the parents were overjoyed to comply. "Before he came to us," he told me, "the boy was at loose ends in every way. Now he is doing well in college and wants to be a rabbi."

Siegel estimated that about 20 per cent of the parents were rabbis or lay community leaders (of the dozen or so visiting rabbis at Ramah, about half had children at the camp; the others were combining a vacation with checking on offspring of congregation members); about 50 per cent were "positively" Jewish, ranging from strictly Orthodox to merely observant; the rest were indifferent. None of the indifferent parents, Siegel said, had ever to his knowledge objected when their children came home filled with "Jewishness." An Orthodox father, a surgeon, who was initially dubious about Ramah was very happy at the end of one summer. "I never thought there was a place where my children could retain a strong Jewish identity and remain so essentially American. No beards, no Yiddish accents," he said to Siegel.

The administration is not happy about backsliding campers. I met a boy in his late teens at the guest table. He had driven up

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to see some close friends he had made at the camp in the Poconos the year before. He himself had no interest at all in continuing the regimen. "My family didn't encourage me and weren't much impressed when I came home able to speak Hebrew at the dinner table and telling everybody about the customs and holidays," he told me. "They had no objection especially; they just didn't care. I didn't come from a center where these things mattered much anyway, and one winter away from it, I began to feel silly about the whole business." I mentioned this boy to Siegel. "We made a mistake," he said a little darkly. "We can't afford to invest our effort and time indiscriminately. That's why we choose our applicants so carefully, to cut down on those who won't go into our leadership program. I'm surprised we took someone that old who had such little promise in the first place."

IT WAS raining again on Monday morning, and before I left I joined Siegel on the porch. I apologized for asking any questions which might have disturbed or embarrassed anyone. "Quite all right," he said crisply with his broad grin, "I hope we didn't give any answers that were disturbing or embarrassing to you." I told him that one could find the whole concept of the camp disturbing; in its attractiveness, in its air of certitude, it constituted a challenge to those whose idea of Jewishness might not be the same; to some it would seem, I thought, almost an affront, especially in the way it considered the question an utterly settled one.

"Well, it is settled, you know," he said, "for us. There really is no other way to be a Jew, without religion, without Hebrew. It means nothing to be a Jew on the basis of heredity, or an interest in intellect alone. Of course, there is a generation lost to us, to whom such a conclusion is incomprehensible. There is almost nothing to do for them. That's why we concentrate on our youth. An enlightened center knows the survival of Judaism in this country depends on its young people and that's why it will concentrate its energies and finances on education of the young, on fully Jewish educational enterprises like Ramah. We hope that our alumni will go out and make Judaism the living, meaningful thing it is. You'll notice that our kids are not fanatics; if anything, they take all this so much for granted they don't quite know how to argue about basic things; for them these have long since become elementary. They're polite, skeptical, intelligent, well adjusted in the American world, tolerant, and very well educated. They don't think of themselves as missionaries, certainly, nor behave like them. And of course this is the way it should be to accomplish our ends."

He hesitated and smiled. "Can you think of anything better?"

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THE COURSE AHEAD FOR EUROPEAN SOCIALISM

It Still Has a Role to Play

G. L. ARNOLD

IS IT mere accident that the democratic socialist movement is strongest in just the same geographical area where neutralist sentiment is most widespread? A century ago, Marx in a letter to Engels spoke of the danger that a Europe increasingly ripe for socialism might find itself "crushed" by the rise of vast extra-European agglomerations of power. Some such feeling undoubtedly plays a part in shaping the attitude with which nearly all socialist movements in Europe regard the worldwide contest between the Atlantic alliance and the Soviet bloc. And yet these socialist movements are themselves inescapably part of the Western world, democratic by their very nature and, however reluctantly, committed to the military defense of Western democracy against the only threat possible in this age.

One must bear these two conflicting tendencies in mind if one wants to get at the heart of the socialist dilemma in the Europe of 1955. Modern democratic socialism is a European creation. There is good ground for believing that, in this generation at any rate, it has no chance of spreading beyond Europe. Most socialists are both aware and proud of this fact. Many of them still think of Europe as the center of the world and secretly regard American and Russian claims to preeminence as a power competition between two of Europe's unruly offspring, and on a level where, from the socialist standpoint, no fundamental issue can be involved because American capitalism and Russian state capitalism are alike unacceptable. This attitude crops up in the most unlikely places—not merely on the left wing of the British Labor party, where it is *de rigueur,* but in circles further to the right. It has become noticeably stronger since Eisenhower replaced Truman, and it has of course gained a certain stimulus from the outwardly more conciliatory behavior of Stalin's successors. It is probably weakest among the socialist exiles from Eastern Europe, as it is certainly strongest among the neutralist intellectuals of those Western countries whose acquaintance with Soviet Communism has been confined to the performances of Russian actors or ballet dancers. And it is quite free of theoretical ballast.

THE impression prevalent among some American "free-enterprise" crusaders, for example, that Marxists tend automatically to give the USSR the benefit of the doubt, is quite without foundation: Marxists are generally too hard-headed to credit anyone with benevolent intentions, let alone Kremlin statesmen. It is among the left-wing liberals, labor liberals, and assorted pacifists and semi-

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HAS socialism a future in Western Europe? The Socialist parties, writes G. L. ARNOLD, seem to have entered a blind alley. In international affairs large sections find themselves part of the neutralist front, though socialism, which is nothing if not democratic, can hardly be neutral as between Western democracy and Soviet totalitarianism. At home, the socialist parties have lost much of their vigor, paradoxically because of the attainment of most of their aims. Yet in this situation Mr. Arnold still sees the future reserving an indispensable role for socialism in Europe, and tries to project what new policies and programs are necessary if it is to fulfill its destiny. Mr. Arnold, a veteran contributor, lives in London; he is widely known as a political analyst, in this country and abroad, and has contributed to *Partisan Review* as well as to this magazine. A book on contemporary politics by him will shortly be published in the United States by Dial Press. His most recent article in COMMENTARY was "Germany's Post-Nazi Intellectual Climate" (January 1955).

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socialists who make up the bulk of the European left's vocal section that neutralism has its most zealous defenders. In the British Labor party, for example, every detailed investigation in recent years has shown that on the issue of resisting Soviet encroachments and, if necessary, banning the Communist party, the working-class membership was consistently for a stronger stand than the middle-class intelligentsia.

And yet neutralism is more than an ideology of the pacifist middle-class intelligentsia. It does correspond to a genuine strain in modern European socialist thinking insofar as that thinking takes it for granted that coexistence means the partition of the world into two great blocs, neither of which operates in accordance with the principles held by democratic socialists. Even those socialists—the great majority—who have no wish to work outside the Atlantic camp, and who indeed regard even the rearmament of Germany as not too high a price to pay for Atlantic solidarity, tend to feel that matters would improve greatly if a predominantly socialist-controlled Western Europe could somehow be organized within the Atlantic alliance. Such a Europe, they think, would operate as a useful check upon reactionary or warlike tendencies in the United States and at the same time might constitute a link between the dominant American economy and the vast Asian-African hinterland. Above all, a Europe that really meant something to the European working class could in time draw to itself those essential loyalties which the Communist *"secessio plebis"* has turned away from the national state in at least two great countries—France and Italy—and which will *never* be given to the state in any European country as long as it remains identified with the capitalist order.

For, to the European worker, "socialism" has long ceased to be a bone of contention; he is not interested in theoretical demonstrations of its real or supposed economic efficiency. Socialism stands for the sum total of his aspirations as a human being and a citizen; it objectifies his urge to acquire full status in a democracy which treats all its citizens alike, and if he rejects Communism it is because he rightly suspects the presence behind its façade of a new, technocratic tyranny. In that sense the victory of socialism has been complete in Europe—which is not the same as saying that socialists necessarily know what to do with themselves when trade union influence or electoral good fortune happens to place them in power. The checkered story of British Labor's rise and fall between 1945 and 1955 is itself evidence that a great labor movement with a socialist program can find the business of governing a modern industrial democracy too much for its limited intellectual resources—especially if it clings to a national tradition which does not favor systematic thinking.

Indeed, the most faithful socialist, if he is not blind to realities, has to admit that there are reasons for asking—as many present-day critics of socialism do ask—whether European socialism has not entered a kind of blind alley. These reasons have to do not merely with the kind of situation that confronts a democratic socialist movement in a semi-backward country such as Italy. The weaknesses and difficulties of the Socialist party in France are chronic and familiar. German Social Democracy, too, has its problems as it struggles unsuccessfully to expand beyond its trade-unionist base. And the British Labor party, having almost solved the problem of making a broad "national" appeal to most sections of the population, seems in the process to have lost much of its socialist faith and drive.

There is in fact a growing impression that socialists have become unsure of their basic purpose; that they no longer regard public ownership of the means of production as their central aim; and that even where they have power they are content with a welfare economy propped up by Keynesian techniques of financial control and divorced from the historic aims of the movement.

II

IT SHOULD be evident that what has just been said about the loss of élan and aim

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must be qualified in the case of countries where democracy is either threatened or not yet firmly rooted. In such countries a Social Democratic movement, as its name implies, can either be revolutionary—as against the old regime—or conservative—as against the Stalinists—but in any case it has something to fight for.

Need we remind ourselves that in Germany—and Social Democracy is a German creation, just as Communism is a Russian one—the responsibility for basic democratic aims fell to the labor movement? There is a short answer to all those writers who still bewail the failure of German labor since the 1860's to develop on "British" lines, its premature obsession with the political struggle, and its assumption of a Marxist (or quasi-Marxist) ideology frequently at odds with its real purpose. Such criticism overlooks the fact that German liberalism had abandoned the struggle for a democratic order, so that the historic task of making Germany safe for democracy had to devolve upon labor. Thus German Social Democracy before 1914 appeared to itself and others as a revolutionary movement, and if after 1918 the struggle to defend the Weimar Republic against the Communists, as well as against the counter-revolution, brought about a different orientation, the fundamental problem remained what it had been: militant labor needed to fight for democracy if it hoped to survive, and German democracy still needed a militant labor movement to defend itself. It was indeed the lack of militancy on the part of labor which in 1933 enabled Hitler, in conjunction with the old Right, to overthrow the Republic.

It is against this background that one should judge the discussion now proceeding within German Social Democracy. To an outsider unfamiliar with the history of the German labor movement, the current controversy over the status of the Marxian tradition in socialist theory must appear curiously unreal. Granting that Marx and Engels (especially the latter) are in a sense the founding fathers of the movement, Central European socialists by and large recognize today that orthodox Marxism, in the shape given to it by Engels and Kautsky in the last quarter of the 19th century, is not an adequate foundation for a present-day program. Nor, as a matter of fact, can it be seriously claimed that Social Democracy has been guided by Marxian concepts during the past forty years. A movement which outgrows its beginnings may nonetheless conserve a sentimental attachment to its past; it may even find that if it throws tradition overboard it has lost its soul. Labor's emancipation, the Red Flag, veneration of Marx and Engels as the teachers of an earlier generation, are deep-rooted in the history and psychology of Social Democracy.

Even so unorthodox a leader as Schumacher—middle-class, Protestant, intensely nationalist, a border German from the Polish frontier—found that he could not dispense with these symbols. Nor was he insincere in protesting his attachment to Marx's critical spirit, as distinct from the scholasticism of his followers. There is, to a German socialist, no difficulty about admiring Marx and taking over the gist of his thought, while still fighting the Communists—much as German democrats see no reason why they should not regard Bismarck as a great statesman while deploring the result of his statesmanship for Germany. National tradition counts for something, and Marx is very much in the German national tradition, the more so since he was actively engaged in the national unification movement which monopolized political energies in the middle of the last century.

True, in a largely Roman Catholic country such as Western Germany, "anti-Marxism," however demagogic, is still a useful rallying cry for a conservative coalition in general, and for the Christian Democratic party in particular. This kind of propaganda had a good deal to do with the election results of September 1953, when most of the Catholic workers voted for Adenauer, while the bulk of the Protestant middle class and peasantry backed the smaller conservative and liberal parties. Even today Social Democracy is sup-

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ported by no more than 60 per cent of the working class, and its present modest aim is to win over another 15 per cent.

III

THE real obstacles in the way of a socialist revival are, however, of a different kind. Paradoxically, it is the growing socialization of European society and the ever increasing importance of the role of industrial workers and technicians in that society, which create the most difficult problems for socialism. Revolutionary myths are no help in solving them; neither is uncritical imitation of America. The European labor movement has still to find its way out of this impasse. Perhaps the most important of all the new developments that confuse socialist thinking today is the growth of a new industrial hierarchy, the emergence of a white-collar class of technicians as the backbone of modern society, and the consequent obsolescence of much of labor's traditional class ideology. The uneasiness caused by this process is so painful to European socialists of the older generation that they hardly like to speak of it at all. Yet most of them know that it is basic to their problem as a political movement, and that if they cannot master it they might as well give up trying to come to power in a modern society.

The fog surrounding this subject is thickened by the habit of discussing present-day problems in terms appropriate to the past. European socialism is barnacled with memories of ancient conflicts: between Marxists and Anarchists, between Social Democrats and Communists (both stemming from Marx), between Fabians and Marxists, and latterly between democratic socialists of all shades and the Stalinist "camp." Questions specific to Central European Social Democracy, or to the differently constituted labor movements of France, Italy, and Spain, are debated as though they referred to the central issue of socialism, which is simply the working of a planned economy. The British Labor party, in contrast, has made a habit of pretending that its problems have no counterpart elsewhere. British socialism, as we all know to our cost, is "empirical" rather than "theoretical." In other words, it still lives on yesterday's theories, which are now out of date. Hence the present malaise of Fabianism. Yet Mr. R. H. Crossman had already warned his fellow Fabians in 1939 (in an essay written for a symposium on European political thought since the Middle Ages) that empiricism is merely one philosophy among others, and not a very good one at that; even then Britain's internal and external situation no longer allowed her theorists to indulge in the kind of genial sloth of which "muddling through" was the political equivalent. The warning was disregarded, save insofar as the devotees of the Left Book Club took to Laski's watery caricature of Marxism. Since then, both Laski and the Webbs have been quietly shelved by all save some Bevanites, while Fabianism has remained more obstinately empirical than ever. It has been left to disappointed ex-Communists to draw some tentative conclusions from the events of the past thirty years.

WHAT are these conclusions? For scholastic purposes they can be summarized by saying that it is possible to retain the Marxian method of analysis without committing oneself to the utopian extrapolations from contemporary liberal humanism of which Marx was often guilty. In less philosophical language, one can still regard the planned economy of socialism as both a necessary goal of the labor movement and the inevitable term of liberal society, without believing that it will either abolish classes, establish complete social equality, or end the "alienation" of the worker from his product. In short, now that socialism is within reach—barring an atomic catastrophe—it is recognizably less exciting than it seemed to be a hundred years ago and also less closely connected with the historic aims of the labor movement.

Thus a feeling spreads that the mid-19th century marriage of socialism and labor was something of a shotgun wedding. Presumably the European working class, struggling for elementary rights against an early capi-

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talism shielded by the Old Regime, stood in need of an iron-clad "scientific" ideology which was also something like a secular religion. Its present-day successors, with both democracy and the welfare state attained, are in no mood for apocalyptic prophecy. Only in backward regions, where Communists lead the working class, does the movement's ideology conform to the old revolutionary tradition.

Communism in practice, however, means a kind of "managerial revolution" quite different from the older visions of victorious socialism. Any glance at Russia or Eastern Europe discloses an unrelieved picture of labor slavery and technocratic despotism, decked out with meaningless slogans. And this is not due, as Bevanite simpletons would have us believe, to cultural primitiveness or unfavorable local conditions: these societies seem to become *more* managerial, *more* technocratic, *more* despotic precisely as their economies become more planned, more scientific, more "socialist." Where, then, is the inevitable link between planning and freedom, the scientific management of society and the "emancipation of the working class," which traditional socialism claimed to have discovered?

The moment this question is asked the entire edifice of tradition threatens to collapse; and it is no consolation to old style socialists (or, for that matter, to practical labor organizers) that the well-tried instrument of Marxian analysis seems just as cogent on the critical side even though the more utopian hopes to which Marx incautiously set his seal have evaporated. Dissident Communists using the Marxist method have been foremost in explaining the real mechanics of the totalitarian state-party regime. But neither they nor others have been able to supply the socialist movement with a new faith. The present small-scale experiment in Yugoslavia scarcely justifies the contention that a non-totalitarian form of Communism is possible. It is even arguable that if Communism ceases to be totalitarian it loses its *raison d'être*. If the whole of life is not to be radically reorganized—and what else does totalitarianism mean?—then what exactly are the believers to work and fight for?

The mere fact of having "seen through" this situation does not enable democratic socialists to recapture the élan of their totalitarian rivals. For practical purposes, aims and means have to be conjoined in order to make sense to ordinary people. This was comparatively easy as long as socialism could be equated with the "emancipation of labor." It has become more difficult now that labor has been emancipated from everything save its status as a commodity, while socialism has come to look ominously like technocracy plus the omnipotent state.

Broadly speaking, the old labor movement has now attained its goals in Western and Central Europe: democracy is no longer seriously challenged; neither are full employment and the welfare state. Living standards, even in postwar Germany and Austria, are greatly superior to what they were in the early years of the century. Economic security, social services, and the workingman's status as a full citizen of the community are today taken for granted by the sons and daughters of men who a generation ago still identified these aims with something they were fond of calling "the revolution." Nationalization has made great inroads into private ownership of the basic industries in Britain and France; elsewhere, notably in Federal Germany, "co-partnership in industry" has been written into public law. As for the position of the trade unions, the point has been reached where a socialist government in Britain would probably be seriously embarrassed by their power—in particular, their power to prevent too much planning!

IV

One is thus forced to conclude that the fire has gone out of the European labor movement because so many of its original aims have been attained. Social Democracy cannot go on pretending to have a revolutionary message once democracy has been established and the welfare state built up; and the workers are anyhow indifferent to

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nationalization and hostile to the state-controlled boards which have taken the place of the old private owners. True, it should be noted that all this applies to Britain rather than to Greece, to Scandinavia rather than to Italy: there are still some areas where the old fire burns under the ashes because modern capitalism and genuine democracy have somehow failed to establish themselves. But let it be assumed that these stragglers will catch up with the general procession. What then is European socialism to stand for?

One can at any rate indicate negatively what it will *not* stand for: it will not presume to maximize output at a greater rate than either American capitalism or Soviet managerialism. If production is the test, then socialism must reluctantly decline the challenge—partly because it is European: democratic socialism is not a force in any other area, and in Europe the great age of capital accumulation and unstinted investment lies in the past. The claim that a planned economy is more efficient than a liberal one makes sense only on the assumption that social costs are to be counted equally with economic ones, and that the long-term interests of society will be better served by over-all economic planning than by the scramble known as "free enterprise." This claim is still regarded as valid by European socialists, but they are no longer so sure that it necessitates public ownership of all basic industries—to say nothing of small-scale enterprises, which indeed few intelligent socialists have ever wanted to nationalize.

Conversely—and this is where the new social set-up impinges directly on the political struggle—the modern economy, with its growing salariat and its shrinking proletariat, has rendered both the old tactics and the old ideology of the labor movement obsolete. Not merely has the working class been very largely "emancipated"; it has differentiated itself into sub-groups of which the most influential, the new technical "intelligentsia," is beyond the reach of the old Social Democratic formulas (though not beyond the reach of Stalinist, or Fascist, technocratism). One reason why Social Democracy has been temporarily stalemated in Germany is its failure, for historical reasons connected with Germany's political development since Bismarck, to draw the "new" middle class away from its ancient political traditions. In Britain, the Labor party—thanks in part to the Fabians—has done better in this vital field, but not well enough. Its hold of power between 1945 and 1951 did not leave a really decisive mark on the consciousness of the professional middle class, though there was some sympathy in these quarters for Cripps's efforts to make socialism "national," by using it to refashion a stagnant economy.

With Cripps and Schumacher—and to some extent with Jules Moch in France—European socialism after the war made an effort to become *national*: not by spouting nationalist rhetoric (though Schumacher was compelled by the German situation to go rather far in this direction), but by presenting itself as the answer to the major ailments of society as a whole. It tried to rise above its class-origins, to incorporate as much as was necessary of the new "managerial" ethos into its philosophy, to make itself acceptable to the new key groups in society. All this had to be done under the constant shadow of the Soviet threat, of Communist hostility, middle-class stupidity and obstinacy, Catholic competition, and American obsession with the propaganda of "free enterprise." Is it a wonder that the attempt fell short of success?

YET something was achieved: socialism ceased to be synonymous with the special aims of the labor movement. In the process, it is true, it also lost something of its old fire. Still, on balance, the experiment meant a step forward. It showed at least that the ancient dichotomy between "reform" and "revolution" has become meaningless. Structural changes of the kind carried out in Western Europe since the war cannot be classed as ordinary "reforms." Where the movement has so far failed is in making the kind of coherent appeal to *all* classes of society that Marxism once made to the working class. For lack of success in this crucial field, its

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left wing has wandered off into "third force" neutralism. For if European socialism is to stand for something different from liberalism and totalitarianism, what more plausible than to maintain that it stands "midway" between the United States and the Soviet bloc, between Knowland and Khrushchev, between the danger of being exposed to chewing gum and the danger of being shipped off to Siberia? In some areas this kind of imbecility has become so popular (not without some indirect assistance from the Eisenhower administration) that responsible socialists have to spend half their time battling against the current. Yet this is no more than a symptom of failure to grapple with the movement's real problems.

Given a gradual easing of the Cold War, the present infection with neutralism will disappear. In the crucial sector, Germany and Austria, it never amounted to more than a slight indisposition. In France, where it is more serious, a spell of left-of-center government should restore the patient's health. In Britain it is confined to the Bevanites, and Bevanism is essentially an old-fashioned refusal to face the realities of the modern world, not a revolutionary challenge to it. Aneurin Bevan, with his obstinate loyalty to the primitive, emotional, working-class socialism of his youth, is already beginning to look and sound a trifle fossilized; he is the Robert Taft of socialism, a human coelacanth fished from the depths of the past, not a leader of the young generation. There is little chance of his coming to power, unless he reforms and makes his peace with reality.

V

All this, be it noted, applies to those areas of non-Soviet Europe where democracy has struck profound roots. It does not, for obvious reasons, apply to the Italian situation, nor yet entirely to the French. But here again it is necessary to differentiate. Above all, one should avoid the temptation to conclude that there is a simple correlation between the strength of Communism in some areas of Europe and that of political Catholicism. Southern Europe does differ in important respects from Northern Europe, but both traditions meet and intermingle in Belgium, in France, and in the Rhineland. There are solidly Catholic regions—Belgium, for example—where labor is Social Democratic and Communism hardly exists. France is a borderline case, being part of Western Europe, yet not wholly immune against the dangers which are so patent in the case of Italy—to say nothing of Spain. The pattern is infinitely complex; simplifications are harmful. The fact that the bulk of French labor follows the Communists does *not* mean that the Communist party has a chance of coming to power by its own efforts, whereas in Italy precisely this danger exists. Italian capitalism is just sufficiently backward and inefficient to make such a calamity possible. For modern democratic socialism is a function of modern liberal capitalism. It cannot flourish under conditions where capitalism is effete and the government is in the hands of people who in every emergency either split into factions, coalesce with the Right, or simply run away.

The case of France is more important and, fortunately, more hopeful. France is the keystone of the European arch; it is also, even by modern standards, a major industrial country. That millions of French workers follow Communist leadership is a misfortune, but not yet an irretrievable disaster. In Italy, the ten million voters who in June cast their ballots for Togliatti or Nenni have simply seceded from the body politic and are waiting for the cataclysm. In France, the five million Communist voters are far from wanting a revolution. They are a massive pressure group which, given an expanding economy and a more dynamic and forceful government policy, will both shrink in size and renounce whatever apocalyptic notions the French worker still carries around with him as a legacy from the past. Indeed, when one considers the living standard already available to the skilled workers in the Paris metal industries and similar areas, one suspects that their support of the Communist party springs from dissatisfaction with

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their status in society rather than from more immediate material causes. These men—like their opposite numbers elsewhere—regard themselves, quite rightly, as the backbone of the new technological society and want to be recognized as such. What irks them is that neither their income nor, in particular, their social status corresponds to this role. Living in a country where the farmer and the shopkeeper are pampered by legislation, and the bourgeois rides around in a big car, while the worker often cannot even afford the motorcycle of his German counterpart, they express their resentment by voting for the party which extols the working class, day in day out, as the bearer of the future.

THE failure of the Socialist party to retain a sizable following among the workers in the mass-production industries of France is doubtless a serious matter. Apart from some mining areas in the North, where socialism has a traditional following, its influence is now in the main restricted to white-collar people and the professions. Civil servants, railway and postal employees, school teachers, and professional men make up the bulk of its following. But is this state of affairs altogether new? There seem to be reasons for thinking that before the First World War the Socialist party represented the skilled craftsmen in the smaller and more decentralized owner-manager enterprises, rather than the unskilled workers in the growing mass-production industries, and that Socialists and Syndicalists were even then beginning to lose touch with this new stratum. If this is correct, the success of the French Communist party finds a very simple explanation: it was the first to organize the workers in the fully mechanized heavy industries, to which the old highly individualistic type of French socialism was no longer adequate. In this sense the existence of a firmly disciplined Communist movement, with real control over masses of workers, might be regarded as a sign, though an unfortunate one, that France is now a modern country.

Clearly, however, matters cannot remain there. If the French Communist party cannot be integrated in the structure of French democracy, then its rivals will have to make a *concerted* effort to take away its following. A necessary precondition would be not only the formation of a unified labor party, but also a much more determined socialization of French public life as a whole. Although France now has a welfare state of sorts, and a formidable nationalized sector in its economy, there is still a heavy dead weight of past habits and entrenched interests to be overcome before the French industrial worker and technician can really feel that their importance is recognized. It is a safe prediction that until this happens the majority of French workers will vote Communist. "Misery" has little to do with it, although there certainly are slums around Paris and the other great cities. What hurts is the sharpness of traditional class distinctions, and a backlog of hostility to the state and society. There have been signs of late that France may be on the brink of some New Deal experiments. Their success will be measured by the extent to which the French working-class movement is reintegrated into society. And what is true of France applies more generally to the European body politic as a whole: if peace is preserved, it seems reasonable to suppose that Communism will increasingly become a sect within the labor movement and that its totalitarian claims will fall on deaf ears. Even today it has failed to dislodge democratic socialism over most of Europe, and in the key country—France—the struggle is very far from being lost.

BUT can a movement so deeply shaken in its historic faith still make an impact on men comparable to the astonishing effect it produced one or two generations ago?

Perhaps not. But, after all, the present stage calls for something less dramatic and more durable. Socialism has educated the European working class, provided European democracy with a stable foundation, and held the fort, though with unequal success, against fascism and Stalinism. It is now called upon to govern a mature democratic

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society, make the welfare state work, and try to combine planning with freedom. True, its current mood of disillusionment contrasts painfully with the optimism of the early pioneers, and in its British form at any rate it still cultivates an empiricist philosophy which leaves a good many intellectuals dissatisfied and exposes them to the standing temptation of Soviet "Marxism." It still hovers uneasily between unattainable egalitarian goals and full acceptance of the fact that modern industrial society must make room for an entire hierarchy of talents, the fact that intelligence is unevenly distributed, and the fact that technologists and workers need not share the same outlook on all subjects. It contains too many lawyers and school teachers (especially in France) and not enough managers and scientists. In short, it is not yet completely modern.

Lastly, as Jules Moch complains in his interesting work *Confrontations,* it has not found its Marx: no one has yet worked out in a really convincing way how the planned economy can be made to work with maximum efficiency and without loss of individual freedom. It can, however, be said that if planning becomes a necessity—and in Europe it *is* a necessity, even in free-enterprise Germany—socialists will be well placed to fill the political and human vacuum which might otherwise surround the planners. They alone have a tradition of standing for democracy and the rights of labor: and this is the test by which all modern movements must be judged.

MAHLER

HARVEY GROSS

THE pathos of his century marks his face.
A beaky, bitter eagle of a Jew
Who orchestrated mountain tops and knew
The wailing song of heaven's withdrawn grace.
He feared the Mystic Nine, and feared that place
Which no man ever filled. His music grew
More vast: behind him tramped the Titan who
Pursued him in a never-ending race.

He believed in portents and in black taboo.
One winter night he dreamed his children dead,
And saw in daylight his dark dream come true.
His music croaks and shrieks: oboes and red
Trumpets blast out in dissonance of grief
The *Kindertotenlieder* of his life.

HARVEY GROSS earned his doctorate at the University of Michigan; in 1953, he received a Major Hopwood award for poetry. He now teaches English at Hofstra College in Hempstead, Long Island.

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JEWISH CULTURE AND THE INTELLECTUALS

The Process of Rediscovery

NORMAN PODHORETZ

THE publication of *A Treasury of Yiddish Stories* seems to me an event of peculiar significance in American Jewish life. This is no mere hodgepodge collection thrown together to provide a suitable gift for Chanukah or Bar Mitzvah, nor is it the usual work of mawkish Jewish apologetics. The book is edited by Irving Howe and Eliezer Greenberg, handsomely published by the Viking Press, and illustrated by Ben Shahn. Among the translators, not only do such familiar figures in Anglo-Jewish journalism as Maurice Samuel, Meyer Levin, and Ludwig Lewisohn appear, but we also find Saul Bellow, Alfred Kazin, Isaac Rosenfeld, and, again, Irving Howe. These latter are all writers who have no professional connection with Judaism and whose work most frequently appears in literary reviews and little magazines. As for the editors, Eliezer Greenberg is himself a Yiddish writer of repute and editor of a Yiddish quarterly, while Mr. Howe, author of books on Sherwood Anderson and Faulkner, is known mainly for his work on American literature and politics. Ben Shahn, the illustrator, finally, is a distinguished American painter.

Mr. Howe and Mr. Greenberg have collaborated to produce a long, informative, painstaking, and sometimes brilliant introduction, which manages in seventy closely printed pages to supply a sketch of the history of Yiddish literature, a description of this literature in terms of the *shtetl* culture from which it grew, and generally to account for qualities of the literature which might puzzle an unwary American reader. Anyone who is in the least familiar with critical writing in English about Yiddish or Hebrew literature will find this introduction almost as fascinating as the stories themselves, and certainly more unusual. For one thing, the editors have no ax to grind. They simply wish to recommend Yiddish literature to an audience of discriminating readers. They are very—almost overly—careful to make no "extravagant claims" for the work they introduce. While their caution quite rightly does not drive them to shrink from calling Sholom Aleichem's Tevye one of "the great figures of modern literature," they assure us that Yiddish literature as a whole is of the second rank, and that it contains no Shakespeares, no Tolstoys. When they make the inevitable comparison between 19th-century Yiddish and Elizabethan English, they hasten to add that no comparison is intended between the quality of the works written in the two languages. This temperateness is wholly commendable.

Having made the necessary concessions and qualifications, however, Mr. Howe and Mr. Greenberg feel free to draw on a broad field of general comparisons and references. Certainly Sholom Aleichem, Mendele, and Peretz have never been discussed in such

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THE publication of *A Treasury of Yiddish Stories* (630 pp., $5.95), edited by Irving Howe and Eliezer Greenberg, says NORMAN PODHORETZ, represents a kind of milestone on the pilgrim's progress of the Jewish intellectual in his growing acceptance both of his Jewishness and of America. Norman Podhoretz continues a steady contributor to COMMENTARY, though he has been serving with the U.S. Army for the last year and a half and is now stationed in Germany. He was born in New York City in 1930 and before entering the Army spent three years at Cambridge University working toward a doctorate in English literature. During that time he studied under F. R. Leavis, another contributor to this magazine. Mr. Podhoretz's most recent previous appearance in these pages was with a piece of unorthodox literary criticism, "William Faulkner and the Problem of War," in September 1954.

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grand, such mostly Gentile company: Kierkegaard, James, Brecht, Kafka, Silone, Turgenev, Jane Austen, Dickens, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Gogol, Chekhov, Gorki, Melville, Rilke, Whitman, T. S. Eliot—these are only a few of the writers mentioned in the introduction. Some of the critics quoted (along with Jewish authorities like Niger, Buber, and Heschel) are Cleanth Brooks, John Crowe Ransom, Robert Penn Warren, Isaac Rosenfeld, and Clement Greenberg.

IT SHOULD be clear by now that what we have here is Yiddish literature presented under the auspices, so to speak, of the topmost intellectual fraternity. The critics have investigated it and declared it kosher. It is as though the worlds represented by Eliezer Greenberg and Irving Howe, after carrying on a dilatory flirtation for several years, have finally joined hands to acknowledge their kinship. The university and the yeshiva, the big city and the *shtetl*, have come together to explore one another's wisdom, and they find it comfortably possible to speak the same language—English.

I said that the publication of the *Treasury* was a significant event in American Jewish life. But this volume is no isolated phenomenon. Within the last few years we have seen Mark Zborowski turning the methods of cultural anthropology on the *shtetl* with striking results. An increasing number of serious writers have dealt with Jews and Jewish experience as one of the *données* of the American scene (Rosenfeld, Malamud, Fiedler, Bellow, Kazin, and Swados, to mention a few). Lionel Trilling has discovered rabbinic overtones in Wordsworth. There is, of course, COMMENTARY itself, which from its inception has sought to fuse an interest in the important intellectual currents of the day with an equally intelligent concern for specifically Jewish issues. Nor is this development confined to Jews alone. *Partisan Review* has printed stories by Bashevis Singer and others, imparting to these Yiddish works the same air of avante-garde distinction that surrounds the latest literary find from France or Germany. Columbia University instituted a department of Yiddish language and literature several years ago. Edmund Wilson has been learning Hebrew, and has recently spoken (in the *New Yorker*) of the contemporary Hebrew novelist, Agnon, as a great writer comparable to Kafka.

To interpret the significance of this phenomenon is beyond my powers. I would only say that, whatever else it indicates, the new interest seems to betoken a healthier relationship between American Jewish intellectuals and their Jewish experience than prevailed twenty or thirty years ago. But perhaps I may be permitted an autobiographical digression to suggest the qualifications I feel must be introduced into that observation.

WHILE a student at Columbia, I also attended the Seminary College of Jewish Studies, which might be described as the undergraduate liberal arts division of the Jewish Theological Seminary. Naturally, the Seminary took up a good deal of my time. We spent two evenings a week and the whole of Sunday afternoon in classes, and, of course, there were assignments to prepare. I am not sure what drove me to take this additional burden on myself, but whatever my motives may have been, they were unusual. Unlike me, most of my classmates were either preparing for the rabbinate or planning to become Hebrew-school teachers, and almost all of them considered their work at the Seminary more important than their work at college. Many of them were observant Jews, while those who had secular leanings were frequently passionate Zionists training themselves for life in Israel. I was neither religious nor much of a Zionist, so I probably seemed an anomaly at the Seminary, but the fitness of my being there was never questioned. Within my circle of friends at Columbia, however, I was under a continual assault to justify my presence at the Seminary. My friends were grim and earnest young intellectuals, and most of them were Jewish. We considered ourselves the direct heirs and propagators of Western civilization, and we felt chosen to study, teach, and possibly contribute to it. It was a glorious mission, de-

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manding a discipline of mind and spirit as arduous in its way as a monastic calling. But no one felt the glory of this vocation more keenly than we did, and we gave to it a devotion so vigorous and loving that I think we even frightened some of our teachers, who were no mean devotees themselves.

We were not stodgy academics. Though our main interest lay in literature, we scorned the scholarly journals like *PMLA*. On the other hand, we read the literary magazines religiously, in particular *Partisan Review* and *Kenyon Review*. Moreover, we thought of ourselves not as Americans or Jews, but as novitiates of the Republic of Letters, a world of whose concrete, physical existence we had less doubt than about the existence of the Midwest. Our Republic included everyone who had ever been instrumental in shaping Western civilization. Herodotus and St. Augustine, D. H. Lawrence and Yeats were all equally distinguished members of the community which we aspired to join. And we conceived of this community in space rather than in time. Despite the fact that we sat at the feet of Lionel Trilling, our sense of history was underdeveloped. Like Mortimer Adler—a Columbia graduate who never grew out of the idea—we saw a "great conversation" going on everlastingly between authors remote from one another in time, space, interest, and intention. We saw them all sitting around a great conference table, discussing the same problems, and always lining up on the same sides. It was the unity of culture, not the differences, that appealed most to our imagination.

But Judaism had virtually no representatives in this parliament of culture. Except for the Old Testament (which was honored both as great poetry and as the "Hebraic" constituent of Western civilization), the Jews did not exist for us. If my friends heard of the Cabbala, it was because Pico della Mirandola had been interested in it, and because it bore some relation to Yeats's occultism. Nothing disgusted my friends so much as the idea that because a man happened to be Jewish it was incumbent upon him to study Jewish culture. This was not "anti-Semitism" (at least not consciously), any more than their conviction that the American novel was inferior to the French, English, or Russian novel could be called anti-Americanism. I think their condescension toward all things Jewish was strikingly similar to their (and my) condescension toward all things American. And it is no accident that the discovery of Jewishness has coincided with the discovery of America for many Jewish intellectuals. The frenetic enthusiasm with which Whitman has been taken up lately may be part of the same process that accounts for the new piety toward Sholom Aleichem. But I should like to say more about that later.

In trying to justify myself against the charges of sentimentality or conformism made by my friends, but feeling in my heart that they were probably right, I used the only arguments that meant anything to them or to me. I said that Jewish culture was worth studying, *as* a culture. I said darkly that their hostility seemed to me suspicious, and that I doubted whether they would attack me for spending three days a week studying Chinese demonology. (I was wrong: they considered me foolish when I enrolled in a new course in Oriental literature—such studies were outside the proper concern of a true fledgling in Western civilization, they were irrelevant and therefore wasteful and therefore sinful.) I tried to recommend Judaism for its special qualities, and my most powerful weapons were two major attitudes which I ascribed to it. The first was that Judaism entertained no dualism of body and soul—an effective argument, because for us dualism was the ubiquitous villain of Western civilization—and the second was that Judaism remained the only culture beside the Greek which believed in learning for its own sake and which honored the sage more than it did the plutocrat. This too was effective, for "bourgeois" standards constituted another of our violent hatreds. My friends were impressed, but they still could not see spending all that time

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and effort over attitudes which, after all, we had already absorbed from Blake and Lawrence and Flaubert and a dozen other great figures of our pantheon. They would challenge me to produce great writers out of Jewish literature, and my feeble efforts to describe Judah Halevi as a metaphysical poet of the stature of Donne, and Mendele Mocher Seforim as a positively Swiftian satirist, were met with a shrug of the shoulders and a skeptical smile.

I think that the feeling of my friends was a good reflection, given the typical undergraduate intensity, aggressiveness, and exaggeration with which it was held, of the prevalent feeling among American Jewish intellectuals immediately after the Second World War. They were not yet hospitable to the idea that Jewish culture was respectable in their terms, worthy of interest as a thing in itself, apart from whatever relevance it might have to them as Jews. And in any case, they doubted that it was very relevant at all.

But there is another side to this picture. The Seminary is located six short blocks from Columbia College, and for me the walk up Broadway from 116th Street to 122nd Street was like the journey from Paris to the provinces. Undaunted, however, I came rampaging into the Seminary as an apostle, with all the evangelical fervor of a Paul bringing the truth that had been revealed to me at Hamilton Hall back to the Jews. The truth I burned to teach was that a fresh stream of thought, disinterested and free of ideology, must be turned on Jewish culture: I was not only Paul, I was Matthew Arnold too. It should be pointed out here that the level on which literature was taught and thought about at the Seminary was much lower than the level of Biblical, Talmudic, and historical studies. Some of the courses in Bible and Jewish history were easily a match for analogous courses at Columbia, and some were superior in their kind to anything offered at Columbia. Unfortunately, this was not true of literary studies, a fact which may have reflected the uneasiness Jews have traditionally felt toward literature as a pursuit for its own sake (Mr. Howe and Mr. Greenberg have an excellent section on that tradition in their introduction). It always seemed to me that there was something impurely partisan or insufferably crude in the way both Hebrew and Yiddish literature (which we read in Hebrew translations) were approached. Bialik was apparently honored not as a poet but as a kind of latter-day prophet; Sholom Aleichem was held in higher esteem than Mendele Mocher Seforim (my own favorite) because his picture of Jewish life was more "positive" than Mendele's; and our professors were forever rhapsodizing on how "beautifully" somebody or other wrote Hebrew—so much so that I was unpleasantly reminded of those bellelettristic Victorian critics against whom the wrath of my beloved quarterly reviews had long been directed. In short, Jewish literature was either a text, an exhortation, a party platform, or it was a milestone in the development of Hebrew as a modern language. My teachers and fellow students seemed to be either Jewish versions of Ralph Fox or of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. We had no Eliots, no Leavises, no Trillings, no Ransoms, no Tates, no Brookses. Not, that is, until I arrived on the scene.

My personal crusade to bring the wisdom of Columbia to the Seminary met with no more success than my half-hearted effort to bring the Seminary to Columbia. Of course, I was not very tactful about it, but I doubt if tact really had much to do with the matter. Once, in reporting to a class on a volume of contemporary Hebrew poetry, I nearly caused a riot when I attacked the prosody of a minor Israeli lyric poet by invoking E. E. Cummings as a standard. I was howled down with talk of the blood shed by the six million, I was accused of abysmal ignorance of the Hebrew language, I was told that my comparisons were inept, irrelevant, and even morally reprehensible. (I still think I was right about the poet.) In another class, I was foolish enough to admit that I considered Bialik a second-rate provincial, far

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inferior to the "cosmopolitan" Tchernichovsky—and the effect somewhat resembled what might happen if, at a Communist rally, a new party member were to declare Rosa Luxemburg a more profound philosopher than Lenin. My attempts to promote Judah Halevi and Ibn Gabirol as the Hebrew Donne and Marvell were greeted not with skeptical smiles, but with outraged stammerings, coughs, and gnashing of teeth. The only time I provoked no disproportionate opposition was when I said, in one of those everlasting discussions of What Makes a Work of Art Jewish, that Isaac Rosenfeld and Leslie Fiedler were the true American Jewish writers, not Fannie Hurst or Ludwig Lewisohn. But my most notable success came at a Hebrew-speaking summer study camp operated by the Seminary. In teaching a course in Jeremiah, I delighted my fifteen-year-old students by proclaiming that they need not believe God actually spoke to Jeremiah in order to appreciate the greatness of the book. I solemnly expounded Coleridge's theory of the "willing suspension of disbelief" to them, and I hinted that Jeremiah (unlike Isaiah) wanted to be a poet, not a prophet, which is why he was always complaining to God over the slights he had suffered. I presented this agonized religious genius as a sort of Hebraic prototype of the Artist persecuted by a Hebraic prototype of bourgeois society—a Flaubert among the Jewish philistines. (The prophet Amos, incidentally, I was fond of describing as "the first young man from the provinces.") The novelty of this approach was not lost even on fifteen-year-olds.

MEANWHILE, something was happening in the world of Columbia that seemed too good to be true. Hasidism, ushered in by Martin Buber and Gershom Scholem, like a surprise witness in a sensational murder trial, exploded on the intellectual consciousness of New York. One suddenly found a rash of articles not only on Hasidism, but also on Maimonides, written by people who only yesterday were deep in Eliot, Original Sin, and Kierkegaard. One noticed respectful reviews of Sholom Aleichem, and it began to appear that some of our heroes among the younger critics actually read Yiddish. I remember too with what a sense of personal triumph I first heard that Lionel Trilling was writing an essay on Wordsworth and the Rabbis. About this time also, my friends and I discovered COMMENTARY, which was as unsettling to them as it was a delight to me. I was not, after all, alone in the world, there were *others,* and these others were *intelligent,* by which I suppose I meant that they knew all about the New Criticism. I began for the first time to believe my own arguments about the distinction of Judaism as a culture. It did not seem strange to me that the grandsons of Hasidim should travel through Wordsworth in order to get to the *shtetl.* What did astonish me was that the taste for Wordsworth should not have made them despise the *shtetl* and all its works for eternity.

My astonishment was, of course, naive, for the new interest in Jewishness was not quite of the same nature as the interest in Wordsworth. There were many impulses behind it, but the only one that concerns me here was the discovery by many American Jewish intellectuals that they were as much products of Jewish culture as of Western civilization. They became interested in Maimonides and the Baal Shem Tov at least partly because they felt that these men had something to teach them about themselves. However, my impression is that this was a veiled impulse, for publicly and officially, they praised Maimonides and Sholom Aleichem just as I had praised them to my friends—in terms of St. Thomas, Wordsworth, Blake, and Chekhov. In other words, before they would permit themselves the luxury of investigating their own origins, they had to be persuaded that these origins were objects of general interest. They had, as it were, to get the smell of garlic out of the breath of Jewish culture.

I said before that I thought the new interest in Jewishness was part of the same process as the new interest in Americanism, and more specifically, that the way Whitman

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has been taken up compares with the way Sholom Aleichem has been taken up. But this is not entirely true. For the quality of interest shown in Whitman has reverberations lacking in the quality of attention paid to Jewish writers. For one thing, there is a candid admission on the part of some recent critics of Whitman that they do not, *should* not, read him with the same detachment and by the same standards and for the same reasons that they read Donne or Shakespeare. One feels that the return to Whitman is a family affair, that he is celebrated nowadays not for his great poems on death, but for his teaching on what it means to be an American. And it is quite appropriate that this should be so. Not every literature has produced writers who enjoy a special role as embodiments of the national psyche, because not every culture has found the fact of nationality a problem to be thought about and discussed. Certainly neither the British nor the French, for all their fervent sense of nationality, *worry* about the significance of being French or English. The Russians, on the other hand, the Germans, and we Americans are obsessed with a conscious idea of our own nationality. And in this, of course, the Jews occupy a preeminent position. Jewish literature—during the past one hundred fifty years especially—has produced Fichtes, Whitmans, and Gogols, but it has produced nothing else. Which is to say that it differs as radically from other literatures as Jewish history differs from any other history.

And here we have the clue to why my crude attempts to make Jewish culture accessible to myself met with such hostility at the Seminary. I think my teachers rightly resented the arrogant assumption that Jewish culture had to be justified in the eyes of the *Kenyon Review* or be set at nought. And yet—raised in what is known as "a good Jewish home," fairly fluent both in Yiddish and Hebrew, highly educated (by American standards) in Jewish culture, and eager to know "the best that has been thought and known in the world"—I felt that I could approach it by no other road. From their side, my teachers were right in feeling that the terms I wanted to use in interpreting this culture to myself were ultimately an evasion, that they would in the end obfuscate far more than they could clarify. The very characteristic I despised in all of them—their total involvement with their subject, their failure to achieve distance and perspective, their unwillingness even to admit the possibility of detachment—was the only key to a real understanding of Jewishness. For them, there could be no distinction between understanding and a commitment to the destiny of the Jewish people: the very object of understanding was a deepened commitment. All of Jewish culture was a biography of their own souls, and more precious to them even than their own souls. They must have felt that relegating Judah Halevi to the category of a Donne was a way of disposing of him, a way of refusing to meet the challenge he presented—would a man give his life for Donne? For in their view, every Jewish writer presented the same challenge over and over again: what are you going to do about being a Jew? How could I have possibly responded to Bialik when I was not urgently interested in that question? I was right about literature in general: it is both more and less than an invitation to action, and I would have been right in my quarrel with my teachers if any other literature but this one were the issue. For the truth is that neither Hebrew nor Yiddish literature are like any other, to be studied and judged like any other. They refuse to yield their treasures except on their own eccentric terms. They share for good and ill the uniqueness of the people by whom and for whom they were produced.

In their introduction, Mr. Howe and Mr. Greenberg write brilliantly about Yiddish literature. They tell us it has special qualities that we need to become acquainted with —particularly the qualities of love and sweetness. They recommend Yiddish literature as a sort of antithesis to the literature of crisis we all dote on, and they feel it

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needs no more recommendation than to be seen as an opposing term in the dialectic of modern taste. They even imply—for they are nothing if not honest—that this literature is inevitably, intentionally, and sometimes aggressively parochial, and that it was addressed to readers who were as involved with its lone theme—the meaning of Jewishness—as the writers were. They point out that its emphasis on national destiny is so tyrannical and ruthless that no room is left for an interest in individual character, and they acknowledge that most of us read fiction primarily because we want to see individual character in its eternal struggle with society. This, of course, is tantamount to admitting that these stories cannot claim our attention as readers of fiction, but Mr. Howe and Mr. Greenberg cajole us into believing momentarily that a mature taste, when once it understands the reasons for such a development, will not deny itself the new experience offered. Perhaps.

To be perfectly honest, I cannot say whether I agree with them or not. In reading through this volume—which contains some things I had read before and many that I had not—I was oppressed more powerfully than ever by the feeling that very little of this has anything to do with that part of me which reads English, French, and Russian fiction, and everything to do with that part of me which still broods on the mystery of my own Jewishness. It is not as difficult as it would seem for a Jew to divorce the two parts of himself, and I tried reading the book as Mr. Howe and Mr. Greenberg advise. But I found that the pleasure I derived was quite unlike the pleasure I get from good fiction. It was the pleasure of Old World charm and quaintness, titillating but not challenging, and therefore not to be taken too seriously. What an irony, that this should be the effect of a literature which more than any other demands to be taken with the most apocalyptic seriousness! On the other hand, there were exceptions—a story by Mendele, two by Sholom Aleichem, a few lovely pieces by Abraham Reisen and Lamed Shapiro, the wonderful tale of Gimpel the Fool by Isaac Bashevis Singer. Yet the volume as a whole did not, I feel, quite bear out the modest claims of the introduction: I do not think that the book would have convinced my friends in those days at Columbia. I am not saying that most of the writers presented in the volume are not talented enough to deserve a hearing. It is just that a sad, perhaps a tragic, limitation has been imposed upon them, and it is not their fault. But as they themselves would be the first to admit, *'S iz shver tsu zein a Yid.*

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THE PROSPECT FOR ISRAEL'S ARABS

Reflections of a Palestine "Old-Timer"

EDWIN SAMUEL

IT IS not easy to answer the question so often asked of Palestinian old-timers: "What do people like yourself feel about the Arabs in Israel today?" The further question usually implied, rather than asked, is: "What about the Arabs no longer here?"

During the Mandatory period I lived much among the Arabs. Once I lived for a whole year at Ramallah, in the Samarian hills, riding on horseback round my sixty hill villages as District Officer and Magistrate, the only Jew among 30,000 Moslems. Another year I spent at Nazareth as the Assistant District Commissioner in charge of Galilee—from the Lebanese frontier to the Emek and from the Jordan River to Nahalal. (It was then that I started the Peasant House in Nazareth to sell Arab handicrafts; from Nazareth I transferred the peasant costumes to the Citadel in Jerusalem, and so became a co-founder of the Folk Museum.) To deal with the peasants I had to learn Arabic; but with the more educated ones I could speak English or French. I knew King Abdullah of Jordan; the Mufti of Jerusalem; his arch-enemy, Ragheb Bey Nashashibi, the Mayor of Jerusalem; and a host of Arab colleagues in the Palestine Civil Service, several of whom subsequently became cabinet ministers or civil servants in Jordan or other Arab states.

As ONE who knew the old Palestine, EDWIN SAMUEL reports on the present situation of the Arabs in Israel, drawing on his uniquely intimate and many-faceted experience with the Arabs, gained in army service in World War I, then while a Mandate official, and finally as an official of the Israeli government. Mr. Samuel was born in London in 1898, the son of Viscount Herbert Samuel, the first Palestine High Commissioner, and educated in Balliol College, Oxford.

Do I miss them? I do: and, in spite of the bitter racial struggle that went on around me, I miss them very much indeed. For two years I was on the Mufti's list of British officials to be assassinated and had to take very careful precautions to remain alive. In the free-for-all at the very end of the Mandatory period I was wounded by the Arab bomb that exploded, with many fatalities, in the courtyard of the Jewish Agency in Jerusalem (nothing personal, of course). Three weeks later I was fired upon, and missed, three times by a group of Arabs who had been sent to take me as a hostage. Yet I still miss *them.*

Today, my wife and I live in the split city of Jerusalem, on the Israeli side of the line. I do not like being cut off from the Old City—not so much because I am a Jew as because I am an ex-Palestinian and (I hope) a civilized man. I feel just the same about my exclusion from Bethlehem. I do not like closed frontiers anywhere: I merely accept them as political realities. In the past six years I have made no attempt to get permission to visit the other side, although several Jews I know have managed it—my father, David Kessler of the London *Jewish Chronicle,* and Professor J. C. Hurewitz of Columbia University.

Perhaps it is wounded pride that prevents my applying for a visa. Perhaps it is subconscious fear. The strain of living in Talbieh, the last mixed Arab-Jewish quarter in Jerusalem as late as March 1948, has left its mark. The government radio station of which I was director was also in a largely Arab quarter, the Musrara, and was guarded by the Arab Legion against Jewish terrorists in the Irgun Zvai Leumi. All my Jewish staff had been evacuated to the Jewish district of Rehavia to put them out of reach of

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Arab attacks, while my British staff were behind barbed wire in the German Colony so as to be safe from Jewish attacks. It was all rather complicated, especially since I was paymaster for all three sections. Even reporting each month to the High Commissioner at Government House during the last few months of the Mandate meant crouching at the bottom of a Government House car while the British police-sergeant driver crashed through the unofficial Arab civic guards at the roadblocks they had thrown up on all the roads leading from the Jewish areas. Even now, I have a recurrent nightmare in which I find myself back by mistake in Nablus, the heart of the Arab Rebellion from 1936 to 1938. Luckily, when I am recognized and challenged, I float rapidly away over the heads of the hostile crowds.

YET I am sad—and I have no doubt many other Jews are too—to see so few Arabs walking about today among Jews in Israel. Most of those still in Israel stay in their own villages in Galilee, or in the town of Nazareth itself. There are small groups still in Jaffa, Haifa, and even in the Israeli part of Jerusalem. You still can see an occasional peasant woman from the hill village of Abu Ghosh, fifteen miles away, unconcernedly walking in Jerusalem, bearing on her proud head a straw basket full of eggs or figs. But the lawyers and the doctors, the landlords and the teachers have all fled from Jewish Palestine: their ghosts still haunt the fine stone town houses that they built and in which they once lived. The problem of internal racial conflict now hardly exists: partly, perhaps, because there is practically no competition, since those Arabs who could compete have withdrawn and left the field almost wholly to the Jews. The leaderless peasantry in the North is ruled largely by the Jewish Military Government in Nazareth: the Bedouin in the South by the Jewish Military Governor in Beersheba.

Apart from Arab Communist activity in Nazareth itself, the Arabs of Israel give little trouble. Their situation, however, is an unhappy one and has been set out with courage and accuracy by Don Peretz in a recent article in the *Middle East Journal* of Washington, D. C. (Vol. 8, No. 2). There he describes the ambivalent attitude of the Israeli government, and public opinion generally, towards the Arab *in Israel*. There is little rancor or fear, but at the same time there is little confidence. That is the unfortunate position of most strong governments faced with "disaffected minorities." Of course, the unhappy relations between Jew and Arab long antedate the war. Actually, the Arabs in Palestine were never "affected" towards the Jews—except perhaps in "the good old days" before World War I, when both Arab and Jew were equally despised and oppressed by their common Turkish master. But then they hardly knew each other: after that, for the next thirty years they were locked in a struggle for Palestine. Now the victorious Jews face a defeated and sullen Arab minority of their own. To integrate them with the Jewish majority in Israel calls for the highest arts of government.

IN ITS handling of its own Arab minority, the Israeli government, as governments go in a difficult world, is not doing so badly. It has the right ideas. The Ministry of the Minorities, established in 1948, was soon abolished, for it was felt that, as citizens of Israel, Arabs in Israel should, like other citizens, deal directly with the several ministries and not through a "consulate" of their own. The 100,000 Arabs remaining in Israel were enfranchised and, now 180,000 strong, are represented in the Knesset by eight members, of which five appear on wholly Arab slates—three on mixed ones. For the first six years of the new state, Arab young men were not liable for military service, but that discriminatory rule has now been rescinded—not without objection from some Arab leaders, however.* Arab travel restrictions within Israel have now been lifted except for the frontier areas, where Arabs still require mili-

*There was always a minorities unit in the Israeli army composed of Druze and Circassian volunteers, with a few Arabs among them.

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tary permits. But it is perhaps in matters of health and education that the most advance has been made. The proportion of Arab boys —and above all, girls—now at school, is higher today than under the British Mandate, or than in Arab countries themselves, with the possible exception of Lebanon. An Arab teachers' training school is run by the Israel Ministry of Education—but not, of course, on the same scale as the Arab College maintained in Jerusalem under the previous administration. Hebrew is taught in Arab schools as the first foreign language. Nevertheless, it will take many decades before the Arabs of Israel are completely integrated. There are already mixed trade unions, but Arabs are not full voting members yet of the Histadrut—the General Federation of Labor —while labor exchanges in Jewish areas do not provide work for Arabs.

The desired integration is thus, generally, painfully slow. The process is constantly interrupted by frontier incidents that result in Jewish deaths, reprisals across the border, and Arab deaths. The strain on Jewish nerves is constant but the strain on Arab nerves in Israel is almost as great. It seems clear that without a political settlement between Israel and the Arab states, there is little hope of Israel's Arabs being able to settle down to become loyal Israel citizens.

The chief trouble is that the Israel-Arab war of 1948 was a war that nobody won. Israel didn't lose, and the forces of Egypt and Jordan and Syria did not march in triumph through Tel Aviv. On the other hand, Israel's forces did not march in triumph through Cairo, or Amman, or Damascus. The Great Powers damped down the war fever and brought about an armistice, but they were not able to prevent the fever, or cure it. Even today there are many men both in Israel *and* in the Arab states who sincerely believe that, when the whistle blew, they were just on the point of delivering a knockout blow to their adversaries. In these circumstances, in which both sides feel, so to speak, irredentist, it is impossible to get the two parties together round a table to discuss a peace settlement.

In the Middle East they say "I am against my brother. My brother and I are against our cousin. My brother, my cousin, and I are against the whole world." It is only against a common enemy that threatens their very existence that Arabs and Jews might be expected to unite. Russia is the only power that might offer such a threat today; but Russia is so adept at setting its enemies by the ears that even the threat of an immediate Russian invasion today is unlikely to bring the Arab states and Israel together.

The only other powers capable of exercising any influence on Israel and the Arab states are the United States, Great Britain, and Turkey—and, in the case of Lebanon, France. Would diplomatic, or even financial, pressure by these powers (particularly United States pressure on Israel and British pressure on Jordan) bring the two sides together? Israel has declared its willingness to discuss peace terms directly with the Arab states. They have steadily refused: and indeed there is little apparent advantage to the Arabs if they accept. Except, perhaps, to Jordan, which might get a free zone in Haifa Harbor and thereby reduce the price of its imports. Even so, the present economic blockade of Israel, by keeping Israel's exports out of Arab markets, is a direct advantage to the Arab states, especially to Egypt and Syria, who export manufactured goods. On the other hand, Israel would be a good customer for many Arab exports. Meanwhile, the Arab blockade has forced Israel to bestir herself and find new export markets, which she has done with considerable success.

There are some optimists, in the United States in particular, who believe that joint Arab-Israeli economic action, such as the Jordan Plan, can lead to a political settlement. But this is putting the cart before the horse. I personally believe that there is little chance of the Jordan Plan as a whole going through—involving joint action—*until* there has been a political settlement. International agreements for common use of natural assets are notoriously difficult to achieve, even when there are strong links of friendship between the countries concerned

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(for example, the St. Lawrence scheme). When each side is opposed to any agreement that gives the smallest advantage to its "enemies," an economic agreement without a prior political settlement seems a hopeless dream.

Many Jews talk airily of Israel's willingness to negotiate a peace settlement with the Arab states. But Israel is, diplomatically, in a very vulnerable position. The more extreme Arab spokesmen start off with a demand for Israel's complete abolition. The more moderate insist on: (a) Israel's ceding Western Galilee and the Negev, Ramleh, Lydda, and the Arab districts of Jerusalem; (b) the return of *all* the refugees to their homes; and (c) compensation for all Arab property destroyed, including all the Arab villages destroyed during and after the fighting. Israel, on the other hand, asks for a peace settlement based on the situation as it now is—that is: (a) no cession of territory; (b) no return of refugees except those already readmitted to reunite families; (c) payment by Israel of compensation for Arab land and buildings taken over, but not for Arab property destroyed, except perhaps movable property, and only after Israel's counterclaim for Jewish property behind the Arab lines has been set off (the Jewish Quarter in the Old City; the old Hebrew University and Hadassah Hospital; half a dozen Jewish villages in the Ramallah and Bethlehem hills, and the potash works north of the Dead Sea).

GIVEN these positions, there is little room here for maneuver by Israel.

In the Middle East, financial settlements are usually reached by the familiar process of carpet-dealing. I ask a thousand dollars, you offer me a hundred; several hours and many cups of coffee later, we settle for four hundred; and we are each happy at having got the better of the other. But it is very difficult for Israel to play the game in traditional fashion. Take the question of frontiers, for example. Six years ago, revision might have been possible, before the frontiers crystallized again. The opportunity was lost by the Arab states and will not return. Meanwhile Israel has resettled the Arab towns and much of the Arab lands with Jews. Public opinion in Israel would never agree now to a return of the frontiers proposed in the 1947 Partition Plan. Minor rectification of frontiers might be possible here and there, to consolidate the holdings of frontier villages, but nothing on a scale that would satisfy even moderate Arab opinion.

The whole problem of the compensation payable by Israel for the Arab property it has taken over is dealt with at length in another excellent article by Don Peretz in the *Middle East Journal* (Vol. 8, No. 4). Although Israel has agreed to pay compensation, the sum claimed by the Arabs is *twenty* times the sum assessed by the UNRWA claims committee. Even the UNRWA assessment would be a heavy burden on Israel and could only be paid over a long period, probably through a United Nations loan. The method of payment, to whom, and how the payments are to be utilized have also to be settled. But that is not primarily a matter for Israel to decide.

The main subject for bargaining will no doubt be the return of the Arab refugees to Israel. The Arab states say, "Take back all of them." Israel was once prepared to consider taking back 100,000, but today the public says, "Not even one more." Israel's refusal must be seen against the position at the end of the Mandate, when Jews in Palestine were outnumbered by two to one, though the Jews even then, with the support of world Jewry, managed to make great headway. If the 750,000 Arab refugees were readmitted to Israel, they would form over one-third of the population and, with support from the neighboring Arab states, could wreck Israel. Even the present Arab 10 per cent in Israel is regarded by many Jews there and abroad as a potential fifth column in time of war. Israel does not want any more Arabs to cope with. Jews know all about the story of the Trojan Horse.

Personally, I think that, without undue risk to Israel's security or economy, she could take back *some* Arab refugees. It would cost

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a great deal to resettle them in Israel, their villages having mostly been razed and their lands and town buildings taken over by new Jewish settlers. But if 40,000 to 50,000 Arabs were re-admitted, the Arab population of Israel would still not exceed 250,000 by the time the Jewish population reached 2,500,000 (largely by further Jewish immigration). The proportion of 10 per cent would thus not be disturbed.

WHAT do we *want* our Israeli Arabs to become? Do we want them to become good Israelis, speaking Hebrew and indistinguishable from their Jewish fellow citizens? Or do we want to keep them on as a racial minority, speaking Arabic and wearing distinctive Arab dress? This question was raised in the late 1920's by the Brit Shalom Society, of which I was a founding member. The late Dr. Judah L. Magnes was our spiritual guide, and we were supported by several other leading figures in the Hebrew University. We then believed that Palestine could contain two separate cultures —one Jewish and the other Arab; twin yolks in a single egg. Dr. Magnes envisaged a constitution so delicately balanced that neither Arab nor Jew could ever dominate the other. Even before the end of the Mandate, it became clear that such a scheme would have been an organized deadlock, and that it would have been difficult to maintain such a delicate balance even if it were found desirable.

The situation in Israel today is much simpler. With an overwhelming Jewish majority, it is extremely doubtful whether a separate Arab culture can be maintained. It seems more than probable—even if the Arab population reaches 250,000—that it will become rapidly assimilated to the prevailing Jewish culture. Hence Israel would no doubt insist on selecting those refugees that it could assimilate and would be prepared to readmit —i.e. farmers, craftsmen, and teachers. It is unlikely that the Arab states would agree for a moment to this. Nor is it certain, when the matter came to the final test, that many Arab refugees would be willing to go back to "Palestine" under a Jewish regime.

If one is to be practical, it is against this somber political background that the Israeli attitude to the Arabs still in Israel must be viewed. Since 1948 about 750,000 Arabs have moved out of Israel, and about 750,000 more Jews have moved in to take their place. Many of these are themselves from the Middle East, speaking Arabic, wearing "Oriental" clothes on festive occasions (for example, the Yemenites) and eating "Arab" food. Even the Western Jew likes "Arab" food for a change; and the many Oriental restaurants formerly run by Arabs for Arabs and patronized occasionally by Jews have been replaced by an increasing number of restaurants run by Oriental Jews for Oriental Jews and patronized occasionally by Western Jews. Jewish music in Israel has a strong Oriental flavor, and several of the most popular radio singers are Yemenites. Israel has the problem of integrating its own Oriental Jews and its Western Jews into one community. Integrating as many as 250,000 Arabs as well would not seem to be an insoluble problem.

In any case, "the good old days" are gone forever. We have lost the savor of the East, and many will admit it, especially "the old Palestinians." More and more of the Arabs of Israel will wear "Western" clothing; more and more will speak fluent Hebrew—which is very easy for an Arab to learn. They will play their part in the civil service and police. And it will be a matter of surprise to find that the man you are talking to is an Arab, not a Jew. Arab culture will flourish in Arab lands. But even there it is becoming rapidly Westernized: in Israel the Arab has little chance of maintaining his identity. To those who have known life in Palestine in the past, this would seem to be a mixed blessing.

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THE KIDNAP

A Story

JOSEPH PAPALEO

IN THOSE improving years after the depression, when Mrs. Bonomo next door prepared meals every day for a family of twenty-two, and when all the families in the Bronx neighborhood ate Sunday dinner outside under their grape arbors, it was well known along Lorin Place that Mr. Mauro's raincoat business was doing well. If anyone coveted his good fortune, it was Gualtieri, whose house was on the corner. Gualtieri was called "Mussolini" because though he ranted, he did little else but break up the stickball games that the boys played when the mornings were warm.

On just such a warm morning Reni Mauro found a letter in the mail on the porch, addressed to MAURO. She read it in the sunlight and then walked quickly to the kitchen.

"Ma, listen," she said. Her mother tried to release her thoughts from the nostalgia of Naples and the pots which were already bubbling with the evening meal. "This letter that just came, Ma. Maybe it's a joke, but listen: 'Have five hundred dollars in a bag in two weeks. Go to the corner of Arthur Street at eight o'clock at night. Don't call the police. Otherwise we will kidnap your children.'"

"Let me see," Mrs. Mauro said. She picked up the crudely written letter, but she could not read the English. "Your father's sister," she said. "I know it in my blood."

"What are we going to do?"

"Shut the door."

Reni went to obey her mother and returned a little pale, having begun creating a reality.

All day they listened wearily from the kitchen for dangerous sounds down the hall. At three o'clock they both waited on the porch for little Johnny to come home from school. He became very angry when they immediately ordered him to stay in the back yard and play.

"What did *I* do?" he asked with a nasal whine, the common accent of the neighborhood.

"Listen to me!" his mother shouted, touching off a little panic inside her.

"She can't explain," Reni said. "You didn't do anything. But do what she says."

"If I did something, I wouldn't mind," Johnny protested to his sister, an ally of reason in these situations.

"Listen to me!" his mother screamed. "I am your mother. Don't leave the back yard."

"This ain't no Italy," Johnny said, beginning to articulate his ten-year-old rebellion in the fashion of his older brothers.

Reni watched him from a kitchen window as her mother nervously brought the supper preparations to completion.

"A lot we could do if anything happened," she said.

Mrs. Mauro shook her head and held her hair with her hands to keep inner control.

Five minutes after the six o'clock El arrived at the neighborhood station, Mr. Mauro reached the porch.

"It's so good to breathe here," he told his daughter who was waiting on the porch. "What a difference from downtown."

He stood on the stoop and inhaled deeply, soothing his curved mustaches with his fingers. The gray and red wooden house-

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fronts of the block absorbed the last rays of spring evening.

"Look, Bonomo has painted his fence. I like to see color. You know, Reni, we need more color to the house."

"Pa, I have something to show you."

As soon as Mr. Mauro finished the letter he came inside. "Wait until Johnny is in bed," he said.

Al came home last, because he worked all the way downtown, near Wall Street. Mr. Mauro insisted that they eat in the back yard under the grapes, because it was warm. A few of the other families were out to receive the last warmth of the day, and the Neapolitan and Sicilian shouts carried over the fences until it was dark, time for Johnny to go to sleep.

WHEN Mrs. Mauro came downstairs to say that Johnny was asleep, Reni put the small glasses and the tangerine liqueur her mother had made on the table, because there would be guests.

As they sat down solemnly, Al said, "I'd like to get them in my bare hands. I'd crush them."

"Oh, stop," his mother said in fear.

"Don't start that," Reni said to her brother. "You'll scare Mama to death."

Mr. Mauro twitched. He rubbed his black mustaches like a judge and looked down the long table. "Pasquale and Victor will be coming any minute. I also gave Fonzi a ring."

"Fonzi," his wife repeated, shocked. "Why Fonzi? Maybe even Fonzi did it? I don't trust that hog."

"Nobody trusts him. But he knows everything that goes on. And for a price he tells it."

"Who's Fonzi?" Al asked his sister as he clenched and unclenched his fists.

"Don't you know him? He married Assunta, Aunt Katherine's oldest daughter. He never works. And he's fat as a horse. Some people say he's a crook. You didn't go to Assunta's wedding? Boy, wait and you see him."

As they waited, Reni went to the mirror where she passed on her complexion. What the city had done to fade the olive color, even here in the green and tree-filled Bronx, she now covered with rouge.

"You know, I'm getting scared," she said to her image. She stepped to the window that looked out upon the back yard, but from the lighted kitchen it was completely black outside.

"Come away," her mother suddenly called.

Reni turned to look at her mother. The signs connoting an emergency were clear: the strands of usually well-combed hair, now becoming dry and difficult to manage, stuck out uncombed, while the always moving hands kept rosary beads spinning in endless harmony with her lips.

"This is your sister's work," Mrs. Mauro said to her husband. "I know it in my blood."

Her husband did not contradict her. "If it is, it is that evil eye she married. Marino the devil. *He* would do a thing like this."

"You mean Aunt Katherine?" Al was amused. "She's a toothless nut. But would she send a ransom note?"

"Marino, her husband, is from la Maffia," his father explained. "They all do the blackmail. Down in Manhattan."

"Holy mackerel," Al said. "Crazy Aunt Katherine." There was a hint of admiration in his surprise.

The doorbell rang and Mrs. Mauro jumped up. "I go, I go."

IT WAS Uncle Pasquale and Victor. Mrs. Mauro kissed her eldest son after he had reported on the health of his children. Then, as Victor walked to the kitchen, she turned to her brother: "Oh Pasquale," she whispered hurriedly, "it's terrible. Help us. His cousin's at work. I know. Help us."

Pasquale handed her a paper bag as he nodded. "It's from Concetta. The lace she promised you."

"She made this with her hands! What a saint she is. Such lovely work."

She paused to examine the contents of the bag as her tall brother looked down at her. The joy of the lace, mixed with the fear

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of the letter, animated her face with an unusual quiver as the mixed emotions expressed themselves in turn.

Mr. Mauro welcomed Victor to the kitchen: "Come in, come in. How's my little grandson?"

"He's fine, he's fine, Pop. We just now put him to bed. Helen sends her best regards."

"Thank you," his father answered gratefully, happy that ritual had not been forgotten.

"Did you hear about it?" Al asked Vic. "Let's you and me get those bastards. Remember how we beat up the Hawks boys? And that was three of them."

"Sure, sure," Vic said, patting Al's blond pompadour. "We'll get them, Al."

Al took a deep breath and smiled victoriously at Reni, who awaited Uncle Pasquale. Vic rested his arm on Al's shoulders, offering the gesture of security that had been Al's since he had first joined Vic in the back yard play place. Al smiled at him.

When Pasquale sat down and accepted a glass of his sister's liqueur, Mr. Mauro began the story. Reni brought the letter from inside, where it had been hidden in the desk.

Vic stared at Uncle Pasquale's large hands as Pasquale studied the note. Mrs. Mauro finally moved Pasquale's homburg to the telephone table so that no drops of liqueur might stain it.

"Well, what do you think?" Mr. Mauro asked. Being a lawyer, Pasquale would speak with the authority they needed.

"This is a joke or a fake. Or maybe the work of somebody who knows very little about blackmail. The date of the payment is not even mentioned. Look."

The letter was reexamined by Mr. Mauro and handed to Vic.

Reni and her mother acted as handmaidens, urging the men to take coffee or cookies, more liqueur, or fresh fruit. Only Al accepted liqueur, and his mother cautioned him about excess.

"I'd just like to meet those guys," Al said after Vic had given him the letter.

"Fonzi will get us the information," Pasquale said. "If it's the real thing, it's somebody who knows you well."

"It could be any of Papa's cousins," Reni said indelicately. "You know how they are."

Her father looked hurt, but he did not answer. His wife stared at him accusingly.

AT NINE-THIRTY the bell rang, and it was Fonzi. He slid down the hall as though his soles were thick in syrup. He was short, but enormously fat. When he talked, it was impossible to notice anything but his stomach. He bowed slightly as he entered the kitchen.

"Hello, Uncle Lou, hello, Aunt Rose, hello, Cousin Vic, Al, Reni. Hello, Uncle Pasquale. How's little Johnny, Aunt Rose? Sleeping sound I bet? How are you feeling, Uncle Lou?"

His familiarity annoyed them all. As Mr. Mauro told him about the letter, his lips made a slight smile. His reddened, watery eyes never looked at anyone in the room. They seemed fixed on the crucifix hanging on the opposite wall.

"Yes," he said, when his uncle had finished, "it could be Katherine. But who can tell, who can tell?"

"Make a visit to Manhattan," Pasquale said.

"Sure, Uncle, I could do that. That's a good idea." He turned to Mr. Mauro. "But Uncle Lou, you know how I am. Look at my pants. Full of holes. I don't even have money for carfare. You never know what you need in things like this, or where you have to go to get the right news."

"Don't worry about that," Mr. Mauro answered.

"Gee, thanks, Uncle Lou. You have a little to help Fonzi, don't you? Fonzi has a big stomach, don't you think?" He turned to Al, and patted his stomach.

Reni blushed and Al was frightened by Fonzi's vulgar assurance. When no one acknowledged Fonzi's joke, he shut his dripping eyes and continued: "What a big stomach Fonzi has, eh? Nice and round. Got to keep it fed. Aunt Rose, you have a piece of bread for Fonzi?"

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Mrs. Mauro went to the back porch where she kept the bread and the wine. When she placed the bottle and the loaf at the end of the table, Fonzi asked for some cheese.

"Here's provolone," she said, handing him a thick slice and stepping back.

"Thank you, Aunt Rose. Got to fill it up, ain't that right? Ain't that right, Al? I can't go far without eating."

After he had finished two glasses of wine, he wiped his mouth with his jacket sleeve. Mrs. Mauro rushed for a napkin.

"It's all right, Aunt Rose. Don't get no napkins for Fonzi," he said, laughing.

As he ate, he saw that he was the center of attraction, but he did not know why. "It could be Aunt Katherine," he said to their inquiring faces. He offered the cheese, but no one accepted.

"You don't know Marino, do you, Uncle Lou?"

"I met him at your wedding?"

"You was at my wedding," Fonzi said proudly. "But that's a long time ago. Time flies, they say. Well, Marino is a mean man. You should ask Assunta, his own daughter. She could tell you. And I could tell you, too. How he never gave us a thing, except he paid for the wedding. How he threatened me, to beat me up."

"Is he with la Maffia?" Pasquale asked.

"Some say that, Uncle, some say that. Once, they say, he got in trouble on the docks." Fonzi licked the oil on his fingernails that had oozed from the cheese, to Al's horror. Al turned to his mother, who stood holding her rosary instead of looking severe.

"They say," Fonzi continued, "Marino went away a while. You know, up the river, they say." Fonzi smiled at his secret. "Marino was making extortion."

Mrs. Mauro sat down and looked around quickly, as though someone had entered the house. The sight of her brother puffing his Tuscan cigar relieved her.

"Well, do what you can," Pasquale said. "And come to my office tomorrow morning."

"Yes, Uncle Pasquale," Fonzi said, and stood up obediently. "What time tomorrow?"

"Eleven o'clock."

"Uncle, why don't you see the cops?" Fonzi asked. "You know them good at the precinct." Fonzi started to leave, and Al and Vic pushed their chairs in to let him pass.

"No cops," Pasquale said. "We'll try to settle it quietly. Cops will make trouble."

"Sure, Uncle." Fonzi smiled. "You know what's best. That's the best thing, isn't it, Uncle Lou? Settle it quiet. Nice and quiet. Isn't that right?"

MR. MAURO stared at Fonzi's averted eyes, and then back to his spherical stomach. "Yes, I don't want to make noise. The cops bring your name in the papers. Then the people start talking and everybody thinks you have gold in the cellar."

"You're smart, Uncle Lou. Sure. Well, good night." Fonzi offered his hand. He saw Mr. Mauro wipe his own hand after he had shaken. "Ooh, I'm sorry, Uncle Lou. I got some provolone on you."

"That's all right, that's all right," Mr. Mauro said in an angry tone, holding his right hand behind his back.

"Good night, Uncle Pasquale. Good night, Aunt Rose, Cousin Vic, Al. Good night, Cousin Reni." Fonzi extended the ritual because he knew they wanted him to go.

"Best regards to Assunta and the babies."

"Oh, thank you, Aunt Rose," Fonzi said. "She'll be glad I came over. You don't have any clothes little Johnny doesn't use any more?"

"I'll look," said Mrs. Mauro, and her eyes suddenly filled with tears.

Fonzi labored down the hall.

"What's the matter with the feet?" Mrs. Mauro said as she followed him slowly.

"Aunt Rose," he confided, suddenly mild and grateful, "it's my knees. They're all swollen. The doctor thinks it's water on the knee. Sometimes I can't walk, even. I'll be helpless."

He saw her eyes wet again. "Aunt Rose, don't worry," he said in this different tone. "I'll take care nothing happens to the baby. Remember, I have two kids of my own, one Johnny's age."

He left Mrs. Mauro in shock. "I'll send

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the clothes," she said as he shut the door.

In the kitchen Pasquale was making a summation: "There's no doubt Fonzi knows about it. Tomorrow I'll see O'Brien, the chief of detectives. We'll have to get some marked money. And you, Reni, go to school and tell them not to let Johnny go home with anybody who calls for him. Only members of the family."

"Yes, I'll go tomorrow morning."

"Maybe you'd better walk to school with him for the next two weeks. Until it's over."

"Yes, I will."

"Shouldn't we have a gun?" Al asked.

Vic patted his shoulder. "You're all the protection they need around here." Al expressed his gratitude with a smile, and showed a fist like a club. Vic nodded.

"Uncle," Vic asked, "do you think there's any danger for my family?"

"No, this is small-time work. It's somebody who wants a little money. What could they have dreamed you make, Luigi?"

"As soon as you make a little money," Mr. Mauro answered, "all the faces turn green. And that Katherine, with her two rotten teeth, envies the whole world."

"Well, I'll see you tomorrow."

Pasquale left with Vic, and the house was locked, each door and window checked by Mr. and Mrs. Mauro after Al and Reni had secured them.

Only little Johnny slept with calm that night. After the midnight bells of the parish church rang, Mrs. Mauro left her bed to see if Johnny was still asleep.

"Rosa, what is it?" her husband asked.

"I can't sleep. I look for Johnny. Tonight I feel the house is open. Luigi, call the witch and pay her. Give her the money or something will happen."

"Don't worry. Pasquale will take care of it. He has many important friends."

SUNDAY afternoon they met again. Reni took Johnny to a movie right after lunch, and Al went along to protect them.

Vic and his family had come for dinner. At four his wife had taken the baby back for his nap. Pasquale arrived at five, and they sat around the cleared table in the kitchen.

"Fonzi should be here soon," Pasquale said. "He went to the old neighborhood today when everybody is around."

"Did you see O'Brien?" Mr. Mauro asked.

"Yes. O'Brien will come with us when we go to meet them. We'll take the marked bills."

"I have the money," Mr. Mauro said, taking out an envelope.

"This is the five hundred, Luigi. We are not going to take all the money." Pasquale smiled. "We just take a few bills and some newspaper cut up. But leave the envelope here so that Fonzi can see it. If it's Katherine, he'll report this."

"Good," said Mr. Mauro, warming up to the intrigue.

"Do you want me to come?" Vic asked his uncle.

"Yes, Vic. You will drive the car. We need somebody in the family to be recognized. Does Katherine know you?"

"They know him," said Mr. Mauro. "And they know I bought a Buick."

His wife clutched her hair as she listened to this plan of dark streets. She could not see any figure but Death's, unless all the money were given immediately, and without question, to the larger forces of evil.

"Give them the money," she said, as an antistrophe to their words. "Do you want your life or the money?"

"All right, Rosa, I am ready to get it all over with," her husband said. "I'll give it."

"You don't have to worry," Pasquale said with irritation. "We will handle this thing, Rosa. It's just a bunch of cheap *cafoni*."

"Cheap *cafoni* act without reason."

"Leave it to us," her brother finally said, and Mrs. Mauro was quiet. As the men continued to plan, she labored to bear her possible losses, assisting her spinning rosary, hissing Our Fathers and Hail Marys.

Fonzi arrived from the streets where they had all lived when they first came from Italy, the neighborhood held in mild disdain by the prosperous families who had moved up to the Bronx to buy the mock-Bavarian frame houses that the earlier Germans were

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leaving for the cleaner air of suburban Mount Vernon.

In front of coffee stores, and in the various apartments he visited during a normal Sunday social excursion, Fonzi had searched for information.

"Oh, how tired I am," he said, and sat down. "Aunt Rose, you got a little water or something?"

She went to the back porch for the wine. "Fonzi, could you eat some macaroni left from lunch?"

"Your macaronis are the best in the Bronx."

THE others waited while Fonzi ate the macaroni, and then a little extra veal his aunt found, and finally some provolone, with a little wine to wash it down. Fonzi seemed to enjoy performing at eating. He twirled his spaghetti with artful style, but no one laughed.

"How's the old neighborhood?" Vic asked.

"Getting crowded," said Fonzi in a low voice. "A lot of niggers moving in. You know what I mean, a low element."

The men nodded, but watching Fonzi's vein-stained face, they were suspicious even of what was supposed to be a simple sociological fact.

"Did you see Katherine?" Mr. Mauro asked.

"She sends her regards," Fonzi said, licking his fingernails.

"You told her you were coming here, you *ciúccio!*" When Pasquale shouted, it was frightening. His sister jumped up. Fonzi sat back with alarm.

"No, no, Uncle. She sent regards because, you know, we both live up here in the Bronx. She thought, you know, maybe we might run into each other sometime."

"Is it her?" Mr. Mauro asked.

"I can't tell. She ain't innocent, you know what I mean. Something, she knows. But I can't tell nothing definite from what she said."

"Didn't you hear anything up and down Arthur Street?"

"Well, Cousin Vic, it's hard to say, you know what I mean. You hear a little here, a little there. You got to keep buying drinks. Then you got to figure it all out." Fonzi ate the bread and cheese crumbs hungrily, having difficulty catching them in his thick oily fingers.

"Well, what did you hear?" Pasquale asked.

"I heard a lot of things. All things happen down there. A thing like this happens every day. And what do people do? They settle it nice and quiet. Ain't that right, Uncle Lou?"

Mrs. Mauro looked at Fonzi's fat hands on her table as fearfully as when she chose a live lobster from the fish markets on Friday.

"Look," Pasquale said, taking the envelope from Mr. Mauro's lap. "Here's all the money already."

He threw it across the table. Mr. Mauro looked frightened. His wife bit her right index finger.

"Well, look at that," Fonzi said, as though reaching for food. "Twenties, eh? You're really a smart man, Uncle Lou. Nice and quiet you're doing this. Sure, you don't want to get mixed up with those rough people. They're bad people." He smiled at Mr. Mauro, who turned his face away.

"You'll tell Katherine the money's ready," Pasquale said.

"Oh, sure. Wait! What do you mean? How can I tell her anything like that? How do I know she did it? They didn't say nothing."

"You say it just so it can get around," Vic explained. "Somebody might pick it up down there, and they'll know. The letter never said what time or exactly where the payment should be."

"Oh, I see," Fonzi said. "Sure, I get it. Spread it around, eh? Oh Aunt Rose, you got a little fruit?"

Mrs. Mauro placed the cut-glass bowl before him, and he chose a tangerine.

"You can tell the spring is here," Fonzi said after he had tasted the fruit. "The tangerines are no good no more."

"Try an apple?"

"No, Aunt Rose. I got to go. I got to go home."

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In the hall, after he had received the clothes Mrs. Mauro had promised, he confided to her that he had been on his feet all day and his legs ached. "I got to put my feet on a chair, to ease the blood."

MRS. MAURO watched him waddle down the street, a rag-picker of evil, holding a paper bag with Johnny's used clothes.

"I feel sorry for him," she said when she returned to the kitchen. "He's a sick man. His legs give him pain."

"That pig has his finger in this," Pasquale said. "I think if I got O'Brien to pull him in, it would all be over."

"Oh, *Dio!*" Mrs. Mauro screamed. "No, no, Pasquale. He is sick. Please."

"And he has a family," her husband added. "Two children. Except for him they would not even have rags to wear."

"But Pa, he doesn't even work," Vic protested. "He stands in front of the candy store all day long. How the heck does he support anybody?"

"Assunta does laundry," his father explained sadly. "But he is the father and he is needed."

"But Luigi, this is the man who may have made the whole job."

"I know that, Pasqual', I know. But his wife is my niece. I can't send him to jail."

His wife nodded, clutching her beads again. She stopped as she noticed the dirty table, and went to the sink for a wet cloth.

"And don't forget the revenge if he goes to jail," she added, as she removed the remains of Fonzi's snack with a sour expression on her face. "The Sicilians do the *vendetta* still today."

Vic said: "I understand all that. But if Fonzi is responsible, he must pay before the law. That's not our fault."

"My son," Mr. Mauro said, "this man is poor. He is a *disgraziato*. You know what that means? Bad luck and misery all his life. I can't give him to the police. I can't have that on my soul. A member of my own family."

"So he married your sister's daughter. But Papa, he's broken the law."

"I don't care. If you insist, I will pay the money now, all of it, and forget about it." He reached across the table and took the envelope.

"All right," Pasquale said. "I'll handle this the right way. You save your money."

Mr. Mauro looked relieved and turned to his wife. "Thank God," she said to him.

Vic stood up, angry now: "Boy, Pop, you Sicilians do things in funny ways." He walked down the hall.

"Funny," his mother called after him. "Go ahead, funny. Italian is funny. You know. You American wise guy. You know everything. You know what the law is and you fix everything. You should know what law is."

"Don't get excited, Rosa," Mr. Mauro said, taking her wet hand. "Watch the pressure."

A few days later another letter came, with more specific instructions. The house was already in tumult, because Reni had reported seeing a man watching her when she met Johnny at three o'clock. Vic and Al had to take a day off from work and follow Johnny and her home in the Buick.

To Al's disappointment, they discovered that the man was the superintendent of a nearby apartment house who always came to watch the children leave school at three. Nobody knew why.

On the night of the payment, Vic met Uncle Pasquale and the detective in front of the house. It was a warm night, almost like summer. Mr. Mauro was there, under the maple, whose new leaves were small but already perfectly formed.

Pasquale introduced Detective O'Brien, who was even taller and stronger than himself. Mr. Mauro meekly gave him the bag of paper and marked bills.

"Don't worry about a thing," O'Brien whispered.

They drove away, leaving Mr. Mauro under the tree in the dark silence. His sense of relief released some tears. Then he went inside to tell his wife and daughter to go to bed. Al came downstairs to wait with him.

It was after eleven when the car finally pulled up. The shade in the front bedroom

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moved as Mrs. Mauro and Reni looked down anxiously.

Vic was smiling. "They ran away," he said.

"What, what?" his father whispered.

Pasquale showed his pistol. "We gave them a little bit of this." He was still angry.

"Oh boy," Al said, staring at the gun. "Where's the detective?"

"We brought him home," Vic said.

Pasquale explained: "We met them at the place. Two men came. When they reached us O'Brien went to grab one, but he ran away. And the other one, too."

"Uncle fired shots in the air," Vic said. "You should of seen those guys run. They looked so scared they must of let go in their pants."

"But it is all over?" Mr. Mauro asked.

"I'm pretty sure," Pasquale said. He noticed his sister's face in the upstairs window and waved. She waved back and disappeared behind the shade.

"Just one more thing," Pasquale said. "We have to wait for the bird."

"The bird?"

"The bird is Fonzi. I think he'll be here."

BECAUSE of this prediction, Mr. Mauro and the boys were amazed and frightened when Fonzi appeared less than a half hour later. They watched him struggle down the street, trying to run.

"What happened?" he asked as he reached them, trying to make them all out in the darkness. "Who's here?"

"They ran away," Vic said excitedly.

"Did you give them the money?"

"No, they ran away," Vic said.

"Stupid," Fonzi said, forgetting himself. Then he paused. "Uncle Lou, I thought you was a smart man. I told you they were rough men. Don't you understand?"

He was facing Mr. Mauro, with his stomach almost touching him. Mr. Mauro stepped back.

Suddenly Pasquale grabbed Fonzi by the jacket, and spun him around, slamming him against the trunk of the tree. As he spun his shoes made a high, squeaking sound. The noise of his body striking the tree was very loud on the silent street. Mr. Mauro gasped.

Pasquale pressed his left hand against Fonzi's neck, and with the gun in his right hand, pushed it into the soft stomach.

"Animale!" he cursed in Italian. *"Porco, bestia!* If you make more trouble I'll spill the food from that fat *pancia* with a bullet."

Fonzi's eyes were white. Pasquale released his left hand from what little neck Fonzi had, and struck Fonzi across the face with the back of his hand. The sound of the slap echoed all along the block.

Fonzi began to fall, but Vic rushed to hold him up. Still, he sank to his knees because Vic could not support his weight.

Mr. Mauro stepped forward to help, but Fonzi held up his hands.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Uncle Lou, forgive?" He held his hands in a mock attitude of prayer, and his lips and chin shook as he cried. "I'm sorry, Uncle Lou. Don't hurt me. I'm sorry. Don't let them hurt me no more. I'm sick, I'm sick. See. I can't walk. Uncle Lou, I'm a sick man. I'm dying."

"Come on," Mr. Mauro said, "they'll drive you home."

Vic and Al sat in the front seat, while Pasquale helped Fonzi into the rear.

"We'll be right back," Vic said.

"I'll see you tomorrow, Luigi," Pasquale said.

When Vic and Al returned, their father was waiting in the kitchen. "He cried all the way home," Al reported. "He said it was not his idea. He was trying to protect us."

Mrs. Mauro and Reni came down to make coffee. After they had heard the entire story, Mr. Mauro spoke up:

"Tomorrow, I will look to find him some work."

"Maybe now he will listen," his wife agreed.

"How do you like that!" Vic said. "I give up. Now you're going to get this guy a job. What can you do?" he said to Al.

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BREAKING THE ARAB-ISRAEL DEADLOCK

A Britisher Sees Some Possible Levers

JOHN MARLOWE

ISRAEL was, ostensibly, the aggressor in the Gaza incident. Viewed, however, in the context of the entire Middle Eastern situation, particularly in connection with domestic politics in Egypt, it will be seen that the apportioning of blame is a highly complicated matter.

Since the signing of the Anglo-Egyptian agreement and the suppression of the Moslem Brotherhood, the head of the present Egyptian government seems to have found it necessary to divert public opinion in his country by an intensification of the cold war with Israel. An Israeli freighter, the *Bat Galim*, was seized in the Gulf of Aqaba and her crew imprisoned. Egyptian Jews were tried in Cairo on the charge of spying for Israel. The *Bat Galim* incident appears to have been an act of outright piracy, and the two Jews who were hanged as Zionist spies appear to have done nothing that called for capital punishment. They probably did participate in a spy organization, but it was an indescribably childish one. (Israel's Ministry of Defense might well consider whether the usefulness of some of its cloak-and-dagger operations in Egypt compensates sufficiently for the jeopardy in which it puts the latter's Jewish inhabitants. To date, Egyptian Jewry has not suffered severe disabilities because of the tension with Israel, but it would be unrealistic to assume that this will be so forever. With the departure of the British, Colonel Nasser will soon need another scapegoat.)

Egypt's futile objection to the Iraqi-Turkish pact makes it all the more necessary for her to take the lead in consolidating what is left of the Arab League round herself as a last rallying point. The Gaza incident may not have been altogether unwelcome to Colonel Nasser—nor need it alarm the rest of the world unduly. In spite of Arab saber-rattling, it is unlikely that any local incidents, however serious, will lead to organized warfare. The Arab states are probably strong enough to repel an attack by Israel, but they are not strong enough to wage successful offensive war on her. That is, they are probably united enough politically to cooperate in resisting an Israeli attack on any one of them, but not sufficiently united to mount a concerted offensive. Actually, it is doubtful whether any Arab statesman really believes that any Arab country is menaced by Israel. The reasons for continued Arab intransigence and hostility towards her must be sought elsewhere.

THE result of the 1948 war in Palestine was a humiliating defeat, for the Arab League collectively, and for the Arab states (except Jordan) singly. Moreover, it left the Arab states with the problem of providing for 600,000 Arab refugees from Palestine. The unanimous reaction of the Arabs has been to pretend that the defeat never happened and to regard its aftermath as something imposed upon them by the Western powers in the same way as the territorial settlements after the 1914-18 war.

THE CHAIN leaguing the Arab nations against Israel is made up of links of varying strengths and various ingredients. What these are and how this chain might be broken at one or another of several weak links to the general benefit of Arabs, Israel, and the world are here discussed by JOHN MARLOWE, veteran political and economic observer in the Middle East. Mr. Marlowe, who is British, served in Palestine during Mandate days, and resided for a number of years in Egypt and elsewhere in the Near East in the postwar years. He is the author of *Rebellion in Palestine* (London, 1946). His article "How Deal With Arab Nationalism?" appeared in our April 1948 issue.

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In the meantime, Arab opinion envisages three alternative ways of getting back to "reality": (a) intervention of the United Nations to compel Israel generally to revert to the status quo before the Arab invasion of Palestine, and specifically to restore to the Arab refugees the lands and monies previously enjoyed by them; (b) the collapse of Israel as the result of the Arab economic blockade; (c) the defeat of Israel in a "second round."

Yet all Arab statesmen, and indeed nearly all educated Arabs, know perfectly well that United Nations intervention to reverse the results of a war in which the Arab states were the aggressors is even more unlikely than Israeli collapse as a result of the Arab blockade. Privately, they have no more hope of Israel's destruction than fear of her imperialism. What then are the real motives behind the sulking into which Arab policy has degenerated? They are rather obvious.

First, the present deadlock inconveniences Israel much more than it does any Arab country. (Anti-Zionist feeling among Arab governments is inversely proportional to the extent of inconveniences suffered as a result of the non-recognition of Israel.) Israel is denied access for her manufactures to potential and adjacent markets from which she could import cheap foodstuffs in exchange. Even more seriously, Israel is compelled to divert to military uses a large part of her manpower, foreign exchange, and capital resources. Arab military commitments are less of a handicap because of the large surplus Arab manpower which is taken care of thereby. Such economic disabilities as exist—confined principally to Lebanon and Jordan—are mitigated by smuggling. (In both Lebanon and Jordan, smuggling has become a considerable vested interest, the numerous beneficiaries of which are naturally adverse to any political change that would make smuggling unnecessary.)

Secondly, the denial of responsibility for the Arab refugees from Palestine saves the Arab countries a great deal of trouble and expense.

Third, Israel, like Palestine before 1948, continues to be the one thing that enables the Arab states to present something like a united front to the world. Egypt in particular, whose international influence and prestige are largely dependent on the extent to which her leadership is accepted by the other Arab states, can be trusted to use Palestine for all it is worth to fight the tendencies working to dissolve the Arab League.

But perhaps the most potent consideration of all is fear—plain and simple physical fear—but not of Israel. One Arab king, Abdullah, and one Arab prime minister, Riad Solh, have already been assassinated because of a real or supposed intention on their part of making peace with Israel. The layer of Moslem fanaticism lurking at varying depths below the surface of Arab society has been kept in check by the Arab governments by varying mixtures of concession and repression. The influence of the Arab refugees, homeless, desperate, and embittered, and in particular that of Amin al-Husseini, the ex-Mufti of Jerusalem, has contributed to both the extent and the bitterness of this fanaticism, to which Palestine appeals with all the glamor of a lost cause. The mere fact of Israel stands for a triumph of the "infidels," for fellow Moslems in distress, and for the cowardice and treachery of wine-bibbing and Westernizing fellow Arabs. Whatever his personal views, it is doubtful whether any Arab statesman would choose to expose himself to this fanaticism by a gesture of peace towards Israel. (It was probably not coincidental that Colonel Nasser followed his suppression of the Moslem Brotherhood by the timely discovery of a Zionist plot; this was intended to dispose of any suggestion that his moves against the Moslem Brotherhood meant a new tenderness towards Israel.)

OFFICIALLY, Israel has always been ready to make peace with the Arabs, and to offer concessions on the resettlement and compensation of refugees as part of a general peace settlement. (True, it can be asked whether Israel would have been so ready to offer such concessions had there been any real prospect of acceptance.) On balance, Israel has been

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more sinned against than sinning in the numerous frontier incidents. But Arab intransigence, combined with the belief that Anglo-American policy is pro-Arab, has convinced a section of Israeli opinion that the Arabs can be brought to their senses only by making the frontiers too hot for them. The coincidence of the Gaza incident with Ben Gurion's return to office lends color to the view that the "tough" school is now in the ascendant as against the conciliatory policy of Moshe Sharett. If so, it is an indication of the strain that Arab policy is putting on Israel's economy. In this writer's view, however, the attitude of the Arab states is unlikely to be changed either by toughness or gentleness on Israel's part. Pressure from outside is needed for that—from the Western powers, that is.

The United States, Great Britain, and France are already formally committed to intervention in the event of organized aggression by either side. The United Nations has recognized its continuing responsibility for the truces concluded under its auspices, and has assumed the onerous and thankless task of policing these truces. After six years it is becoming apparent that the mere passing of time is unlikely to lead to a peaceful solution. Is there a case, then, for more positive intervention by the United Nations or by one or more powers acting on its behalf? If there were any serious risk that the present state of tension would lead to a local war, there would be such a case. But as it is, the situation seems likely to lead, not to war, but to further diversion of energy and resources on both sides, to their mutual disadvantage.

THERE is a similar situation with regard to Kashmir in India, and nobody seriously suggests real intervention there. On the other hand, the United States, Great Britain, and, to some extent, France have a particular responsibility towards, and a particular interest in, the Arab-Israeli dispute. The existence of Israel as well as of the Arab states is owed to decisions made by the Allies after the 1914-18 war. The Arab refugees come from a country the welfare of whose inhabitants was made the formal responsibility of Great Britain in return for strategic and other advantages she got from her occupation of that country. Her abandonment of that responsibility was largely in answer to deliberate pressure from the United States.

The United States and Great Britain have a clear moral responsibility, then, for the results of their failure to exercise that responsibility, and the obvious lack of Anglo-American unity explains the gradual extrusion of Anglo-American influence from the Middle East over the last six years. Or to put it another way, it explains why America has been unable to replace British influence wherever in the Middle East British influence has, with the help of the United States, been eliminated. The rather ugly spectacle of the United States and Great Britain fighting a proxy war in Palestine has, on the one hand, created the Arab-Israeli dispute and, on the other, led to, or at least influenced, the British abandonment of the Sudan, the evacuation of British troops from Egypt, Syria's retreat into neutralism, and the abandonment of Abadan by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, followed by the establishment of the present somewhat precarious international Consortium.

Joint and resolute Anglo-American action on the Arab-Israeli dispute would have the effect both of fulfilling a joint responsibility and of restoring a lost political influence. Many of the old obstacles to such joint action have now disappeared. British tenderness towards the Arabs is as dead as American protectiveness towards the Zionists. British illusions of Arab strength are as dead as American suspicions of British imperialism.

Unfortunately some new illusions have arisen to replace the old ones. Pro-Arab feeling in the State Department seems to have increased *pari passu* with its decline in the Foreign Office, and the cult of Arabism to have crossed the Atlantic. The British, having given up the hope of gaining the Arabs' good will by consorting with them, seem to imagine that it can be won by ostentatiously leaving them to their own devices. Yet it can be said in general that neither the United States

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nor Great Britain has sufficient influence left in the Middle East to tempt either to be jealous of the other. Thus the conditions for cooperation between the two powers exist, even though the opportunities for it are rather exiguous. Nonetheless, two levers that could be used to break the Arab-Israeli deadlock are Israel's financial dependence on the United States and Jordan's similar dependence on Great Britain.

It would be unrealistic to hope for anything in the nature of a general agreement between Israel and a conference of Arab states; the most to be expected is some form of agreement between Israel and *one* Arab state that would serve to break the log jam. Of all the Arab states, Jordan was the one most changed by the 1948 war. As a result of the acquisition of Palestinian territory and of a large part of Palestine's Arab middle class along with it, Jordan has changed from a semi-Bedouin principality dominated by a king and a handful of tribal leaders into a constitutional monarchy dominated by lawyers and merchants. King Abdullah and the Bedouin leaders, whose pride was left intact by Israel's victory, and who had never been particularly anti-Zionist anyway, would have been quite prepared to live at peace with Israel on the basis of existing frontiers. And both countries would have opposed the United Nations' effort to internationalize Jerusalem. But the older tradition was overborne, and Abdullah assassinated, because of the bitterness of the Arab carpet-baggers who had got in control of Jordan's new "democratic" constitution, and have since continued in Amman to indulge in the same gestures of sterile defiance that already brought disaster on their people in Palestine.

It would not be too much to say that these Arab emigrés, who left with their money while the going was still good and made bellicose noises at their compatriots from the safe side of the Jordan River, are the chief obstacle to a settlement of the Israeli-Arab dispute—just as, eighteen years before, they were the chief obstacle to a peaceful implementation to the recommendations of the Peel Report. Now, as then, they are being tacitly encouraged and indirectly subsidized by the British government. The main difference is that their activities are now sanctified by the freedom from outside interference that Jordan enjoys as a sovereign state.

MIGHT the Foreign Office be induced to violate conventions sufficiently to make the continuance of the British subsidy to Jordan dependent on the latter's making peace with Israel? This could be done only as part of a joint Anglo-American move in which both Israel and Jordan were given to understand that their compliance with Anglo-American wishes was an indispensable condition of continued Anglo-American benevolence, whether in the form of financial assistance or otherwise.

The actual conditions of peace would present no serious difficulties once resistance to the very idea of peace had been overcome. Financial compensation and, where applicable, financial restitution to the refugees; minor frontier rectifications, mainly in Jordan's favor; a free zone for Jordan in Haifa port; Jordan's participation in the exploitation of Dead Sea minerals; joint exploitation of the River Jordan's water resources—these could be conceded by Israel without lessening her military security or economic viability, and they could be accepted by Jordan as something better than anything she could get by her own efforts or those of the Arab League. But such terms could only be offered and accepted as the result of pressure applied to both sides, and as the result of guarantees offered to both sides. Otherwise the offer would savor of appeasement to one side and would partake of the nature of Greek gifts to the other.

A *démarche* on the part of the Egyptian government was made by Major Salah Salem on March 20, while this article was being written. Major Salem indicated that Egypt would be prepared to recognize the Iraqi-Turkish pact and "cooperate with the West" if Turkey stopped trying to detach Syria from her alliance with Egypt and if the Negev and the Gaza strip were given to Jordan so that she would have a common fron-

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tier with Egypt. He also indicated that the Negev's cession to Jordan would solve the refugee problem by enabling the refugees to be settled there. He did not mention the possibility of peace with Israel, but he made no bellicose references to her, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that this Egyptian *démarche* does represent an indication of the terms on which Egypt would be prepared to consider peace.

It is too early to assess the importance of Major Salem's note and the extent to which Egypt and the Arab states regard it as a possible basis for a peace settlement with Israel. Obviously, it is a move to reassert Egyptian leadership of the Arab League and prepare the way for a deal with the West. The prospect, however flimsy, of reconciling Egypt with Iraq and Turkey, and of bringing a resuscitated Arab League into the Western defensive line-up may appeal strongly to elements in both the State Department and the Foreign Office, but peace on any such terms would certainly be unacceptable to Israel and quite incompatible with either her economic viability or military security. In the opinion of this writer, Major Salem's terms do not offer an acceptable basis for an Anglo-American peace move because they do not fit either the economic or political realities. It must however be recognized that such terms do represent the minimum likely to be acceptable to the Arab states as a whole, and some observers feel that peace, if not on these terms, at least on others embodying some further concessions on Israel's part, might in the long run be preferable for all parties, including Israel, to an Anglo-American failure to impose any peace at all. It must also be recognized that the effect of Major Salem's offer in Israel is likely to strengthen the "tough" school there: if one Gaza incident can produce this reaction on Egypt's part, a few more acts of the same type might produce something more reasonable.

The Egyptian initiative does, nevertheless, underline the case for Anglo-American intervention. The real difficulty about such intervention arises from the tradition of cautious diplomacy in the Middle East which the experience of the last ten years has imposed on the State Department and on the Foreign Office. The new Iraqi-Turkish pact, the slender threads now being woven between Colonel Nasser's Egypt and the West, the precariousness of Anglo-American oil interests in the Persian Gulf, and the desire to incorporate Syria and Lebanon in NATO, all militate against the adoption of anything resembling "bull-in-a-china-shop" diplomacy. The possible wrath of the Arab League no longer frightens anyone, but the reactions of Colonel Nasser, the prestige of Nuri Said, and the prejudices of the Saudi ruler all carry considerable weight.

Be that as it may, it is still worth considering whether an overt and effective demonstration of Anglo-American solidarity and resolve in the Middle East would not outweigh the unfavorable effects of resistance that would undoubtedly be aroused by Anglo-American interference.

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FROM THE AMERICAN SCENE

MAY DAY IN TORONTO

Yesteryear and Now

BEN LAPPIN

SPADINA AVENUE, the main street of the needle trades in Toronto, looks very much the same as it did ten, twenty, thirty years ago. The same kind of old-fashioned haggling still goes on between the employers and the handful of tense harassed business agents—former pressers, operators, and finishers—who guard the interests of Toronto's twelve thousand needle workers. And there is the same vigorous thumping on the cutting table when union agreements come up for renewal—to such good effect that wages and working conditions have been maintained despite the flooding of the labor market by the tide of job-hungry post-World War II refugees. There has been one change, however.

May Day, which before World War II was a mandatory holiday in every needle-trade union contract, has disappeared together with the parades that used to tie up Toronto's downtown traffic for an entire morning. This was no idle fanfare, but a demonstration of real militancy, and any needle-trade worker caught in a factory on the first day of May was fined by the union fifteen dollars on the spot.

Ask any of the union men (as I did) what happened to May Day and you get a kind of standard bellicose answer. "In case you think the bosses had anything to do with it, you're wrong, my friend," said the business agent of one of the large locals eyeing me as though I had no business remembering that far back. "It's just that we got mixed up with the wrong crowd. First, it was the Communists, and as if that wasn't enough we had the Nazis on our hands too. They declared May Day a National Socialist holiday, and sent their storm troopers out on parades. When Stalin and Hitler signed the pact we decided we'd had enough. The whole thing had become a bad joke." Then he added quickly, "The parade business I mean. The real spirit of the day, no amount of phonies can squelch. You come around here tonight and you'll see a real meeting, a small meeting maybe, but you'll find out what May Day really stands for."

I TOOK his advice and came back the same evening to the Labor Lyceum, an old brick building which houses the needle-trade unions in Toronto. The fifty-odd men and women in the room were mostly middle-aged, long associated with the *arbeiter kreisn*, with labor circles. There was a quiet, studious quality about the group as if it had come together for a lecture rather than for a May Day *feierung* as the poster on the door of the Labor Lyceum proclaimed. The chairman added to this impression with his patient

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THE May Days of the past were vigorous affirmations of the dignity and glory of being workers—for were not workers to inherit a better world? BEN LAPPIN here contrasts the good old May Days of Toronto (an outlying part of the American Scene) with their present celebration, which turns out to be a combined reunion of the veterans of old wars and memorial service for the soaring (but also largely victorious) aspirations of an earlier day. Mr. Lappin has long been active in Toronto as editor of a Yiddish-language newspaper and executive director of the Central Region of the Canadian Jewish Congress. He was born in Kielce, Poland, in 1916, and came to Canada with his family in 1924.

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manner and his cultured Russian Yiddish. With a touch of wistful humor he welcomed the *massn*. In a more serious vein, he went on to assure the assemblage that dwindling numbers did not matter so long as there remained a core of determined people prepared to carry forward the meaning of May Day.

He presented the first participant of the evening, an actor who had once been a minor member of the famous Vilner Trupe, but now makes a bare livelihood the year round through such odd jobs as camp directing, announcing chores on the Yiddish Hour, and producing an occasional *shule* concert. He launched out on a reading of Peretz's *"Amol Iz Geven a Malach"* (Once There Was an Angel). This dramatic recital, about a band of early revolutionaries ambushed by Cossacks in the midst of an illegal May Day celebration, was rendered with restraint but with intense artistry well attuned to the small, intimate audience. The artist beamed as he sat down and acknowledged the warm applause from his seat without getting up.

The chairman waited for the acclaim to subside. In glowing terms he then introduced a wizened man, who stood up and walked briskly toward the piano at the front of the room. He seemed quite indifferent to the outburst of clapping which had greeted him when he rose. He adjusted the stool and sat down, eyeing the battered, dusty piano with open displeasure, and went into a medley of labor songs. Each tune was banged out with an unshaded mechanical clatter as though by a player-piano. *"Tates, Mames, Kinderlach, Boyen Barricadn"* gave way to *"Ich Lieb Die Arbeit Ohn a Shier,"* which yielded to *"Du Arbeitsman Zei Grayt,"* which slipped into *"Hammerl, Hammerl Klap,"* and so on and so forth. I found myself being relentlessly pulled back, by this conveyor belt of work songs, to the May Day parades that used to come bounding down Spadina in a glory of slogans and to the sound of a band, hired for the day, which alternated between "Arise Ye Prisoners of Starvation" and such martial stand-bys as the "Colonel Bogey March."

In the old days, Spadina Avenue and its small tributaries, St. Andrews and Cecil Streets, where the workers who had left the factories en masse lined up for the parade formations, took on a *yomtovdig*, a festive, air. Those who marched with the union locals gathered on St. Andrews, adjoining the Labor Lyceum, and those who chose to parade rather as members of the Left or Right Poale Zion or the Workmen's Circle would get together on Cecil Street, where a good many Jewish organizations in Toronto have their headquarters to this day. What with the fraternal orders, the youth groups, the schools, the sports sections, and other branches of these movements participating, police had to route traffic off neighboring Ross and Beverley Streets to accommodate the crowds that had turned out to parade on the labor holiday.

For the residents of the Home for the Aged, which until recently was on Cecil Street, this day was always exciting. Bundled in their coats and scarves, they flocked to the curb and gaped with pleasure at the parade line forming across the road in front of the Jewish National Workers' Alliance, or Farband Institute, now also located in another section of the city. *"Ay, di yugnt, di yugnt"* (Ah, the youth, the youth), they'd sigh as they watched the youthful members of the Hapoel soccer team, shivering and goose-pimpled in their jerseys and shorts, hoist amateurishly painted placards into the chilly spring air.

Once the old-timers were even treated to a minor riot when a sign reading "Down with Jabotinsky" was included in the parade. The Revisionists, whose club rooms were only a couple of blocks away from the Farband Institute, got wind of what the Labor Zionists were up to. Headed by their own soccer team they descended on Cecil Street and charged into the group as it was forming ranks in front of the Farband House. They got hold of the streamer and tore it to shreds. But the sign painter in the attic of the Farband Institute, working with the frenzy of the Sorcerer's Apprentice, had another placard ready in a matter of minutes. Again the Revisionists charged, and again the banner was captured and ripped up. By the time the third sign was produced, the police had arrived. Order was restored, and with a somewhat tattered version of "Down with Jabotinsky," the Labor Zionists marched off toward Spadina Avenue, where they merged with the main parade winding its way toward a park about a mile and a quarter away known as Christie Pits.

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Since none of these organizations would have anything to do with the "United Front," the Communists were forced to conduct their own marches every year. To avoid trouble the police always took elaborate care that the large right-wing parade, carrying their sizable quota of anti-Communist banners, never ran into the smaller left-wing group on its way to Queen's Park.

The front of the parade looked imposing, with the soccer teams of the Left and Right Poale Zion carrying their banners high and marching smartly in time with the drum and music. But the back ranks, far from the band, were made up of a weaving, awkward squad of chattering older men, their pockets bulging with the *Forward, Tog,* and the *Morning Journal*. The moment Christie Pits was reached all semblance of formation vanished and the crowd milled about a portable platform. Along with local speakers, there would invariably be an outstanding guest from New York such as Zerrubavel, Boruch Zukerman, the late Charney Vladeck, or the redoubtable Emma Goldman, who, by the way, eventually settled in Toronto and died here in 1940.

But the parade and the speeches were only a prelude to the main festivities, which took place during the evening in the auditorium of the Labor Lyceum. Here were the real speeches, here was the real enthusiasm, and here also were a few of the workers-turned-*baalebatim* who had gathered up enough courage to slip into the hall. These businessmen and shop-owners, who throughout the year were taken for granted as active members of one or another of the various labor movements, would by some implicit agreement be completely, crushingly, ignored at May Day rallies. They sat in the back rows of the auditorium, penitent and humble.

The gaudy banners which had been carried in the parade during the afternoon were trooped onto the stage by young men with the pomp and circumstance of centurions bearing Roman standards. A workers' choir sang the same songs that I had just heard tumbling out of an old piano, under the fingers of the very same man. Only then there was the nimbleness of a mountain lion about him. With terrifying grimaces, and cunning agitations of his arms and shoulders, he got harmony out of a hundred men and women.

Then came speech after speech calling for an end to the exploitation of man by man, extolling the dignity of *halutziut* in Palestine, decrying the cynicism of the Communists, and pledging the might of labor in the struggle against the dark forces of fascism. Among the speakers there were always representatives of the Labor Zionist and the Workmen's Circle Youth movements. In stilted *shule* Yiddish but with great feeling these eloquent youngsters pledged youth to fight for the working man's place in the sun amid approving roars from the adults. *"Unzer yugnt is unzer shtarkster koyach"* (Our youth is our greatest strength), the chairman would proclaim and the *classn kampf* seemed permanent, and its coming leaders invincible. . . .

That everyone in the small room had, like myself, been transported into the past was evident from the comments and wistful head-shaking which followed the applause after the old man finished playing. The chairman, under the enchantment of a nostalgic spell, ruminated among old glories recalled by the ancient choir leader; and the guest speaker, the last of the three participants, used the piano performance as a jumping off point for his address.

"What happened to the big choirs that used to sing these songs on May First?" the speaker threw out challengingly. He was a short, heavy-set man in his middle sixties with an aura of white fluff around his shining bald head.

What happened, he again demanded, to the teen-age revolutionaries who once spoke with such dedication on May Day platforms? *"Shreckt zich nit"* (Don't get alarmed), he assured the group with sarcastic emphasis: they were doing fine as professors, as scientists, as writers. There was only one thing wrong. *"Merste fun zei hobn unz farratn"* (Most of them have betrayed us). He pursued this theme for the rest of his address with the relish of a man finally able to unburden himself of a deep-felt complaint. The studies and creative writings of second-generation American Jews, he conceded, occupy important places on the shelves of America's cultural institutions. As a Yiddish journalist he had long studied the curious output of these talented young people.

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"And do you know what I find there?" he exclaimed. "That we are the simple-minded papas and blintze-frying mamas who cannot begin to fathom the *Weltschmerz* of our fine-cut intellectual offspring. Our children have become anthropologists and sociologists and psychologists and all other kinds of 'ologists.' They study us endlessly to see if they can find out *vos far min bashefenishn mir zeinen* (what sort of creatures we are).

"Tell them about the lonely years we spent for our ideals in Siberia or in the prisons of Poland, tell them about our revolt against a reactionary world with no more than a few torn pamphlets, talk to them about our revolt against the might of the Czar and against our very own parents, and they will nod politely and tell you that they know all about it; we are 'radicals of the East European *shtetl*.' A specific type indexed along with other types such as the *Hasidim* and the *Misnagdim*. The revolutionaries of other peoples have been accorded places of honor in the histories of their nations. This is true of the United States, of France, of Britain, of all the others. But *we* will be remembered as peculiar Old Country types.

"If not socialism what, you will ask, is the answer our cultured children have worked out for themselves? . . . Religion!" he blurted out, revealing what to him must have been the ultimate ignominy. "Not the religion of the Ten Commandments our fathers preached, but of the ten polite suggestions of the psychologists. Religion, according to the modern generation, is good for the nerves. So here we are back in the *Bes Hamedrish*, only the *sh'liach tzibur* now is Professor Freud. At least the religion of our fathers was something militant. Opiate though it was, it gave them something to live for. But what is this new God you read so many polemics about . . . peace of mind . . . a nerve tonic!" he thundered.

"The worst of it," he continued, "is that the institutions we spent our very lives building up on this continent have not escaped this God of theirs. They have brought back Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur *t'fillos* (prayers) into our own buildings; they have introduced the Bar Mitzvah and other religious practices into schools we created and fought to keep secular. Yes, we have been betrayed."

With this, the speaker's castigations came to an end, and he left one final thought with his audience before he sat down. "At our time of life," he said, more calmly, "we should be handing over the reins to a younger group of leaders, but we have been ignored by our youth as we were despised by our parents. If our generation is not to be suspended in mid-air, if it is to survive this rejection and leave the imprint of its ideas on the course of human events, there is no alternative than for us who have become old in the struggle to uphold our socialist ideals with the vigor of youth."

The speaker's sustained outcry against the younger generation ignited the entire group with righteous indignation. When the old choir conductor struck up the first chords of the "Internationale," the fifty men and women sang out *"Shtay't oif ihr alle verde shklafn"* with defiance. They were not going to take the desertion lying down. .

During the closing moments of the hymn, the caretaker came up and stationed himself beside the light switches with that janitorial determination that will not be denied. The gentle chairman wilted under the caretaker's passive gaze, and he closed the meeting in a halting, abstracted way as though some final announcement preyed on his mind but he couldn't quite recall what it was. He fumbled away the defiant mood created by the speaker. As soon as the people left their seats, the janitor started dousing lights.

OUTSIDE, a cold, driving spring rain needled into the marrow of the old people huddling under the small marquee as they came out of the Labor Lyceum. Every few moments three or four individuals would brave the elements and charge for another automobile, angle-parked against the curb. As each car pulled away, it left a dry patch of asphalt that was quickly blackened by the rain. Spadina Avenue was deserted. Store awnings flapped in the wind and neon signs blinked lurid and futile out on the abandoned street, their reflections quivering in wind-swept puddles on the sidewalk. As one looked northward, one could follow the journey of the cars from the Labor Lyceum to the Famous Dairy Restaurant, two blocks away. Through the rain, figures could be faintly discerned bolting cars and running into the restaurant for coffee and Danish.

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

WHY CATASTROPHES COME

A Medieval Letter of Admonition

SOLOMON ALAMI

MARCH 15, 1391, anti-Jewish riots broke out in Seville. Religious fanaticism, though the Crown tried to check it, swept from Seville through city after city in Castile. Hysterical mobs sacked the Jewish quarters, murdered, looted houses, destroyed synagogues. Jews were promised their lives on condition of conversion to Christianity, but contemporary Spanish chronicles indicate that the greed for Jewish wealth was greater than the desire for converts. Jewish sources tell of martyrdom, of suicides "for the sanctification of the Name of God"—but also of many Jews who yielded to threat and, outwardly at least, accepted the new faith. Christians discovered sheltering Jews were punished. Some noblemen extracted huge sums from Jews whom they hid in their castles; others acted more generously. A similar fate would have overtaken the other religious minority left in Christian Spain, the Moslems, but those who controlled the mobs were afraid of what would happen then to the Christian minority in Granada, which was still a Moslem kingdom.

When the passion had spent itself, Spanish Jewry was broken. Seventy Jewish communities in Castile had been attacked, and the example of Castile was followed in Mallorca. Barcelona's Jewish community disappeared; not a single Jew remained of the five thousand who had lived in Valencia. All in all, over seventy thousand Jews had been killed. Spain was no longer "home" to the Jew, but had become *galut*, exile, foreign soil in the fullest sense.

THIS is the historical background of *Iggeret Musar* (An Epistle of Ethical Admonition) which Solomon Alami, an eyewitness of the persecutions of 1391, addressed to one of his disciples in the year 1415. The learned author, himself a Jewish community leader, tried in this epistle to answer the question haunting the minds of the survivors of 1391: why had it happened? Like the prophets, Solomon Alami does not recognize "external" reasons. Neither the iniquity of the others nor the faults of the Jews in their relations with the others had brought on the catastrophe; Jews alone were at fault. We were punished for our moral and religious deterioration, and any subsequent improvement of "conditions" had to start with self-improvement. The first part of Alami's epistle was thus taken up with advice on ethical living. Here, however, we print only the concluding part.

The *Iggeret Musar* was first printed in 1510 in Constantinople and saw several editions. A. Jellinek published it in 1854 in Leipzig, and Leopold Zunz translated into German certain passages from its second part (*Gesammelte Schriften*, Vol. II, Berlin 1876). In 1946, A. M. Haberman edited the Parma manuscript of the epistle from a photostat in the Schocken Library in Jerusalem. The present English translation of the original Hebrew rhymed prose is my own; the condensation and arrangement follow Zunz's example.

—NAHUM N. GLATZER

REJOICE *not, O Israel! Exult not like the peoples* (Hosea 9:1). Forget not the evil decrees hurled against us since the year 4908 [1148], when the Almohades made themselves masters in Spain and persecuted our communities and seats of learning. A few years later destruction came to the eastern countries. Moses Maimonides lived at that time; both in his youth and in his old age he witnessed the hardships of his people. Because of our many sins the community of Lucena was reduced to ruins, Lucena "a city and a mother in Israel," a center of learning for many generations. The

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next period brought the expulsion from England [1290], from France [1306], and from other realms. From that time on we sank deeper and deeper, and our Torah was delivered unto flames. Our wives and daughters were defiled; the others were deprived of their honor. Deep calls to deep, calls for sword, famine, and captivity. Death seems preferable to such a life. Very recently, in the year 5151 [1391], we suffered much destruction in all the provinces of Castile and in the kingdom of Catalonia. Our communities in Aragon, too, were gravely tried and had to endure famine and thirst, homelessness and the death of many children.

This we cannot forget. But if we ask ourselves why all this happened to us, then we have to accept the truth: we ourselves are at fault. God is just and righteous and it was in His power to help us. We and our own iniquities caused this evil to happen.

Our sages were jealous of each other and disrespectful. Their main attention was given to minor details, to novel explanations, clever elucidations. They did not pay much attention to the Book before them, and its counsel of justice and sanctity. There was much quarreling among the wise men. What the one proved, the other disproved; what the one forbade, the other permitted. Thus the Torah, which was one, fell apart. People did not feel obliged to follow such blind leadership, and no wonder.

Then there were those scholars who attempted to interpret the Scriptures in the Greek manner and clothe it in a Greek dress. They believed that Plato and Aristotle had brought us more light than Moses our Master.

Now, if a man should not be able to "live by his faith," why should he suffer death for it and endure the yoke and the shame of dispersion among the nations? It serves no good purpose to quote Scriptures as support for philosophical opinions; the way of reason and the way of faith are too far apart and will never meet. No prophets are found among the followers of Aristotle, while many prophets, young and old, arose in Israel's ancient land. Those who read a few columns in a book of Greek philosophy will soon tear to shreds the scroll of the Torah, scoff at the laws, and dispute the validity of tradition. They will never know the thought of the Lord, never understand His counsel.

The next in line of decadence were the leaders of the communities and those favored and trusted by the kings. Their riches and high position made them forsake humility and forget the general misery. "Israel hath forgotten his Maker and builded palaces." They acquired costly wagons and horses, dressed in precious garments; the wives and daughters of these leaders carried themselves like princesses, and proudly displayed their jewelry.

They gave up study and industry, and cultivated idleness, vainglory, and inordinate ambition. Law and wisdom, our ancient heirloom, no longer counted for them. Everyone chased after coveted positions; envy estranged a man from his fellow and they didn't mind denouncing one another before the Court. Little did they realize that their souls were the price they paid and that they faced a bitter end. They oppressed the wretched, and the poor became the victims of their tyranny. The burden of taxation they shifted to the poorer class. In the end, the Court itself found them despicable and removed them from their power. No Jew was left who could represent the cause of the people before the king and say a good word in behalf of a fellow Jew in need. Down to the ground fell the glory of the "mighty." It is time to wake up from the slumber of foolishness.

THERE are still other reasons for our miseries and hardships. Our heart lacks faith and modesty; we refuse to admit our failings; our good deeds lack sincerity; our prayers are light-hearted. If you take from your face the mask of hypocrisy and if you have eyes to see you will recognize that the majority of our nation have abandoned truth.

The Sabbath is being profaned and those who try to voice admonition are quickly silenced; no one likes the moralist. The seer shall not see. *Speak to us smooth things, prophesy illusions* (Isaiah 30:10).

There are many among us who repudiate the belief in Divine Providence, and only few who retain the idea of reward and punishment.

There is no communal spirit among us. People quarrel over trifles. Strict honesty is no longer observed; there is overreaching, and deceit is practiced even in dealing with the people at large: thus do we desecrate in their midst the Holy Name of our God.

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Who among us is ready to give up the love of the world and to consider his end? Who will repent his treason and return to his God with a perfect heart? Who will again dedicate himself to the Covenant of Israel, and in his youth or, later, in his maturity enter the service of his God? Not one man will you find among us who will seriously reflect on the fall of our own kingdom, the decline of wisdom, the cessation of prophecy, the destruction of our Temple, and the desecration of the Name of God who is our glory. Not one will divest himself of his ornaments in mourning over the disgrace of the Torah, the martyrdom of our sages—events which our eyes have seen and our ears have heard —the loss of our congregation and our homes.

Surrounded by people suffering persecution, expulsion, forced conversion, some there are who manage to hold banquets, listen to music, and imitate the Gentiles in their clothes and hairdress.

The nation in whose land we sojourn offer tithes and generous contributions for the support of their scholars, and this strengthens their religion; princes and noblemen desire to dedicate their children to the service of the church. Our own eminences, on the other hand, keep their sages on bread and water; no one can maintain even this meager subsistence without suffering humiliation; utterly disgraceful is the way in which the secretaries in charge of charity are dealt with. Our notables are not at all eager to have their sons become scholars. The word of God is not wanted by these proud men. Seeing the low state of scholars, simple people, too, prefer to let their sons learn the humblest of crafts rather than enter into the humiliating world of learning.

If you look around you in a place of worship where a teacher expounds the Law, you will find the rich people asleep, the others engaged in idle talk, and the women in chatter. Should the speaker reprimand them the situation would grow even worse. Here we could learn much from our Christian neighbors, who listen quietly and reverently to their preacher, and who are responsive to his scolding; no one will nap while he delivers his sermon.

MUCH ado is made about charity; the rich talk a lot and do little; what they pledge on the Sabbath they regret on Sunday; the collectors call on them ten times before they receive the promised donation. Woe unto the poor who depend on their kind hearts. The Prophet had them in mind when he said: *And He looked for justice, but behold violence; for righteousness, but behold a cry* (Isaiah 5:7).

Often I hear you, my brethren, complaining about having been snubbed. It serves you right. Rarely do you yourselves respect each other. Quite often is the wise man excluded from your circles; instead, you welcome dandies and bearers of titles. In Andalusia I knew rich Jews who never invited anyone but equally rich Jews; they played hosts to monks, imams, government officials, dance masters, court contractors, comedians, circus proprietors, doubtful characters of all colors and creeds; but no Jewish scholar was ever invited, no serious author, no teacher of the ancient nobility of Israel. Jewish issues are discredited and renounced; people forget that this leads to the rejection of the human.

The imitation of the customs of the ruling Church assumed frightful proportions, especially in Mallorca. Some Jews avoided speaking the word "Jew" in the presence of Christian servants. Presents were exchanged on Christmas, not on Purim as Scripture and ancestral usage decreed. Parties were tendered on Easter; Passover, the holiday commemorating Israel's liberation from slavery, was treated like a weekday. The Sabbath was no longer observed, at least not as a day of joyous rest. Grace after meals was interrupted in honor of any Christian acquaintance who entered the door. The daughters of rich families could no longer read Hebrew. Indeed, not much remained of these families; in my youth most of them had already joined the Church.

Others were satisfied with preserving the outer forms of religion while disregarding its inner content. On a day of penitence they got rid of their prayers but not of their vices. They used adulatory words in the street; at home you heard only incessant squabbling and quarreling. There is no understanding between father and son; mothers are despised by their "educated" daughters. In the prayers on the Day of Atonement, the only true things are the listings of sins; the transgressions enumerated must sound familiar.

Much time was needed for the pursuit of pleasure, especially by the rich families of

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exuberant Seville; no time was left in which to pay attention to the poor, to friends, to teachers, or scholars. Festivities and banquets ate up leisure, money, and—mercy. Luxurious living bred egoism, arrogance, a negative attitude to the Law of our fathers, and a callousness towards Israel's needs.

Among the scholars, teachers of the laws, authors of books, you find vanity and contentiousness competing with scholarship and piety. Many study in order to get a position, they teach for the fee; pretense rates higher than quiet work; the handsome speaker displaces the solid one, the flatterer pushes aside the honest man. Simple teachings are made complicated by unproductive sophistry, just in order to parade something "novel." Little men, poor of mind, write books of no use to anybody; they carry copies to their sponsors, who give them some money; they should be ashamed to disgrace our ancient writings.

Worse, of course, is the half-educated crowd, philosophers in their bedrooms who, blind to true knowledge, believe that the world stands and falls on their doings. What they read but don't understand, they reject as of no value; what they do grasp, they have known all along. In Portugal I found a whole class of semi-scholars who had put their noses into various books; yet before they had time to learn anything they already felt qualified to judge others. They appeared as the protagonists of whatever was being much talked about; they memorized pertinent quotations from fashionable philosophers and from writers in vogue; they were the heralds of every newest craze. Recently, in Elvas, a man was ready to found a society for the support of some latest rage, sure of the acclaim of the young ladies.

The right way is to listen to the teachings of the prophets and of the sages of old; to advance humility, lovingkindness, and virtue; to love Israel and its Law, and to be forbearing with the faults of our brethren. May they learn to act out of true fear of God and not out of worldly vanity. If people could be taught to restrain their desires, to be content, and to trust in Divine Providence, then much of what saddens my heart would be overcome and our good would increase with the good of man. May what happened to our philosophers in Catalonia not happen to us: their strength of faith was surpassed by simple people, by women and children.

The promise of our Scriptures upholds me; so great is the power of this promise, so deep the fountain of our hope, that I do not despair of the future of Israel, which one day will recognize its failings and receive forgiveness.

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ON THE HORIZON

SPORTSWRITING THE SOVIET WAY

Toe That Line!

ANDREW R. MAC ANDREW

A COMMUNIST newspaper, Lenin once said, is a weapon of the Communist party. That goes for the sports pages just as much as for the rest of the paper. And for that matter it goes for the athletes, too. This makes the work of a sports reporter in Russia somewhat more complicated than it is here. It may be easy enough to put the party line into an editorial on world politics, but where does it fit into an account of a soccer game? It had better fit, that's all. . . .

It goes without saying that the Soviet sports writer must believe (*Rule 1*) in the superiority of Soviet athletes. This superiority is supposed to follow somehow from the axiom that the Soviet social system is superior to all other social systems. When the American team accumulated more points than the Soviet team in the last Olympic Games, at Helsinki, a new scoring system was immediately devised and, in the Russian press at least, the Soviet athletes emerged triumphant.

Rule 2. The Soviet writer must take care to expose the intrigues of capitalist sports officials whose only concern is to cheat the Soviet sportsmen out of their well-earned victories and, of course, to make a lot of money. The foreign athletes themselves are merely the tools or paid stooges of these capitalists and therefore are often lacking in sportsmanship.

Rule 3. The Soviet writer must be "vigilant," which means he must always be ready with an explanation for every Soviet failure on the playing fields.

Finally—*Rule 4*—the Soviet sports writer must always keep in mind such slogans as that "international sports create good will among peoples." If he finds difficulty in reconciling that sentimental idea with the other rules (see above) governing his job, he is only in the same boat as everybody else in the Communist world and no doubt overcomes the difficulty (or internal contradiction, as he would call it if he were talking about a capitalist country) with ease.

THE cover story of a leading Soviet magazine, *Ogonek* ("Little Flame"), reports on the 1954 World Gymnastics Championships in Rome. The article opens dramatically. Charles Toeni, the Swiss secretary-general of the FIG (Fédération Internationale de Gymnastique), steps from a plane at a Swiss airport. Reporters surround him and ask him anxiously what he thinks of the chances of the Soviet gymnasts at the forthcoming World Gymnastics Championships in Rome. The secretary-general declares that, while he believes the Soviet women are somewhat superior, the Soviet men may have, at best, a slight edge over the Swiss.

"So the chances of the Russians and the Swiss will be about equal?"

"Yes."

And all this is on record! The entire ex-

IN RUSSIA, where they don't play games about anything, not even games, and where the umpire may actually get killed if he doesn't watch his step, the life of a sportswriter is far from simple. ANDREW R. MACANDREW here tells us how the Grantland Rices of the Workers' Fatherland keep their eye on the ball. Mr. MacAndrew, a free-lance writer and translator, has contributed to numerous periodicals here and in Europe.

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change above was quoted in the magazine *La Semaine Sportive*.

Well, seven months went by. . . . And then we found ourselves in the Olympic Stadium in Rome. . . .

A Verdi hymn announced the opening of the 13th World Gymnastics Championships. . . . Twenty-four countries took part in the competition. . . . Many pairs of field glasses are turned toward our team which marches past near the end of the procession, which is arranged in alphabetical order. The supple Soviet girls are followed by eight magnificent, picked men. Some of these athletes are already known to the spectators: they are Victor Chukarin, the All-Round Olympic Champion, Shaginyan and Korolkov, who took Olympic prizes, and the young Moscow athlete Muratov.

The competition begins and the women win easily, as expected. It is now up to the men to make the Swiss official swallow his words.

Chukarin, the All-Round Olympic Champion, sprains his finger, but decides heroically to hide this fact from the public.

He would not give up the struggle just because of a finger. Now, watching the easy, powerful, and precise movements of the gymnast, no one, except the coach and the small group of his comrades, could guess the effort it cost him. . . .

Nevertheless, the Soviet team slowly forges ahead, followed by the West Germans and the Japanese. And here an element of foreign spying comes in:

At Helsinki, the Japanese were always watching the Soviet gymnasts while they were training. We could hear a continuous buzzing sound which was the noise of a movie camera, and now we see the result: at Helsinki, no Japanese could perform the "cross" on the rings, while now they all, one after another, can hold that position for four to five seconds, as though being timed. . . .

Nevertheless:

The Soviet athletes demonstrated a definite superiority in rings. They accumulated 58.4 points while the Japanese, who came second in this field, collected only 55.9.

The Japanese had systematically and exactly learned every movement of our gymnasts from the films they had taken in Helsinki. But then Tokimoto, Ono, and their fellow countrymen must realize that they are emulating our yesterday. That day is gone, and what they must face today are the 1954 master gymnasts of the Soviet school. . . .

The air is full of capitalist intrigue. When Shaginyan is awarded 9.7 points for his exercises on the vaulting horse,

the representative of the Swiss team suddenly appeals to the judges. Isn't 9.7 an overestimation of the Soviet gymnast's performance? Isn't 9.5 enough? In which case, by the way, the Swiss, Stahlder, would win. But the judges don't go for this "diplomatic intervention". . . .

The Soviet team takes a definite lead and the main interest of the championships centers around the struggle for the title of All-Round World Champion, which is finally shared between Chukarin and Muratov. The article also notes that the Soviet team became so popular that Italian spectators were reproached for cheering representatives other than their own, to which a "humorous middle-aged worker" replied: "Well, blame the Soviet lads for it. It's impossible not to admire them when they get down to work."

Virtue has finally triumphed.

THE journalistic virtue of "vigilance"—sometimes also called "criticism and self-criticism"—is well illustrated by a recent article in the Young Communist League paper, *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, "On Refereeing Soccer" (August 17, 1954).

Once again a dramatic lead:

A Moscow forward breaks through the enemy defenses. He reaches the penalty area. One more second and the ball will be in Tiblis's net. But no. . . . The Moscow forward is lying on the ground where he has been brutally dispatched by a Tiblis defender. The referee whistles. The game is stopped. But the referee does not award a free kick to the Moscow team. Instead he throws the ball in the air for a replay. . . . The public is indignant. And to think that such a thing happened during a Division A championship match between Dynamo of Tiblis and Torpedo of Moscow!

The article gives a few more "scandalous examples" of this sort and then, as is usual in the self-improving Soviet society, tries to dig down to the root of the trouble:

Although our referees receive satisfactory theoretical and physical training, we are too often forced to witness unforgivable decisions. This is because moral qualities and will power are insufficiently developed in the referees. . . .

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Why are moral qualities and will power insufficiently developed? Because "the Soccer Section of the Committee on Physical Culture and Sports, under the USSR Council of Ministers, does not pay sufficient attention to the political education of the referees [and does not listen to] the warnings and complaints about the amoral behavior of some referees, their pretentiousness, their aristocratic airs, their conceit, their intolerance toward criticism, and their excessive predilection for alcohol."

In short, "poor refereeing is arresting the development of Soviet soccer."

Even under Communism, it seems, the sports fan may still wish to kill the umpire. The only difference is that if the umpire doesn't mend his ways, he may get hit with more than a pop bottle.

THE Soviet press of course made the most of the American basketball fixes, asserting that such scandalous behavior is inherent in the capitalist system. Here, however, is a feuilleton from *Pravda* which shows that such things can happen in the world of the future too.

Ashkhabad's outside left received the ball from his center forward and, skillfully dodging the opposing fullback, streaked toward the home team's goal. In the stands, the fans closed their eyes to shut out the sight. But, at the very last moment, the goalie dived for the ball and averted the disaster.

The entire stadium rose to applaud the Alma Ata goalie's daring save. That is, all but one man, who, gloomily cursing the goalie, hurried toward him along the sidelines.

"You must let the ball in," he panted out.

"Let it in? Where?"

"Your goal, of course."

"Are you joking?"

"Bekbayev never jokes. Bekbayev orders!" said the man angrily, and he turned away from him.

At that, the goalie saw red.

He rushed out of his goal and tried to kick the ball into his own net. The Alma Ata players formed a wall protecting their goal from the man designed to guard it.

Suddenly the loudspeaker blared: "The Alma Ata captain is wanted immediately by Comrade Bekbayev."

"What's the matter?" the captain asked.

"Why don't you let Ashkhabad score? Don't forget that they must score two goals. Then Ashkhabad will have a higher goal average than Tashkent. This would make Uzbekistan [the republic represented by the Tashkent soccer team] fall behind two points and enable Kazakhstan [represented by Alma Ata and Ashkhabad] to get into the first place in the Central Asia League. . . .

But the rank-and-file booters of Kazakhstan proved themselves to be men of honor. They denounced the dishonest deal Bekbayev urged upon them, a deal alien to the spirit of Soviet sports, and pursued their bid for first place honestly as befits Soviet athletes.

But the Kazakhstan Republic Committee for Physical Culture and Sports did not have such high principles. They applied a coat of whitewash to Bekbayev. Furthermore, Comrade Kanapin, secretary of the Kazakhstan Young Communist League Central Committee, actually suggested that Bekbayev's talent for scheming should be used for the general benefit of the sports movement.

In his own interests, this talent has been put to full use since the very first day Bekbayev was appointed director of the Kazakhstan Physical Culture Institute. The appointment seems to have been a hurried one and Bekbayev, who had previously only gone through ninth grade, proceeded to fill in the inevitable gap in his education by becoming a student at the institute of which he was director. A year later, Director Bekbayev conferred upon Student Bekbayev a diploma of graduation from the institute. Not content with this, he decided to satisfy his ambition and become a Master of Sports. His complete lack of athletic performance did not prevent Bekbayev from recommending himself for this title. . . .

AS FOR the problem of *Rule 4*—about reconciling the irreconcilable, or rather not being bothered by it—this can perhaps be illustrated by the frequent repetition in *Pravda* and *Izvestia* editorials of the 1949 Directive of the Communist party, to wit: "Achieve world supremacy and set records in the most important fields of sport." These articles exhorting Soviet athletes to win at all costs "for the prestige of our Soviet Union" always go on to state that an athlete who represents the Soviet Union abroad "promotes friendship among peoples by displaying the true spirit of sportsmanship and fair play."

But so far no Soviet sports writer has been able to explain convincingly how it is possible to win "at all costs" while promoting friendship and remaining a gentleman and a sportsman. Or is this dialectics?

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THE STUDY OF MAN

TOTALITARIANISM: A DISEASE OF MODERNISM?

Report on a Symposium

ROBERT LANGBAUM

THE healthy man, says Carlyle, is he who when asked about his "system" insists that he hasn't any; and it is true enough that many things get noticed only after they have ceased to function properly. We learned about the body through medicine and about the mind through abnormal psychology. In the 30's, we learned a great deal about 20th-century capitalism through trying to combat the depression. If we are nowadays absorbed in the study of totalitarianism, it is not, I would suggest, because the German and Russian experiences of it strike us as simply the latest instances of that timeless phenomenon, despotism. It is rather because we feel that we are confronted with a disease unique to Western culture of the 20th century and that we need to understand a contagion to which all present-day nations may be vulnerable.

That at least is the inference to be drawn from *Totalitarianism,* the recently published proceedings of a conference of distinguished scholars in the various social sciences held by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in Boston, in March 1953. The book is by no means the best work on totalitarianism, many of its contributors—both those who delivered papers and those who simply joined in the discussions—having made more thoroughgoing and definitive contributions to the subject in books of their own. But it does offer a kind of consensus of scholarly opinion. For though the editor, Carl J. Friedrich, emphasizes in his introduction the sharp differences among the contributors, the ordinary reader is more likely to be struck by their all but unanimous agreement on fundamentals.

I do not mean ideological agreement. That is, of course, there—a respectable Communist opposition being as little likely, at the moment, as a respectable Nazi opposition. Indeed, it is indicative of the lack of a respectable Communist opposition that the participants in the conference are so generally careful to distinguish between Marxism and Soviet ideology. Albert Lauterbach tells us, for example, that "It would be quite hopeless . . . to look in the writings of Marx and Engels for an explanation of the twists of Soviet ideology and policy in our period." One gathers from such remarks that liberals feel they have absorbed into their own progressive ideology whatever might be respectable in the Communist opposition, whatever in Marxism might lead to more rather than less democracy.

The agreement I am talking about, however, pertains rather to method, to a certain consistency of vision. Such consistency among a group of social scientists is remarkable in this

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AT A conference of scholars in 1953, under the auspices of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences (whose proceedings have been published by Harvard University Press in the volume *Totalitarianism,* edited by Carl J. Friedrich), it was emphasized by virtually all the participants that "totalitarianism" is not just the old "despotism" writ large, but a new disease peculiar to modern culture. Here ROBERT LANGBAUM gives an account of some of the most informed thinking being done on totalitarianism today and, while he agrees on its uniqueness, discusses to what extent the realities justify us in thinking it the logical consequence and universal affliction of modern Western culture. Mr. Langbaum is a member of the department of English at Cornell University. In December 1954 he reviewed George W. F. Hallgarten's *Why Dictators?*

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instance because the vision is almost the reverse of the "scientific" or positivistic ("fact"-minded) vision usually associated with the social sciences. Not only do the contributors generally agree that totalitarianism is not primarily a political or even an economic and social phenomenon, that it is, indeed, nothing less than a total revolution of culture—but, in treating totalitarian culture, they are generally unwilling to explain it in such terms as economics or social structure, the struggle for power or the national history and character of the Germans and Russians. On the contrary, many of them take pains to show that such criteria cannot of themselves account for totalitarianism. They insist, in accounting for it, upon a certain residue of mystery, which they treat psychologically and, what is more remarkable, morally. It is this concreteness of vision, combining psychological and moral insight with empiric data, that strikes this reader, whose training has been literary, as essentially literary and even in the best sense of the word, "romantic." For the insights are used to expand our sense of the irrational and ultimately enigmatic nature of totalitarianism.

ONE sign of this consistently new vision is the virtually unanimous agreement on the historical uniqueness of totalitarianism. Mr. Friedrich begins his introduction by telling us that "no one before 1914 . . . none of the outstanding scholars in history, law, and the social sciences . . . sensed the trend which culminated in totalitarianism." The suggestion is that no one foresaw totalitarianism because no one had penetrated to what was really unique in modern culture. Thus Mr. Friedrich tells us that it is wrong to apply to totalitarian societies terms like "tyranny," "despotism," or "dictatorship," which are misleading because too narrowly political and because they connect totalitarian societies with past despotisms.

N. S. Timasheff does, it is true, modestly suggest in his paper that totalitarian societies might be considered to occupy an extreme point on a continuous scale of more or less restrictive societies, past and present, so that they differ from other societies less in kind than degree. But his paper is immediately followed by Mr. Friedrich's, in which it is argued that totalitarianism is unique because "it could only have arisen in the kind of context created by Christianity, democracy, and modern technology." (Even Chinese Communism, he says, is associated with the reception of Western ideas.) Christianity establishes the "broad predilection for convictional certainty" and, as others are to suggest, the demand for an eschatology, a vision of "the end of days," even if of this world rather than the next. Democracy provides the political idealism and the high literacy rate which make ideology, the party, and mass appeal possible. Technology provides the means for total control of the society. It becomes clear in the subsequent discussion that Mr. Friedrich's idea is enormously attractive to the others and that Mr. Timasheff is distinctly in the minority.

Yet nothing that Mr. Friedrich says proves that totalitarianism cannot be described as despotism, with a modern difference—as scientific despotism, say, or despotism for the millions. Mr. Timasheff's hypothesis seems to me to be as useful as Mr. Friedrich's, if not more useful—provided the aim is to understand Nazi or Communist society for the purpose of coping with it diplomatically and militarily. But the aim of the conference is clearly not that, but rather to describe two such diverse societies as the Nazi and Communist (every one agrees in excluding Fascist Italy as not really totalitarian) at a level where they combine to form a generic phenomenon. Beyond that, the aim is to show how this phenomenon is connected with just those conditions in Western culture that are distinctively modern. In other words, totalitarianism is to be explained as the exaggeration or perversion of modernism.

Thus Mr. Friedrich describes totalitarian societies as "exaggerations, but nonetheless logical exaggerations, of inherent implications of the technological state in which we find ourselves." And Bertram D. Wolfe, taking his stand with Mr. Friedrich, adds that the uniqueness of totalitarianism is "rooted in the word *total*." "This totality," he continues, "is unique to our age. Luckily for us all, only a few societies have 'gone totalitarian' in the total sense, but we must recognize that a latent tendency to totalitarianism exists in all modern states, not excepting the United States today."

THIS tendency is, according to George F. Kennan, our former ambassador to Russia, the tendency toward "symmetry and order." Mr. Kennan warns in his paper against the modern tendency to allow "our sectional diversities, our checks and balances, and our deference to the vital interests of competing

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minorities . . . to yield to the leveling influences of the perfectionists, to utopian dreams of progress and equality, to the glorification of conformity in tongue and outlook." In other words, it is precisely our idealism which endangers us. "All totalitarianism," says Mr. Kennan, "is only a matter of degree; but it is precisely in this fact that its mortal danger lies." The lesson we can learn from the relation of totalitarianism to modern democratic and technological culture is that "anything carried to its logical conclusion becomes a menacing caricature of itself."

The sense in which totalitarianism is a *psychological* perversion of modernism is indicated by Albert Lauterbach. He contrasts, in his paper, the healthy condition of medieval man who did not conceive of free thought, with the unhealthy condition of modern Western man who, having been brought up in freedom, rejects it because of his neurotic need for an absolute certainty even if he can have it only at the price of conscious self-deception.

The sense in which totalitarianism is a *moral* perversion or inversion of modernism is indicated by Hannah Arendt in her discussion of Mr. Friedrich's paper. Miss Arendt agrees with Mr. Friedrich, but thinks he does not go far enough. For Mr. Friedrich grants that totalitarian societies are not unique in their "moral obtuseness," that, "As far as amorality is concerned, Nero and Cesare Borgia yield little to contemporary dictators." But this " 'totalitarian indifference' to moral considerations," says Miss Arendt, "is actually based upon a reversal of all our legal and moral concepts, which ultimately rest on the commandment: 'Thou shalt not kill.' Against this, totalitarian 'morals' preaches almost openly the precept: Thou shalt kill! The assumption, which can be seen very clearly in Himmler's speeches to the SS generals in Eastern occupied territories, is that this precept is as difficult to follow as its opposite. In other words, the peculiarity of totalitarian crimes is that they are committed for different reasons and in a different framework which has a 'morality' of its own. The morality is contained in the ideology, or rather in what totalitarianism has made of the respective ideologies which it inherited from the past." Nero and Cesare Borgia sinned against a morality which they themselves acknowledged even while violating it. But the totalitarian makes his own morality, and by its standards he is virtuous. He is neither immoral nor irreligious; he simply worships a different god, a god who is by our standards the devil.

But what is the inherited ideology from which the totalitarian derives his new morality? One wishes Miss Arendt had gone on to explain, for it is just here that the moral relation between totalitarianism and modernism comes into play. The "Thou shalt not kill" which the totalitarian reverses is a traditional, not a modern, commandment. But the ideology on the basis of which the totalitarian reverses it is, I would suggest, the carrying to its logical extreme of liberal ideology—of that revolutionary ideology by which the present nationalist, capitalist, and democratic order displaced the Christian feudal order.

In justifying itself, the democratic revolution denied the objectivity of the old social order and of the morality that went with it. Democratic ideology asserts that man is essentially good and has therefore the right to shape the social and moral order to suit his needs. This line of thought leads to the pragmatic doctrine—operative, as is several times pointed out in the conference, in both American and Soviet culture—that not only society and morality but even reality is man-made, that we know the world by acting on it, we make the reality we require.

It is not difficult to see the dangers of such a doctrine. Liberal thought has itself provided us with ample warnings against them; and totalitarianism, with its cynical manipulation of morality and reality, merely fulfills those warnings. Totalitarianism is, in this sense, a terrible joke upon us, a caricature of modern culture. The reflection we see of ourselves in the totalitarian mirror is distorted because totalitarianism, in following to its conclusion the logic of our position, ignores its life, meaning, and moral intention. Yet the exaggeration and distortion of the caricature does show, as only caricatures can, the character of our position by showing its characteristic dangers, the disease we are liable to fall prey to.

Goethe in *Faust* foresaw the dangers inherent in the modern bid for freedom. The dangers are dramatized in Mephistopheles and in the Mephistophelean element in Faust himself. Mephistopheles is the appropriately modern devil. Gone is the goatlike devil of the passions; the passions are just the element in Faust which are on the side of God. Mephistopheles is, instead, the devil of logical conclu-

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sions. He makes for Faust's career of freedom a kind of ideology—in that he sees with perfect clarity that the career ought logically to lead to moral anarchy and moral degradation. He is proven wrong in the end, however, because he has not taken into account the passion, the reverence for life, and the noble moral intention which caused Faust to desire freedom in the first place.

THE difference between Mephistopheles and Faust is analogous to the one between totalitarianism and modern democratic and technological culture. Faust has within him the Mephistophelean element, the tendency toward anarchy and destructiveness. But he has also a great deal more—both the new expansive virtues of freedom, and the moral and emotional refinement, and sense of limits on human action, inherited from the Christian and classical past. In the same way, modern culture has within it the symptoms ascribed, in the course of the conference, to totalitarian societies. It has within it the moral and epistemological freedom of pragmatism. It has within it what Mr. Friedrich calls the "engineering approach to society." It has the dreary standardization and uniformity; the isolation of the individual within himself through the atomization of society, the weakening of extra-political groupings like family, class, and church; the usurpation of religion and of spirituality generally by secular culture; and the usurpation of culture and of all society by the state—the disappearance of the distinction between them.

Modern culture displays all these symptoms, but they are still tendencies. They have not been carried to their logical conclusions; they have not been pushed to a total ideology. They are tempered and counteracted by the virtues inherited from the past, as well as by the distinctively modern or liberal virtues—by humanitarianism with its empathic conscience, by the still strong respect for autonomy in matters of conscience and intellect, and even, in a society which is fast becoming one of job holders rather than property holders, by the still lingering respect for private property as the basis for moral and intellectual autonomy. For as Miss Arendt suggests, "No matter what our political convictions with regard to property are, it is a fact of the first importance that only property can materially guarantee individual freedom."

By repudiating both the past and "old-fashioned liberalism," the totalitarians abstract the "engineering" element in modernism from the virtues, both traditional and modern, which might counteract it. This leaves them free to pursue the "engineering" element to its logical conclusion, expanding it to a total vision of human society and the universe. It is because the totalitarians worship the Mephistophelean devil of logical conclusions, because they are preoccupied not with fact, or even with idea, but only with what Miss Arendt calls "the logic of an idea," that she introduces the word "logocracy" to describe totalitarian society.

MR. KENNAN begins his paper, which is the first of the volume, by announcing that he has no theoretical knowledge of totalitarianism but will speak only from his practical experience of it. Yet in posing the question which is to be posed so often throughout the conference, whether "there is any generic phenomenon that we can identify and describe from actual experience as totalitarianism," whether there is "really some identity of essence as between Russian Communism and German National Socialism," he answers as follows:

"When I try to picture totalitarianism to myself as a general phenomenon, what comes into my mind most prominently is neither the Soviet picture nor the Nazi picture as I have known them in the flesh, but rather the fictional and symbolic images created by such people as Orwell or Kafka or Koestler or the early Soviet satirists. The purest expression of the phenomenon, in other words, seems to me to have been rendered not in its physical reality but in its power as a dream, or a nightmare. Not that it lacks the physical reality, or that this reality is lacking in power; but that it is precisely in the way it appears to people, in the impact it has on the subconscious, in the state of mind it creates in its victims, that totalitarianism reveals most deeply its meaning and its nature. Here, then, we seem to have a phenomenon of which it can be said that it is both a reality and a bad dream, but that its deepest reality lies strangely enough in its manifestation as a dream, and it is by this manifestation that it can best be known and judged and discussed."

This statement, involving as Mr. Kennan admits "a most profound contradiction," describes perfectly the general vision of the conference. For while the empirical and analytical approach of the papers cannot be too much

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emphasized, the interpretations seem always to be directed toward a symbolic image, a kind of nightmare reality in excess of, or to use Mr. Kennan's word, *deeper* than the facts.

Thus, Jerzy G. Gliksman goes far toward establishing the nightmare quality when he shows, in his paper on "Social Prophylaxis as a Form of Soviet Terror," that terror is directed not against actual but against potential offenders, against people who, because of conditions beyond their control (such as ethnic, social, or family ties), would have reason to offend. Yet Mr. Gliksman is criticized in the subsequent discussion for establishing too narrowly rational a criterion for punishment. Paul Kecskemeti enlarges the criterion by suggesting that the terror is directed against the whole population, to induce people "to compete in demonstrating their loyalty." And Miss Arendt annihilates all rational criteria: "The only criterion is the scientifically forecast course of history itself, according to which certain crimes are necessary and for which therefore 'criminals' must be found."

In the same way, Alex Inkeles feels it necessary to introduce in his paper the distinction between *ideology* and *mystique,* in order to distinguish the irrational goal of totalitarian society from the rational means used to achieve it, in order to suggest that "it is just this combination on the level of the individual personality which makes the psychopath so dangerous," and in order to show "the totalitarian as the captive as well as the manipulator of a mystical theory of social development." In papers on totalitarianism and science, Raymond Bauer suggests that Bolshevism, though using a highly intellectualized rationale for its intervention in science (we know the world by acting on it, therefore the proletariat, as the most advanced class of society, is justified in making the reality it requires), is in effect as anti-intellectual as Nazism and Fascism. And George de Santillana begins by finding an analogy between the suppression of Galileo by the Church and the suppression of the geneticists by the Bolsheviks, but ends by declaring the analogy misleading. "We are not facing a static idealist orthodoxy, but a moving operationalist one. The scientific purges are an extreme application of operationalist views, in which whole ways of life are scrapped instead of abstractions, and what is considered expendable is not only theories, but the personnel that carries them."

The late Waldemar Gurian treats totalitarianism as "political religion." It is the absence of the restraints imposed by tradition, as well as the absence of competition from traditional religion, that distinguishes totalitarianism from old-fashioned absolutism—in that the former is left free to dominate both the outer and inner man. Marie Jahoda and Stuart W. Cook begin their paper on "Ideological Compliance" by saying that the most frightening thing about totalitarian regimes is their apparent power to elicit not merely lip service but real inner compliance. They describe psychological experiments which indicate that most people tend to comply, and that we cannot count on the "national character" of any given country to protect it against totalitarianism. Else Frenkel-Brunswick shows "a parallelism between the social and political organization of totalitarianism and the structure and functioning of [the maladjusted] individuals who are susceptible to this ideology." Albert Lauterbach begins his paper on "Totalitarian Appeal and Economic Reform," by saying that economic reform is not "the real explanation either of the dynamics or of the wide appeal of totalitarian movements. . . . For the bulk of their followers, the economic reforms represent a rationalization of deeper emotional needs, not the real basis for political support."

After all the subtle psychologizing and moralizing, the paper of J. P. Nettl seems curiously old-fashioned in the modesty of its aims. All Mr. Nettl seeks to establish in his study of "The Economy of the Soviet Zone of Germany," is that "the difference between Communism and other types of totalitarianism is fundamental as far as economics are concerned." Yet even this apparently obvious distinction is objected to, in the subsequent discussion, on the ground that it destroys *totalitarianism* as a generic term. Mr. Gurian suggests that the difference between the Nazi and Soviet economies is not one of "formal structure but rather of historical context and developmental phase." The Bolsheviks did not, like the Nazis, have to mask their revolution as conservative, and they have had more time to show their true colors.

The disagreement between Mr. Nettl and Mr. Gurian shows that it is possible to be right on different levels. Mr. Nettl is certainly right for all practical dealings with the two economies. Mr. Gurian is probably right for understanding the essential quality or direction of the two systems, as well as the direction of all modern societies. What that direction is, is indicated

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in the same discussion by Miss Arendt and Ivo Duchacek, both of whom point out that as private property disappears, and we become employees of the state, the very act of staying alive becomes an act of political collaboration. To which Mr. Nettl replies that medieval society was also one of job holders rather than property owners, that "property-holding as a strategically important social function is one of limited historical duration," and that "the economies of Britain and the United States were far more tightly controlled during the last war than the economy of Nazi Germany." In other words, nationalization of the economy does not necessarily make a society totalitarian. This distinction argues against inevitable trends. It suggests that intention and the concrete quality of life make all the difference between totalitarian and free societies.

THE distinction also shows up certain dangers in the prevailing method of the conference. For one thing, the conference ran the risk of over-abstractness in generalizing at such length about a generic phenomenon of which there were only two examples and those two, as every one admitted, so widely dissimilar. No one can deny the essential psychological and moral similarity of Nazism and Communism. The trouble is that it is difficult to describe this essence without confusing it with the symbolic image by which we apprehend it. In describing totalitarianism "in the way it appears to people," to revert to Mr. Kennan's words, "in the impact it has on the subconscious, in the state of mind it creates in its victims," the conference runs the risk of falling prey to the myth of totalitarianism —as it exists in our minds as well as in the minds of the totalitarian rulers and their victims.

Not that the myth is without truth. Mr. Kennan is not alone in apprehending the truth of totalitarianism through symbolic images from fiction. *Nineteen Eighty-four*, George Orwell's novel of a totalitarian future, was again and again throughout the conference alluded to as a way of saying precisely what the facts only tend to say. Indeed, the drift of the papers is such that the allusions were hardly necessary. Any one who has read Orwell cannot resist making the comparisons himself. Bertram D. Wolfe didn't have to conclude his paper on the Soviet manipulation of history with an allusion to Orwell's Ministry of Truth. His whole paper reads like a footnote to *Nineteen Eighty-four*.

It is both a good and a bad sign that the conference's understanding of totalitarianism should approximate Orwell's. On the one hand, it is good that social scientists should acknowledge the validity of the literary way of saying things, while the coincidence of their vision with Orwell's is a testament to the truth of both. On the other hand, it is dangerous to mix the languages of different disciplines, to try to apply the truth of myth or symbolic image to the world of action. The very virtues of *Nineteen Eighty-four* make it a dangerous book on which to base policy, say, or even the kind of understanding which might lead to policy.

Orwell's novel is powerful as a myth or nightmare or the ubiquitous propaganda poster of his Big Brother is powerful. It is powerful through a certain crude and humorless oversimplification, a lack of proportion, an omission of the fallibly, recalcitrantly human. O'Brien, the orthodox intellectual of the novel, is frightening because he is so infallibly what the Ingsoc ideology would have him be. The hero, who is our kind of man, protests against O'Brien's description of the Ingsoc plan for total domination of the individual: "Somehow you will fail. Something will defeat you. Life will defeat you." To which O'Brien replies: "We control life, Winston, at all its levels. You are imagining that there is something called human nature which will be outraged by what we do and will turn against us. But we create human nature." O'Brien turns out to be right. Winston is defeated and in the end recreated in the Ingsoc image.

The ending is the proper one for Orwell's novel. For it carries the totalitarian tendency of our time to its logical conclusion and thus exposes with frightening clarity the psychological and moral truth about it. Yet it is just this logically conclusive truth that we do not have to, indeed cannot afford to, accept in dealing with the totalitarian countries. We have as yet no reason to capitulate to the totalitarian doctrine of the unlimited malleability of human nature. We have every reason, both moral and practical, to go on insisting that there is a constant in human nature which we can count on to be outraged by totalitarian atrocities.

Nor is it only in the victims of totalitarianism that we must look for the human constant. We must look for it in the totalitarian rulers, too. We cannot let them make themselves, as Stalin almost did, the infallible abstraction that Orwell's Big Brother is. For Big Brother is a name, a voice, a photograph, but not a person. We

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must, instead, drag out from behind the official idol of the totalitarian regimes the recognizable human beings who can hardly be, according to our assumptions, either so wicked or so virtuous or so cold-bloodedly omniscient as they pretend.

When asked how, after having painted in his paper so grim a picture of the Soviet Union, he can still be so confident of our success, Mr. Kennan answers as follows: "I believe, sir, that Soviet power is active evil. But the closer one comes to its horrors—and I have been very close—the less one fears it. It is the unknown and the unfamiliar that one fears most." The danger of understanding totalitarianism only in its nightmare quality, as active evil, is that it removes the actual German or Russian scene even farther from us, making it more unfamiliar and therefore more fearful. Mussolini once said that he did not care if the Italians loved him as long as they feared him. We cannot afford to play into the hands of the totalitarian rulers by fearing them, by subscribing to their own myth of themselves. We cannot afford, in our discussions of totalitarianism, merely to give each other the shudders.

If we are to develop the kind of understanding of totalitarianism that will help us protect ourselves against it, we must be careful to distinguish the totalitarian nightmare from the variegated human reality—the factions, the inefficiency, the recognizable human motives—that must lie behind the monolithic façade. The distinction is not merely academic. The whole nature of our foreign policy depends on whether or not we make it. For if we consider the totalitarian state as a kind of collective pathological personality unable to save itself from its own "logocratic" momentum, then we must adopt one of two dangerous alternatives in foreign policy: either a policy of appeasement, of staying as far away as possible from the mad thing for fear of setting it in motion; or else a policy of preventive war, of fighting the inevitable war now, while we are still stronger than the enemy.

But if, on the other hand, we consider that for all the pretense of monolithic unity there must exist behind the totalitarian façade much the same divisions that exist openly among us; if we consider that there must be a war party and a peace party, and that the common people must certainly want peace though, like our people, not at the price of honor or essential interests; if we consider that there must be degrees of commitment and opposition to the official ideology, with the vast majority of people probably indifferent politically; and if we consider that even among those people who adhere to the official ideology, personal and national self-interest and self-preservation are not likely to be forgotten; if we consider, in short, that the enemy is no more likely than we to want to sacrifice survival for the sake of logical consistency—then the burden of reasonableness does not fall only upon us. We can afford to bargain with the enemy. We need not choose between applying all our force or none. Assuming that the enemy will fight only if he thinks he has more to gain than lose by war, we can apply just enough force to convince him of the advantages of peace. This is, of course, the strategy of our "containment" policy; and it is just this kind of understanding of the Communist countries which is behind that policy.

Mr. Kennan, the original exponent of containment, points the way toward this kind of understanding when he sees the possibility of evolution toward a kind of constitutionalism in the supposedly increasing relaxation of life within the Soviet Union—in the absence of revolutionary ardor among the young who were born and raised under Communism, in the Kremlin's loss of interest in the people's private lives, in the emergence among the upper bureaucracy of a snobbish and luxury-loving elite. Similarly, Karl W. Deutsch, in his paper on "Cracks in the Monolith," sees hope in the sheer human incapacity to administer an Orwellian total control. And David Reisman refers to his fanciful plan for a "nylon war" that will cater to the ordinary human appetites behind the Iron Curtain by bombarding the Russians with consumer goods.

It is interesting to note in this connection how much less menacing the Soviet Union has seemed since Stalin's death just because the struggle for power there has come out into the open, as has the debate over consumer versus heavy production. We have become almost confident that the Russians will not start a war, that their feelings about war are analogous to ours. It is the Chinese, instead, who have taken on the psychopathic look, and of whom we cannot be sure that they will not, if vexed, plunge us into war even at the risk of their own destruction. The Chinese Communists look this way because they are still riding the momentum of their victory. We cannot, therefore, be at all sure that their feelings about war are analogous

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to ours. To turn these days from the newspaper items on Russia to those on China is like turning from an old rival about whom one knows the worst and with whom the quarrel has become an almost routine game, to a new menace that is all the more frightening because still unmeasured.

THE conference sums up, by the nature of its emphasis, the prevailing interest of the past decade, which has been to understand, through a subtle blending of psychological and moral concepts, the uniqueness of the totalitarian horror and through it the uniqueness of modern culture. But the very success with which the conference has done its work, together with the direction of its speculations on the future of totalitarianism, suggest that the time has come to restore a balance by considering not only the uniquely modern situation, but also the traditionally human situation behind it.

More attention ought, for example, to be given to the effect of national experience, if not national character, on a country's vulnerability to totalitarianism and on the form totalitarianism will take in that country. Consideration of just the Russian or Chinese situations, past and present, may teach us something about Communist reality that we cannot learn from abstract talk either about ideology or about the psychological and moral essence of totalitarianism. Indeed, as the Chinese have a chance to show their true colors, we may have to start talking not about Communism but about Communisms. Totalitarianism can, of course, be treated abstractly as a logical conclusion of modern Western culture. But the thing to remember is that it is just the countries with the least of that culture, the least democracy and technology, which fall prey to totalitarianism. Of the Western countries, Germany and Italy had the least experience of democracy; while Communism makes headway in those backward areas of the world where the people want the fruits of democracy and technology without understanding the cultural ground from which they spring. In its practice at least, present-day Communism is the penalty for human failure. It is what happens to those backward peoples who try for a short-cut to technological modernity by avoiding the slower but surer way of total evolution—an evolution of political restraint, social conscience, and individual self-realization, all of which should accompany a technological culture. Communism is China's totalitarian short-cut to modernity as compared to, say, India's democratic but roundabout way.

In the sense that totalitarianism accompanies the movement for modernization and exploits technology and democratic idealism to exercise control, it is the specifically modern political disease. Yet the most modern of Western nations seem to have acquired, through long exposure to the specifically modern dangers, sufficient antibodies to protect them against the totalitarian disease. It is the nations new to modernism who are most susceptible. We must, therefore, in talking about totalitarianism, take into account not only the inherent conditions of modern culture but also the nature of the people exposed to it.

We have, in any case, no choice but to take people into account, to bank not only our foreign policy but all our hopes on the human constant in the Communist countries. For we can save the world from catastrophe only if we can appeal to this human constant, if we can through appealing to fear, compassion, or just plain self-interest and self-preservation, deflect the totalitarian "logocrats" from the logic of their position by making them see the reality of their position.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

"Why We Must Defend Formosa"

To the Editor of Commentary:

I was delighted with G. F. Hudson's article "Why We Must Defend Formosa" (April 1955). It is very important that the political aspect of this question should be given more recognition, as most people seem to think only of Formosa's strategic value.

There is just one point which Mr. Hudson did not mention. Outside of China, there are fifteen million Chinese living throughout the Far East. They constitute highly important groups, both economically and politically, from Singapore and Indonesia up to the Philippines. Many of them are fighting valiantly against Communism. They are more aware of its danger than the people among whom they live because of their direct experience of Communist conquest. For them it is most important that they should not lose such a center for political orientation and national allegiance as the Chinese government in Formosa continues to offer them. With Formosa lost, the great Chinese communities of southeast Asia would probably lose much of their political vigor, and with the rise of an unoriented younger generation . . . might . . . become . . . tools for Communism in its effort to conquer the rest of Asia.

Frederick M. Stern

New Rochelle, N. Y.

To the Editor of Commentary:

G. F. Hudson has written an admirable piece on why we must defend Formosa, though I disagree that we should ever formally agree to peace being made between the two Chinas.

Mr. Hudson's views are pretty well accepted in this country. What a pity that he does not devote more time and energy to getting them accepted in Great Britain, where many people labor under a complete misapprehension as to the nature and intentions of Red China.

Edgar Ansel Mowrer

Washington, D. C.

In Defense of Yeshivas

To the Editor of Commentary:

Mr. Walter Goodman in his otherwise fairly interesting article "The Hasidim Come to Williamsburg" (March 1955) writes as follows: "The English instruction given at these yeshivas (presumably including Torah Vodaath) rarely satisfies the state completely, although the boys invariably manage to pass their regents examinations. Discipline and instruction tend to be minimal." Mr. Goodman does not bother to cite evidence for this statement. The least that can be expected of one who undertakes to cast aspersions on the labor of scores of teachers and students is to go through the motions of presenting evidence. Perhaps Mr. Goodman would be interested in the following:

1) On the current Dean's List of Brooklyn College, out of 168 names, 10 are graduates of Torah Vodaath.

2) Of 35 students graduating in the class of 1954, two were the winners of New York State scholarships.

3) Of 16 students elected to Alpha Sigma Lambda (National Honorary Society of Evening Colleges) at Brooklyn College this term, three were graduates of Torah Vodaath.

To me this does not sound like the fruit of "minimal" instruction. But, of course, I am a graduate of Torah Vodaath who looks back on the years spent there with many good feelings. It may be that the "minimal" of Torah Vodaath is as good as the "maximal" of Mr. Goodman.

Michael Wyschogrod

The City College of New York

New York City

South Vietnam

To the Editor of Commentary:

Allow me to express my belief that a campaign of misinformation about Indo-China, and of slander against the Prime Minister of South Vietnam, is being conducted in the United States, for which I see new evidence in Mr. Peter Schmid's "Free Indo-China Fights Against Time" (January 1955). . . .

I have just spent two months in South Vietnam and . . . am convinced that the situation there is not hopeless. It is simply not true that the majority of the Vietnamese people sympathize with or support the Communist Vietminh, or that a Communist underground is already in control of a large part of the country

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in the south. South Vietnam is not lost. It will only be lost if we continue to identify the undefeated cause of democracy in Vietnam with the defeated and indefensible cause of French colonialism, and if we hesitate [to provide] wholehearted American support for a truly independent Vietnamese government. What a sad spectacle to see that on this issue, American public opinion, instead of supporting and pushing ahead of a conservative and timid administration, actually lags behind the position adopted by our State Department.

As to Mr. Schmid's article in your magazine . . . let us merely call him an unwitting agent of Communist propaganda for his remark that censorship in South Vietnam "eclipses anything I have seen even under outright fascist dictatorships." This is characteristic of everything Mr. Schmid has to say about South Vietnam. Also, you will notice that the stories Mr. Schmid tells of his visit to the town of Tan Ky and the village of Cay Coc do not at all prove that "people are already preparing themselves inwardly for the Communist victory"; they prove exactly the opposite. This is in the Center region. Mr. Schmid assures us that "things are different in the South," where Ho Chi Minh "is still master" and "most of the people continue to obey the cells and secret courts of the Vietminh." Unfortunately, we are not told a single story to show that this is really the case.

With his description of Prime Minister Ngo Dinh Diem, Mr. Schmid reveals the source of his journalistic inspiration: the defeated French colonialists who try to salvage as much as possible in a deal with the Vietminh and who have already joined hands with the Communists for the purpose of preventing the establishment of a strong, independent government in South Vietnam. According to their Machiavellian nonsense, a good man can never be a strong political leader. The main trouble with Mr. Diem seems to be that he is honest and has principles, instead of being a gangster (a "sublimated gangster," says Mr. Schmid, with his talent for obvious contradictions). The Prime Minister is "too brave and too virtuous to have anything to do with the compromises demanded by politics," says Mr. Schmid, so much so that "he refused to work with the Japanese" and even spurned Ho Chi Minh "when the Communist leader tried to get Mr. Diem's cooperation in 1946." Mr. Schmid makes it quite clear that he does not approve of such rigid clinging to principle. That this could be the main source of the Prime Minister's present political strength is a thought that does not seem to occur to him. . . .

Joseph Buttinger

New York City

Mr. Schmid *writes:*

It is hard to reply pertinently to a letter that in place of pertinent argument indulges in suspicion and insult. I think I can ask Mr. Buttinger, with much more justice than he asks me, to show where he cites a single fact to substantiate his thesis. I must suppose that he has failed to understand what exactly my article was saying. Under these circumstances I am not surprised to find myself being termed, as in the jargon of certain mindless fanatics, "an unwitting agent of Communist propaganda." Meanwhile the weakness of anti-Communism in East Asia continues to be revealed to me in the course of my further travels through Cambodia, Thailand, and Laos, much as I saw it in Vietnam—it has no "myth" of its own with which to fire the imagination and devotion of the masses; all conservative and traditional ideas, mainly because of the egotism and torpor of the ruling groups, have become discredited. (I might also have reported on this point from Vietnam, and indeed there was material available in Premier Ngo Dinh Diem's immediate family circle—this perhaps would have thrown into bolder relief the latter's moralistic Quixotism.)

We shouldn't fool ourselves; the strength of a movement does not rest on the exaltedness of its ideals, but quite concretely on the number of people who are ready to die for it. The overwhelming majority of Southeast Asians have for the most part no political will of their own, and so find themselves being carried along in the wake of a determined minority that never for a moment forgets its goal, whether outright Communism, or, as in Cambodia, a vague socialistic neutralism; but in any case the direction is left. One single determined man in a village—this was apparent from my description of central Vietnam—can give that village its political stamp and allegiance, and it is unfortunately only too well known that in South Vietnam the plantation workers are organized by the Vietminh. But even the villages of Diem's loyal allies, the Hoa-Hao, have been infiltrated by the Vietminh and today we suddenly find even the chief of the Caodaists demanding cooperation with North Vietnam.

Of course, information of this kind is difficult or impossible to verify because an Annamite of no matter what camp only tells a European what duplicity, caution, or self-interest suggests. How does one know if the French are telling the truth? Are they acquainted with the American agents, most of whom have entered on their task with the double handicap of not knowing the French or the Annamites? The difficulties in the way of reporting accurately are huge; I am far from wishing to claim

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that I have made no mistakes. But I cannot help feeling much surer of my own reporting than of Mr. Buttinger's terrible simplifications—as happy as it would make me to find his optimism about South Vietnam's anti-Communism correct.

PETER SCHMID

Bangkok, Thailand

Father-Figures and Maiden Aunts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In Mr. Henry Elkin's letter in your April issue, it is his contention, as I understand it, that Nathan Leites's book on the character of the Bolshevik is limited by the "inadequacies of (his) Freudian theory," but that from a "broader, anthropologically sounder psychological viewpoint" many things left unexplained in Mr. Leites's work can be illuminated satisfactorily.

It is not hard to guess what this broader, sounder psychology might be. Mr. Elkin's letter is addressed from Zurich, but he is modest enough not to drop names. However, there may be other psychological viewpoints, some of them even sounder and broader than Dr. Jung's, and from the standpoint of one of these (which I shall leave nameless) Mr. Elkin's argument is quite dubious, and, on certain things, downright wrong.

For instance, Mr. Elkin identifies Malenkov with the trend toward the Mother-figure (loving, bounteous) and even uses Malenkov's plumpness to fortify this point. Quite simply this is incredible. If Malenkov was overthrown by the Sons of the Father (the successors to Stalin) then we are faced with a fact which has no consistent anthropological proof—*viz.*, the murder of the Mother by the Sons. I believe even Mr. Elkin will grant this is absurd.

There is, however, another loving, bounteous figure with which Malenkov may be truthfully identified, and once this is done the inadequacies of both Mr. Leites and Mr. Elkin will be corrected. Malenkov was an *Uncle*-figure, a type which can be both good and evil but is at all times mythically alive. This would make the collective leadership that succeeded Stalin not a band of Sons, but curiously enough a group of Nephews. Murder of uncles by nephews and nephews by uncles is a common historical incident and in the present case only follows a well-traveled road.

The Father-figure, therefore, is not a deep necessity at this moment in Russia and Mr. Elkin's surmise that the Soviet generals will perhaps come to play that role is quite without grounds.

Actually, the "impressively uniformed and bemedalled generals" are by the very laws of symbology barred forever from the seats of power. It should be obvious that the very uniforms and medals are a limiting factor, symbolizing one function and one function only. They are part of the family, yet outside it. They are not *Cousins*, for cousins are only related, not part of the family at any time. The generals are then quite simply *Brother-in-law* figures and, as such, attentive to their wives who are the Sisters of the Nephews now ruling Russia. With the Father dead, the Uncle overthrown, and with the Mother never having played any role at all, it is difficult to see how Mr. Elkin's argument can now be taken seriously.

And as a last triumphant proof that the foregoing analysis is correct, let us consider the case of Mr. Bulganin, the Soviet Premier. It is well known that Mr. Bulganin is one of the rulers of Russia, a Nephew. Yet he appears before us in the guise of a Brother-in-law, a general. This signifies that as Prime Minister his power is that of a Brother-in-law, strictly nil, and that the real strength still lies with the ununiformed Nephews. All authorities on Russian affairs are unanimous in the opinion that Mr. Bulganin is merely a figurehead, and this opinion is now verified by psychology.

Let me add that out here in Los Angeles we are tensely awaiting the appearance of the *Maiden Aunt*. This formidable figure is death on Nephews and her arrival will mean the end of the Soviet dictatorship. At that time Mr. Elkin's hope for the return of God the Father may be realized. Let us hope so.

BORIS SOBELMAN

Los Angeles, California

Torah and Nature

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Lionel Trilling's observations on "Wordsworth and the Rabbis" (February) show a sensitive understanding of Wordsworth. The similarity that is suggested between him and the rabbis, however, is more superficial than Mr. Trilling's reading of Herford's edition of *Pirke Avot* would indicate.

The substance of his argument rests on two principal contentions: firstly, that the Torah, for the rabbis, like Nature for Wordsworth, represents a divine object which mediates between man and God and to which one can be in an intimate, passionate relationship; secondly, that to Wordsworth, as to the rabbis, there is no sense of a struggle against evil, no affirmation of the virtue of courage, but rather a quietism and non-militancy of spirit exemplified among the rabbis by the gentleness of Hillel. . . .

The non-affirmation of courage in rabbinic

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literature, however, does not stem from quietism at all, which is more a subjective and psychological thing, but from a basic difference of orientation in Jewish theology. Indeed, Mr. Trilling's reading of Dr. Kadushin's book *The Rabbinic Mind* should have been sufficient to indicate that Judaism, as a religion, does not affirm personal virtues which one acquires, but universal values in which one participates.

Now one of the basic distinctions between Judaism and Christianity, and a distinction which finds Wordsworth, except in one important matter, in the camp of Christianity, is the problem of evil. To the Christian, evil is fundamentally inner evil; his reading of the fall of Adam finds man himself cursed with original sin, his passions suspect, his will perverted. It is man himself who must be regenerated, by sacraments, election, or a profoundly subjective and inward conversion experience. . . . The unregenerate Christian soul is a house divided against itself—unless it be wholly given over to the devil, where the seven cardinal virtues and the seven deadly sins are engaged in a battle not wholly ended until death itself. The Castle of Alma remains forever under siege. In such a frame of reference, the self becomes peculiarly suspect. Of all the deadly sins, pride is the deadliest, since it affirms the entire self, corrupt, depraved, and self-willed. The Christian must lose himself to find himself; he must be twice born. . . . If to Rashi the Bible should properly begin with the first mitzvah, to the Christian it must begin with the temptation and the fall. The Jewish Messiah, who is a human being in origin, promises all mankind a period of universal peace. The Christian Messiah, who is God himself in origin, offers each individual vicarious personal atonement.

Indeed, to the Jew, this entire preoccupation with the self, with deadly sins and cardinal virtues, with the everlasting yea and the everlasting nay, with the state of depravity as opposed to the state of grace, is a wholly alien mode of thinking. Evil is not a corruption but a fact, not to be brooded about but overcome. The fall of man is not original sin, the damnation of man's soul, but the disruption of his harmony with the universe. In the Bible story, Adam himself is not cursed, but the earth is cursed for Adam. Satan, except in folklore, does not represent an insurrection in the universe . . . but is the Satan of the Book of Job, God's single-minded prosecuting attorney, the *Kategor* of the High Holiday service. Even the *yetzer horah,* the evil impulse, is overcome through care and the cultivation of good habits, not through soul-searching and despair. . . .

The Jew, then, is not born with a corrupt soul that he must redeem as fully as possible, but is born into a corrupt universe whose fragmented values he must participate in and harmonize as richly as possible. Indeed, the very affirmation of courage implies a preoccupation with the self that is beneath the dignity of the rabbis. Let the Jew cultivate proper habits, affirming a life in which Torah and *gemilas chesed* take their proper place, and his death *al Kiddush ha-Shem* is only the last of a long series of mitzvoth. . . .

From this point of view it becomes apparent that Wordsworth's entire frame of thinking is Christian, save that he has dropped the concept of original sin and so lessened the strain of inner conflict. But the author of the *Prelude* is still a twice-born individual. His preoccupation is still with the self, its generation, its struggles and "fall from grace," and its final regeneration. In this it is in line with *Pilgrim's Progress* rather than the *Pirke Avot.* If Wordsworth does not affirm courage, it is not because, as with the rabbis, courage is not organic to the system of values which they seek to affirm, but because quiescence, rather than courageous action, is Wordsworth's path to a state of grace, as well as its characteristic once attained. . . . On the other hand, Mr. Trilling's comparison of the Torah with Wordsworth's "Nature" as divine objects to which one forms intimate relationships, the breath of God made manifest, as it were, is an arresting parallel. . . . The relationship of the rabbis to the Torah, however, is, once again, a far more active one than Wordsworth's to Nature. Can one say of Wordsworth's nature, as of the Torah, "Turn it over and over, and examine it closely, for everything is in it?"

Let us make no mistake about it, the life of rabbinic Judaism is a very strenuous one. Its serenity stems not from quiescence but from a confidence in its supreme worth in the sight of God. . . .

(Rabbi) Judah Stampfer
Director, B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation
University of Manitoba
Winnipeg, Canada

Correction

In our issue of March 1955, the price of *The Alphabet of Creation,* published by Pantheon Books, was incorrectly given as $5.00. The price is $15.00.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Halachah as the Reason of God and Man

THE CODE OF MAIMONIDES. BOOK ELEVEN: THE BOOK OF TORTS. Translated from the Hebrew by Hyman Klein. Volume IX in the Yale Judaica Series. Yale University Press. 299 pp. $6.00.

Reviewed by MICHAEL WYSCHOGROD

THE BOOK OF TORTS is the eleventh in the *Code of Maimonides,* the monumental codification of Talmudic law that was the crowning work of that Moses of whom Jewry says, "From Moses to Moses, there was none like Moses." *The Book of Torts* is concerned with damage inflicted by one's chattel; theft, robbery, and lost property; wounding and damaging; murder and the preservation of life. All this of course is lawyer's fare. No one today would consider it part of a liberal education to study the minutiae of the state or Federal codes regarding the responsibility incurred by the owner of an ox that gored another animal or strayed into another's field. And least of all would such a study be regarded as a religious discipline. Yet to Maimonides and all Jews who spent their lives studying his *Code* and related works, the essence of worship was the study of the word of God revealed in Halachah, the Law. Historically, the substance of Judaism has been law.

From one point of view, it might be said that what is basically at issue in this eleventh book of Maimonides' *Code* is justice. Now justice is far from being just lawyer's fare, but is a respectable topic of philosophical discussion. This is so because it is an abstraction. Any abstraction, however, must be an abstraction from some concrete. If, then, we survey a large variety of concrete human conduct that we consider just, asking what the universal element is that makes such conduct just, and if we are able to find this universal element, we have gained some conception of what justice is.

But how can we locate concrete examples of just conduct unless we already have some criteria in terms of which we can distinguish the just from the unjust? This is a dilemma of the philosophy of law to which Halachah provides its own very special solution. It does not raise the philosophical question of what is justice. It merely tells us, for example, that "if eligible witnesses testify that a person has committed a theft, he must pay the owner of the stolen property double its value. Thus, if one has stolen one *denar,* he must pay two, and if he has stolen a donkey or a garment or a camel, he must pay twice its value. He thus loses an amount equal to that of which he wished to deprive another" ("Laws Concerning Theft," chap. I, par. 4). If, on the other hand, "one steals an animal and butchers or sells it before the owner has abandoned hope of recovery, he must pay fourfold or fivefold . . ." (par. 16). Halachah makes such a distinction not because it starts out already possessing a concept of justice which it applies in these cases to get these results, but because the written and oral revelation, the Torah and the Mishnah and Talmud, provide specifically in this way for these contingencies. For the Halachist to ask whether they are just or not is to put the cart before the horse—it is only through analyzing these concrete, *given* (i.e., revealed) provisions that a definition of justice can be arrived at.

The Jewish law is therefore a very practical matter concerned with concrete cases. No philosophically derived definition of justice can say what the just punishment for wounding another is, or what is the necessary degree of negligence in cases of accidental injury—we find this out by studying the individual cases and contingencies set forth in the written and oral revelation. And therefore no philosopher worth his salt would spend time trying to answer such questions. But as practical as the Law is, its practicality is still not its essence. Its essence is that it is the word of God. Now of course its practicality, too, is directly dependent upon this conviction. Without this conviction that the

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Law is the word of God, no cogent reason can be advanced for its being binding on the Jew. But once it is the word of God, immediate applicability fades into the background. Whether the laws one studies concern torts, with some possible contemporary application, or whether they concern the cleanness of the vessels in the Temple, with no possible contemporary application, is irrelevant; to study either is to study the word of God.

What is at stake in the Judaism of Maimonides, then, is the religiosity of the Law. Historic Judaism stands or falls according to whether it is the law that God revealed at Sinai. Rashi, commenting on the first verse of the Scriptures ("In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth"), quotes Rabbi Isaac as saying that there was no good reason for beginning the Torah, which is the law book of Israel, with the account of the Creation except that its inclusion gives Israel a legal basis for their subsequent expulsion of the heathen nations inhabiting Palestine—for if God created the heaven and the earth He can surely take part of it away from one people and give it to another. Thus the Torah is not a source book for cosmological and metaphysical information. If it includes such information, it is for ethico-legal reasons and no other.

THAT the Law is the word of God is the theological contention unique to Judaism. Since the advent of Christianity, no other principle of Judaism has been subject to such systematic criticism. The defense of Judaism has been the defense of the Law. This defense is especially vital in the contemporary Jewish situation because of the antinomian criticism leveled at the Law not only by the indifferent, but by such authentically committed religious thinkers as Simone Weil and Henri Bergson. This is no place to develop such a defense. But in reading Maimonides' *Code* one may be deceived by its apparent simplicity into thinking the problem of the Jewish law is something else than it is. Judging from the *Code*, the study of the Law should be a fairly straightforward and unproblematic matter. Maimonides' paragraphs follow in a very orderly way and nowhere, it would seem, is there any place for disagreement or differences of opinion. But this impression which one gains is only a tribute to Maimonides' powerful synthesizing intellect. In fact, Halachah is utterly complex and its study requires a prodigious intellectual effort. (As it happens, Talmudic scholars do not mainly consult Maimonides' work for what it has to offer as a code and compilation; they do not consult it for its simplicities—Rabbi Joseph Caro's *Shulchan Aruch* is much more useful for that—they consult it as an indirect commentary on the Talmud, as one of many *interpretations* of Jewish law.) The variety and complexity of Talmudic thought and argument, the intricate interrelationship of definitions and implications, and the logical complications presented by the medieval commentators and codifiers—in a word, the body of Halachah—are so formidable as to constitute an architectonic of human thought not inferior to the most complex human intellectual achievements such as modern theoretical physics or mathematics.

The religious experience of the word of God as law is therefore at the same time an intellectual act—it is, among other things, the experience of the divine *logos*. Just as to the philosophical rationalists of the 17th century, the mind of God was the laws of nature which relate all reality in the infinite complex of mathematical formulas, so to the Halachist the Law is the divine presence in the created world; and because there is no aspect of reality which does not concern Halachah, the Law is the unity which emanates from the unity of God. As such, Halachah is a kind of science of religion, not in the sense of a basing of religion on scientific foundations, as has been attempted fruitlessly so often in modern times, but as a development of the logic of the word of God. In logical structures the emphasis is always more on relation than on substance, more on the validity of the argument than on the premises themselves. And to a considerable extent this applies to Halachah too. One does not necessarily have to "believe" to see the beauty of a complex Halachic argument. The premises themselves, whose justification is often direct divine revelation alone, are absorbed in pure structure, in logic, in form. The word of God then speaks to man not only, or perhaps not even primarily, as the substance of the divine personality, but as the reflection of the divine *logos*.

BECAUSE Halachah reflects the reason of God, rather than the ultimate mystery of His personality, it is a sovereign domain of human research within the restrictions of its revealed premises. This places the primary religious emphasis on

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sheer intelligence. Jewish religiosity is unthinkable without this intelligence. The Jewish religious personality need not constantly be talking about God and His mysteries. He can be talking about cases of accidental injury or about oxen goring animals without being lost in the secularity of the world. Human intelligence, mirroring the reason of God as law, suffuses the most mundane human activities with a luminous religiosity and transforms them into forms of piety and worship. The religion of Judaism therefore has a place for the scientific mind, for the spiritual temperament that does not find fulfillment in theological speculation but in rigorous logic and convincing proof. In many ways, such a temperament is contemporary man's, who lives in an age when to have the name of God on one's lips does not insure His presence, or not to have it His absence. The study of the Torah, which is the central religious act of the Jew, produces a religiosity that can live without the constant invocation of the divine name. One has to look very hard in the *Book of Torts* to find God's name. Yet Judaism feels that to study it is to study His word.

Explaining American Politics

POLITICS IN AMERICA. By D. W. BROGAN. Harper. 467 pp. $5.00.

Reviewed by HENRY BAMFORD PARKES

"THE purpose of this book," says the preface, "is simply to make the American political system intelligible. It has no thesis except that the system has its own logic, its own justification, and is, in general, a success." Mr. Brogan, in other words, is primarily concerned with the mechanics of the American federal government, not with its ideals or objectives or with the processes of administration, and with the factors that keep it a going concern rather than with possible improvements. Successive chapters deal with the making of the Constitution, the organization of political parties and machines, the influence of racial, religious, and moralistic attitudes, the conduct of elections, and the division of power between the President, the Congress, and the Supreme Court. These subjects are discussed with all Mr. Brogan's habitual brilliance and lucidity and illustrated with the accustomed flow of anecdotes derived from conversations with a wide

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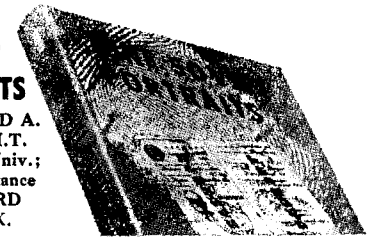

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variety of Americans and of quotations taken not only from such relatively familiar sources as the *Political Science Review* but from obscure doctoral dissertations and from the columns of the San Francisco *Chronicle* and the Brattleboro *Daily Reformer*. Not only does he appear to have seen everything and met everybody; even more remarkably, he seems always able to recall the exact reference which he needs to illuminate whatever subject he is discussing. For the student of American history it is always a humbling experience to read a book by Mr. Brogan, and it is therefore consoling to be able to report that he is not wholly infallible. It was the commercial interests of New York rather than the fishing interests of New England that were given precedence over the opening of the Mississippi in John Jay's negotiations with Spain under the Confederation; and the Rush-Bagot Agreement with Canada dealt only with disarmament on the Great Lakes, land disarmament not being achieved until near the end of the 19th century.

Mr. Brogan is no unqualified admirer of the American form of government. He is, of course, well aware of its more obvious deficiencies, such as the division of responsibility between executive and legislature and the rigidity of the election requirements. He also emphasizes the harmful effects of relatively minor provisions, pointing out, for example, how biennial elections prevent members of the House of Representatives from developing any sufficient degree of independence, how the residence qualification tends to prevent able men from being elected to Congress, and how the operation of the seniority rule in committees gives power to those Congressmen, mostly from rural areas, who happen to represent constituencies where elections are always won by the same party. Considered simply as a political mechanism, in fact, the American Constitution often seems designed actually to encourage irresponsibility and inefficiency. *E pur si muove*. Mr. Brogan's main conviction is that since the Americans have discovered how to make their form of government workable, they are wise to preserve established habits of procedure and be suspicious of any major revision, however desirable it might appear by rationalistic standards. "Good political habits—and American habits are, on the whole good (no more can be said of British habits)—are too rare a thing to be thrown away in the world of today. The American people are right not to let the best be the enemy, not only of the good, but even of the slight improvements that the system is capable of without changing its basic character." Elsewhere he speaks of "the living if malformed Constitution under which Americans have long been accustomed to live and outside which they might gasp for air like a fish on dry land."

As Mr. Brogan repeatedly insists, what makes the Constitution such an effective instrument of popular rule is the American party system. This indeed, and not the document drafted at Philadelphia in 1787, is the unique American contribution to the art of democratic government. Most Europeans, along with many American liberals, have usually been baffled by the apparent illogicality of a system in which both parties cover almost the whole gamut of political attitudes, and have insisted that there ought to be clear differences of principle and class interest between them. In actuality, the fact that each party is a national and not a class organization, capable of giving expression to the national interest as a whole and flexible enough to swing either to left or right in accordance with changes in popular sentiment, has been the main safeguard against the irreconcilable ideological and class conflicts that have made democracy ineffective or impossible in so many other countries. Mr. Brogan complains that "the voter cannot have a reasonable expectation of getting what he, presumably, orders by his vote, a coherent programme which will be carried out"; but unlike so many political commentators, he understands the virtues of the American system, attributing its development mainly to the fact that the United States was a continental area comprising many diverse regional and ethnic interests which encouraged the art of compromise. Madison was a true prophet when he declared that minority rights would be better protected in the United States than in smaller republics because it was too big to come under the domination of any one economic group.

At the present day, however, both regional and ethnic differences are rapidly diminishing in importance; and Mr. Brogan deduces that this process of national unification should logically be followed by a clear-cut party division along class lines. Class conflicts, for example, may soon outweigh regional loyalties in the political attitudes of the South. Northern liberals, impatient with the influence of Southern conservatives in the Democratic party, have

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usually favored such a development, though, as Mr. Brogan suggests, a party realignment might well result in a permanent conservative majority. With a more coherent party system the voter would undoubtedly be more likely to get the program which he voted for; but its dangers should not be forgotten. The last time the two major parties were divided by a clear-cut difference of principle the result was a civil war.

When Is a Literature National?

A TREASURY OF IRISH FOLKLORE. Edited by PADRAIC COLUM. Crown. 640 pp. $5.00.

Reviewed by VIVIAN MERCIER

I AM not going to quarrel with Padraic Colum's definition of folklore, although only two of the nine "Parts" into which his book is divided—"Ways and Traditions" and "Fireside Tales"—fit the usual definitions of the term. The rest is literature, though rarely belles-lettres.

Mr. Colum has cast his net wider than the collector of folklore proper. He clearly wishes to catch in it everything that the collective memory of the Irish nation would say if granted the power of speech. In his desire to be all-inclusive Padraic Colum has posed the problem which faces every student of Irish literature, especially an Irish anthologist who works for an English-speaking audience. In a pretentious moment one might call it "The Problem of the Continuity of a Discontinuous Tradition." Every American writer not of Anglo-Saxon origin has to face this problem in some form; so does every Jewish writer, whatever his nationality, who is concerned with his character as a Jew. Put in Jewish terms, the problem takes somewhat this form: "How inclusive should we make the term 'Jewish literature'? Should it refer only to Hebrew literature, ancient and modern? Should it include Yiddish literature? Should it include *any* work written by Jews, regardless of language? Should a separate category be set up for Israeli literature, and if so, must Israeli literature be in Hebrew only?"

On the basis of Irish experience, I assume that the above questions have been asked a million times. In my profound ignorance, I do not know what answers have been given, but I'm ready to bet they were endlessly conflicting, and that no one answer to any question has gained widespread acceptance. I suspect that the Irish

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problem somehow illuminates the parallel Jewish situation, if only to emphasize that it is not unique. But I leave the reader to make his own applications.

THE most striking and exclusive definition of Irish literature so far comes from Professor Daniel Corkery's *Synge and Anglo-Irish Literature*: ". . . by Irish literature we mean the literature written in the Irish language and that alone . . . ." There is a breathtaking simplicity about this, as well as a touching integrity—for Corkery has thus put his own work outside the pale of Irish literature. He has also excluded nearly all of the writing by a number of the noblest, most gifted Irishmen who ever lived—all unimpeachably Gaelic by descent: John Scotus Erigena, 9th-century philosopher and Greek scholar, who may yet take over Berkeley's place as the greatest Irish thinker; St. Columbanus, first of the great Irish missionaries to the Continent and founder of the monasteries of Luxeuil and Bobbio; Sedullius, the great Latin poet; St. Adamnán, biographer of St. Columcille (or Columba) of Iona; Muirchu Maccu Mactheni, first Latin biographer of St. Patrick; the anonymous author of that very popular medieval work, the *Navigatio Brendani,* which led many people to believe that America was discovered by an Irish saint; and the Irish monk named Marcus who wrote *The Vision of Tundale,* another very popular Latin work, which doubtless influenced Dante's account of Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory. All of these, who wrote more or less exclusively in Latin, Professor Corkery, in his emphasis on a "national literature," would be forced to exclude. Perhaps they on their side, as members of a universal church who wrote in an international language, would have scorned to contribute to a mere national literature in any case.

By Corkery standards nothing in Padraic Colum's book is Irish except a few Gaelic phrases and one four-line toast. Part II, entitled "Heroes of Old," does contain some translations from the Gaelic sagas, as well as four selections dealing with St. Patrick and St. Columcille. Here, I think, Mr. Colum's editing falls down badly. To include only four selections from saints' lives in such a book does a double injustice: in the first place, if we take folklore to include biography, topography, history, etc., a true representation of the saints' share would allot them a hundred of the book's three hundred selections rather than merely four; in the second place, anyone who has read the available literal translations of the Gaelic lives of the Irish saints will realize that these constitute one of the greatest sources of Irish folklore at present available. Perhaps Mr. Colum feared to offend his Catholic readers by treating the saints' lives as folklore, though the Church itself preserves a healthy skepticism about these lives.

Old and Modern Irish are not as comparable as Ancient and Modern Hebrew, Old Irish being at least as different from Modern Irish as Anglo-Saxon is from modern English. But Latin literature by Irishmen may properly be considered to correspond to Jewish writing in Greek, Arabic, and, of course, Latin. We may also reasonably equate Irish dialect literature—Synge's work, for example—with Yiddish literature. The use of Gaelic words and idioms in this literature is not unlike the presence of Hebrew and English words in Yiddish. If we add language, then, to the criterion of subject, the writings of Anglo-Irishmen like Berkeley and Swift in standard English will be part not of Irish but of English literature, except where there is direct reference to Irish life—Swift's *Drapier Letters,* Berkeley's *The Querist.* Mr. Colum's anthology plausibly could exclude anything by Berkeley, Burke, or Swift that had nothing to do with Ireland, but to include nothing *at all* by any of them is to do grave injustice to the Irish genius. But perhaps their work would have stood out too much above the surrounding undistinguished writing. Oliver Goldsmith is represented by almost the only thing he ever wrote with a purely Irish reference—his account of Turlough O'Carolan, last of the Irish bards.

THE Irish 19th-century imitators of Sir Walter Scott provide a source of genuine folklore (noncopyright) which Mr. Colum has used liberally. He includes Charles J. Kickham's *Knocknagow, or the Homes of Tipperary,* a novel which has been a perennial best-seller in Ireland for about a century. According to Mr. Colum's index, there are seven items by bold Kickham; the only other individuals supplying seven or more items are Douglas Hyde and Padraic Colum himself, though twenty-four items in all, by a variety of authors, are taken from the files of *The Gael,* a New York periodical, for the beginning of the present century. Like so many anthologists Mr. Colum seems to have been guided by such irrelevant but compelling factors as availability.

Occasionally, his stamp of "Irish" seems

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merely whimsical. He numbers among his contributors the German scholar Kuno Meyer and the English scholar Robin Flower, not to mention a lady named Luba Kaftannikoff. We have also the literature of the Irish Diaspora in the New World; there are two excerpts from Finley Peter Dunne ("Mr. Dooley"), accounts of Commodore John Barry, the "Fighting 69th," Ambrose O'Higgins of Chile, and three stories about John L. Sullivan.

ACTUALLY one can offer a comparatively straightforward definition of "Irish literature": *literary work by anyone of Irish birth, descent, or upbringing who continues to regard himself as primarily Irish.* Practically, one may find it necessary to insist on a combination of these criteria. In principle, however, I am against any definition of "Irish" or of "Irishman" which will exclude a Yeats or a De Valera, a Solomons or a Mercier. A witty Gael who writes as "Thersites" in the Dublin *Irish Times* once remarked: ". . . we ought to drop the idea that calling a writer 'Irish' is necessarily awarding him a kind of medal." At the same time, one must avoid classing as "Irish" something which simply happens to be at hand. I am prepared to accept as Irish, for instance, the remarkable Middle English "Kildare Poems" and certain works in Norman-French written in Ireland.

No country—Ireland least of all, after centuries of destructive civil war—is so rich in culture that she can afford to throw away any part of her heritage. Padraic Colum, who played an important part in the Irish renaissance at the beginning of the century, knows this truth better than anyone, since it was the basic premise of that revival; at the time, it was Ireland's Gaelic past that had to be made available. Today another aspect of Ireland's heritage, the Anglo-Irish one, is in danger of being jettisoned. If Mr. Colum had misgivings that his *Treasury* might suffer from all-inclusiveness, he must quickly have suppressed them with the reflection that culture, in the anthropological sense, is all-inclusive too. A people's prayers and its ways of cooking potatoes—Mr. Colum includes examples of both—have an equal right to be regarded as cultural manifestations, though not as equally important ones. So have its modes of expression, whatever language happens to be used, or whoever is expressing them. I suggest that Irishmen, like Jews, would do well to think twice before repudiating any cultural legacy.

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Fiction and "Literature"

THE DARK ARENA. By MARIO PUZO. Random House. 308 pp. $3.50.

A GHOST AT NOON. By ALBERTO MORAVIA. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 309 pp. $3.50.

A WORLD OF LOVE. By ELIZABETH BOWEN. Knopf. 244 pp. $3.50.

THE INNOCENT SAILOR. By ANNE DE TOURVILLE. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 309 pp. $3.50.

THE TRAP. By DAN JACOBSON. Harcourt, Brace. 122 pp. $2.95.

Reviewed by CHANDLER BROSSARD

THE constant struggle in so-called creative writing is between fiction and "literature," or imagination and conformity. "Literature"—or The Same As Before—nearly always wins, unfortunately, and then, putting *that* book down, we all lean back in disappointment and boredom and wonder when the real thing will come along. I may be a pessimist, but I have begun

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To Know Better

. . . "Teach me, which to thee is no difficult task, to know mankind better than they know themselves. Remove that mist which dims the intellects of mortals, and causes them to adore men for their art, or to detest them for their cunning, in deceiving others, when they are, in reality, the objects only of ridicule, for deceiving themselves. Strip off the thin disguise of wisdom from self-conceit, of plenty from avarice, and of glory from ambition . . . till mankind learn the good-nature to laugh only at the follies of others, and the humility to grieve at their own."

"Invocation to Genius"
From TOM JONES
By HENRY FIELDING
Published 1749

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to suspect that "literature" has just about won the battle for keeps. For what started out, centuries ago, as a means of extending the reader's (or listener's) vision and experience, and heightening his total sense of awareness, has become, except in the rarest cases, dead repetition, "art," or out-and-out journalism.

These five recently published novels illustrate my points.

We can begin with the real beginner of the group, Mario Puzo. In his first novel, *The Dark Arena,* Puzo tells the story of an ex-GI who, out of an inability to adjust to civilian life back in the States, returns to Germany and the inevitable sensitive, tragic girl friend of the occupied country, and tries to make a go of things there among the ruins, both animate and inanimate. I am not entirely certain that by now this familiar "idea," or situation, can be brought to life, or made fictionally valid, even by a first-rate talent. But in Puzo's writer's-workshop hands, it becomes a bleak homage to every literary and middlebrow cliché imaginable. In fact, I had the surrealistic feeling at times that I was really reading an example of automatic group writing, with the participants—Alfred Hayes, Hemingway, Remarque, Irwin Shaw—dreamily pouring out their simplest and cheapest images of pseudo-experience.

I tried in vain to discover Puzo in all this. Certainly something must have happened to him—the book seems to be more or less autobiographical—that was unique and had nothing to do with literary notions and poses. Somewhere in himself he must really be himself, not a fantasy identification. If so, he is certainly keeping it a secret. Why do beginning writers like Puzo allow themselves to be buffaloed by standard performances, to a point where it would have been just as easy for them never to have undergone their original "experience" and, instead, have written their book in the library after a little research? Maybe the simple answer is they don't have any talent in the first place. Again, I suspect that the fear of "not making it" is so intense among young writers that before they even allow themselves to react, say, to a given situation or stimulus, they first check it in their minds with something they read, to be sure that it is all right.

Alberto Moravia has become one of the world's slickest literary writers. He publishes book after book and seems to have an endless source of material for his novels—confessions of whores, love-sick little boys, feeble, degenerate aristocrats, etc. In spite of all this, I have never been quite convinced that he is a genuine fiction writer, or even really feels content with the medium. He has always seemed torn between making intellectual statements and inventing dramatic situations, to the eventual enfeeblement of both. This latest book of his, *A Ghost at Noon,* though it is executed with what is termed "literary skill," is a perfect example of this ambivalence, and as a result the reader is left with a dazed, cheated feeling.

Using the first-person technique (which here lacks so much immediacy as actually to seem *third* person), Moravia lets us in on a domestic tragedy: a serious writer becomes a movie hack and in the general process loses the love and respect of his simple-type wife, who finally is attracted to her husband's brutal employer. This could be very interesting, as plots go, but Moravia, the ill-at-ease imaginer, insists on delivering long speeches about the complexities of life and love (as if everybody doesn't already know them for himself) and then goes to the length of dragging in a peculiar mythical parallel with the Ulysses-Penelope story, to give his own story more "depth" and "meaning," I suppose. But all it really does is tire you and at the same time make you suspect Moravia was simply evading the fiction writer's primary responsibility of inventing his own "myth." I don't think Moravia has one; in its place he has technique. And what could be more journalistic?

Of all contemporary English writers—include the Americans too, if you like—the one most flagrantly guilty of what may be called the "vanity of sensibility" is Elizabeth Bowen. In her work "sensibility" tends to become a sly substitute for thought, talent, story, imagination—in short, everything that truly creative writing is supposed to have to start with. There is no doubt that Miss Bowen has talent as a fiction writer (though I don't feel a very large one, or a very "pertinent" one) but her urge to display her sensibility makes reading her a chore. Novel writing was never meant to take the place of poetry or painting or music, but Miss Bowen won't concede this.

A World of Love is a pretty flimsy story to begin with: two women can't seem to live very successfully in the present because of the memory of a dead man whom they both loved. Then there is a hummingbird-acting young girl who

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slowly discovers herself, in some vague way, and who suddenly falls in love in the very last sentence in the book. Love is all over the place, in the honeysuckle, in old letters, in half-hidden smiles, in cocktail glasses. But is this enough for a novel?

All of the faults of this kind of writing are carried to a truly awesome height—or depth—by Anne de Tourville in her novel *The Innocent Sailor,* which was brought over from the French. Beyond this point it is impossible to go (I hope). Sensibility and artiness and pseudo-magic—or literature—that is what the novel actually is about, and not, as the jacket copy would have you believe, a lusty wandering sailor and his wondrous exploits. He is just an excuse to get the other stuff oozing out, but nothing lives.

I tried to understand what Miss de Tourville was talking about, in her almost free-associational way, and the only thing I could put my finger on was that she was attempting to dramatize, or re-create, certain regional myths, superstitions, or dreams. This is, of course, a very high-class literary and cultural idea. Unfortunately, it is also dead, phony, and the antithesis of real art. You ask yourself, then, why does such stuff get published in this country, where even local, familiar fiction is, nearly all of it, a financial risk to publish? The depressing answer must be that a lot of people in publishing are still frightened out of their judgment by anything European that looks like culture.

DAN JACOBSON'S short first novel, *The Trap,* is by far the most enjoyable (which is what fiction is supposed to be, incidentally), least depressing book of the lot. But even Jacobson, a lyrically gifted writer, seems to have been slightly victimized, or befuddled, by literary notions and goals. *The Trap* centers around a well-meaning, but stupid young South African Dutch farmer and two Kaffir Negroes who work for him. He is duped by one of them—a scheming, obsequious foreman—into kicking the other one—a mild, childlike drunk—off his farm by the lying accusation that the man is a menacing homosexual. Bad luck, more betrayal, violence follow in the wake of this stupid act.

For the most part Mr. Jacobson (whose short stories were first published in this country by COMMENTARY) is original and impressive. He moves in this short form with ease (not glibness) and authority, and he manages throughout to impart a delicate nasty suspense and surprise to the story without resorting to cheap tricks. He makes you feel the newness of his talent. But at a certain point he loses himself in literary conventions. His descriptive writing, which in a small quantity is sharp and communicative, is overdone and distracting and, finally, arty. (It seemed at times that Georgia O'Keefe was directing his pencil.) He seems to be showing you how well he can write when this just isn't necessary (he writes very well indeed). This tendency slows the true action—or feltness—down and gives the book an inauthentic, chic tone which is alien to Jacobson's speed of vision.

Jacobson is such an interesting, assimilable talent that it is to be hoped that in his subsequent work he will discover himself "outside" literature, and come upon a way of expressing himself—or conveying his vision—that is truly fictional and not literary. To be sure, this is an extremely difficult thing to do these days—impossible for most people—but unless it is done, and unless one asks it of the few gifted writers around, creative fiction is kaput—as the other four novels here reviewed too amply demonstrate.

Is There Jewish Art?

MODIGLIANI, CHAGALL, SOUTINE, PASCIN: ASPECTS OF EXPRESSIONISM. By PAOLO D'ANCONA. Translated by Lucia Krasnik. Edizione del Milione, Milan. 123 pp., illustrated. $13.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED WERNER

LABELS are as misleading in the history of art as elsewhere. At least three major movements—Impressionism, Fauvism, and Cubism—owe their names to jokes; of the dozens of artists who joined with Monet and Pissarro eighty years ago, few can be classified as Impressionists. Equally vague is the term Expressionism. Coined in Germany before World War I, it was first applied to the Bruecke in Dresden and the Blaue Reiter in Munich. But Signor D'Ancona, who dislikes the early Expressionists, tartly declares: "Only in Paris did the movement lose its programmatic and intellectual nature to acquire artistic values." Forestalling criticism of the "very wide meaning" he gives to it, he says: "For us Expressionism is an effort, no matter how carried out, to focus on man, or rather on the inner side of man. . . ."

But art has always focused on "the inner

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side" of man. Modigliani, his own uninhibited life notwithstanding, was a classicist whose elegant stylizations are closer to early Quattrocento panels than to Van Gogh. Pascin's clearly defined faces and figures, "intellectually" rendered, remove him, too, from among the Expressionists. Chagall has been claimed by both Expressionists and Surrealists, but he is difficult to put into any school. We have left, then, only Soutine, whose frenzied art is the antithesis of that of his friend Modigliani.

WHAT, then, have these four in common? They are all in the first rank of post-Cézanne artists; they were born in the same decade, 1884-94; they came from small, artistically barren places to Paris; and they were Jews, a matter which the author believes was least significant. However arguable this grouping, D'Ancona, who has been a critic and historian for half a century, deals provocatively with the four. He introduces us to the sophisticated Modigliani, scion of a distinguished family, who wished for "a short but intense life," and got his wish; Chagall, the poet in color from Vitebsk, who is the only one still living; Soutine, the tormented neurotic "Litvak," who died in Nazi-occupied France after an unsuccessful ulcer operation; and the morbid Balkan Jew Pascin, who hanged himself in his Paris studio.

An authority on Modigliani—writing about him before the artist was internationally known, and unearthing important letters from him to a fellow art student—D'Ancona is a devoted admirer of the painter in whose portraits "the physical datum is but a pretext to the creation of a higher reality." Some of us will nevertheless wonder whether Modigliani really was, as D'Ancona claims, among the most significant artists of all time.

D'Ancona makes full use of Chagall's charming autobiography, *Ma Vie* (from which selections were published in COMMENTARY some years ago). Yet he notes with surprise: "There is, perhaps, no other example of an artist who, like Chagall, has remained so closely connected to the environment, and the impressions of his childhood." He fails to connect Chagall's sanity and health, which helped him survive his contemporaries, with this agreeable background and his firm rooting in Judaism. The unhappy Soutine would surely have been less neurotic had his ghetto life not been marred by cruelty and lack of understanding.

Pascin was the perpetual nomad. Whereas

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Modigliani had, towards the end, attempted after a fashion to found a family, and Soutine finally retired to a villa of his own, Pascin found peace never and nowhere. He belonged to "those restless artists who never find appeasement, wanderers in a world to which they pin a hope that will never be fulfilled." He drove himself from place to place, and from country to country, took drugs, and filled his empty life with women, "the tonic he but too often took to try and get rid of the disappointment and sadness that lay so heavily on his soul."

Of these four, the only one with a strong identification of himself as a Jew was Chagall. D'Ancona appends to his four brief biographies an even briefer chapter, "Expressionism and Jewish Art," as a kind of afterthought—as if he had suddenly realized that they were Jews. He flatly denies that there is such a thing as Jewish art; Chagall's Jewish subject matter does not impress him: "Were this sufficient to make of him a representative of Jewish art, then Rembrandt would be given the same label. Besides, when Chagall has passed from the Old to the New Testament, he has given us some of the most powerful interpretations the Christian drama has inspired in an artist of our time." All that links these four "Expressionists," he asserts, is that they "happened to breathe, almost in the same years, the peculiar atmosphere of Paris at a time that was all important in the development of the arts in that city."

His oversimplification is as wrong as the other extreme, the tendency of chauvinists (and anti-Semites) to find Jewish traits in the work of any artist of Jewish origin. But the École Juif of Paris was a significant sociological phenomenon. At the beginning of the 20th century dozens of young Jews flocked to Montmartre and Montparnasse from all countries. They met, lived together, influenced each other. The emotional and artistic freedom Paris offered appealed to those who had escaped from the fetters of religion and the provincialism of small towns. Now they could pour out their souls, get inspiration from the Judaism of their past as did Chagall, or try to obliterate it, like Soutine who wanted to become a real Frenchman. Monroe Wheeler dramatically described this École Juif in his *Soutine* (1950): "Suddenly there they were in the vanguard, uprooted but quickly digging in everywhere, mixing in everything, playing a great role in civilization. It may be that for Soutine and for other of his fellow artists in Paris, the important thing was not the sense of race repression but the opposite, the rapidity of liberation—what we now call vertical social mobility—and its consequences, psychological and otherwise. It made them bold, even insolent, concentrated upon their advancement, indefatigable: but it kept them under continuous strain, ever insecure and perhaps incredulous."

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Comparative Race Relations

AN ESSAY ON RACIAL TENSION. By PHILIP MASON. Royal Institute of International Affairs. 149 pp. $1.50.

Reviewed by DENNIS H. WRONG

EVERETT C. HUGHES recently complained of the "ethnocentrism" of American students of race relations—not only do they limit their interest to the United States, but they frequently concentrate exclusively on the minority race or ethnic group instead of examining the behavior and attitudes of all the groups in an

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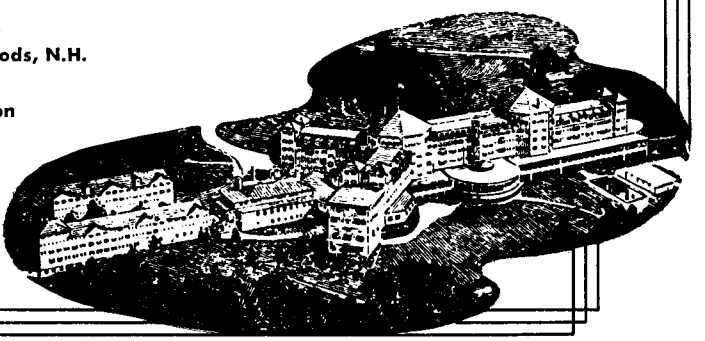

interracial situation. And American social scientists usually lack historical perspective; their search for generalizations "usable" in a multitude of narrowly conceived empirical research projects has led them to psychology rather than to history. In the study of race relations, this has meant that psychological concepts like "stereotype," "scapegoating," and "displaced aggression" have dominated, as Paul Kecskemeti recently suggested in COMMENTARY (October 1954), and considerably narrowed the field of inquiry.

This modest and sensible little book indicates that Englishmen, with their long colonial experience, are free of such limitations. The author, who is Director of Studies on Race Relations at Chatham House and a former member of the Indian Civil Service, begins with a survey of racial tensions throughout the world against the background of historical change: Africa and Asia, where the overseas migrations of Europeans have "brought into contact races more sharply contrasted with each other than usually happens in the case of land migrations"; the confusing mixture of races in South and Central America where, though to a lesser extent than in the United States, the heritage of Negro slavery is still remembered; Asia, where religious differences between Hindu and Moslem and cultural differences between Chinese and Malay are often blended with racial feelings; and the Soviet Union, where Communist persecution of nationality groups has roots in the Great Russian chauvinism of Czarist days.

Conflicts between races, Mason finds, are often primarily cultural, religious, or economic, with racial sentiment *per se* playing only a minor role. This is especially true of Asia, "a continent on the whole tolerant of racial as opposed to cultural differences." Criticizing a familiar "Marxist" view of race conflict, he observes that "if race feeling is merely intensified class feeling with the added touch of a perpetual visible uniform on either side, it is . . . difficult to understand why it should be strong in South Africa, a country of isolated farms and among a people to whom industrialism has always been repugnant."

The main contemporary locus of race conflict is, of course, Africa south of the Mediterranean littoral. It is chiefly with Africa in mind

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that the author advances a theory of stages in race relations, although he evidently considers it applicable to any situation in which a culturally advanced people permanently occupies the territory of a primitive people. After the initial period of invasion and conquest, the tension between the relatively open, competitive society of the conquerors, and the static, custom-bound society of the conquered is modified. The ruling race adopts a paternalistic attitude and the subject race accepts and even welcomes a position of dependence. When the ruling race espouses a liberal political philosophy, as in the case of the British in Africa, eventual equality of the races may be envisaged, but it is seen as a long, slow process—the "white man's burden." In the meantime discriminatory laws restricting native rights to sell land and to purchase liquor may be necessary to protect the native himself from moneylenders or rapacious white traders, as the British discovered in South Africa after first granting the African complete legal equality with the white man. Later, however, "such benevolent discrimination as this paved the way for discrimination that was not benevolent."

The third stage in race relations arrives when the subject race absorbs the culture of its conquerors, rejects its own traditions, and begins to live according to the norms of a modern open society rather than a closed traditional one. Members of the ruling race begin to take alarm at this turn of affairs; no longer do they patronize the tribesman or the peasant, fear replacing contempt and avuncular benevolence. Invariably they try to arrest all change and freeze race relations in a pattern of permanent inequality. Racist ideologies are elaborated to justify denial of an equality which now appears as a real and threatening possibility.

Africa today is moving into this third stage, the United States has been well along into it for some time now (can it see daylight at the end of the tunnel?), and in Asia, European dominance has become a thing of the past. The harshest "stabilizing devices" will be tried in areas where white settlement is clearly permanent, where some whites work as day laborers, where there is a wide disparity in the cultural levels of the two races, and where the dominant race lacks a liberal tradition. South Africa most completely fulfills these conditions and *apartheid* is the most extreme separatist solution to the race problem that has been attempted on the whole African continent or indeed anywhere.

Unfortunately, after presenting his theory Mason then ignores it for the most part, going on to summarize for the non-specialist a great deal of more or less elementary information on the biology and psychology of race differences. This is a pity, for if he had related some of the other topics he discusses to his theory of stages in race relations it might have proved highly rewarding. What changes occur, for example, in the sexual attitudes of the ruling race when the subject race ceases to be the former's virtual wards? Liaisons between white men and black women were more common in the American South during the period of slavery and in the early years of the racial caste system that replaced it than they are today. A similar situation is evident in South Africa. Does guilt over past sexual exploitation encourage a separatist rather than an authoritarian solution to racial tension? Mason, incidentally, explains the absence of white female and black male relationships far more perceptively than many Freudian-influenced American writers, but he fails to examine the whole sexual complex in a dynamic way.

The bad logic of racist ideologies, the myriad forms of discrimination, and the psychological functions of prejudice have been analyzed with great thoroughness by American scholars. What is now needed is an effort to view these things in a broadly comparative manner with full awareness of their shifting historical context. *An Essay in Racial Tension* is a step in this direction.

Book Reviewers in This Issue

Michael Wyschogrod is the author of *Kierkegaard and Heidegger*, published by the Humanities Press.

Henry Bamford Parkes is a historian and interpreter of the American experience.

Vivian Mercier is co-editor of *1000 Years of Irish Prose* (Devin-Adair).

Chandler Brossard is the author of two novels, *To Walk in Darkness* and *The Bold Saboteurs*.

Alfred Werner, a frequent contributor, has written several monographs on modern artists.

Dennis Wrong teaches sociology at the University of Toronto.

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This *I Believe*

By Bertrand Russell*

"AS GEOLOGICAL time is reckoned, Man has so far existed only for a very short period—1,000,000 years at the most. What he has achieved, especially during the last 6,000 years, is something utterly new in the history of the Cosmos, so far at least as we are acquainted with it. For countless ages the sun rose and set, the moon waxed and waned, the stars shone in the night, but it was only with the coming of Man that these things were understood. In the great world of astronomy and in the little world of the atom, Man has unveiled secrets which might have been thought undiscoverable. In art and literature and religion some men have shown a sublimity of feeling which makes the species worth preserving.

"Is all this to end in trivial horror because so few are able to think of Man rather than of this or that group of men? Is our race so destitute of wisdom, so incapable of impartial love, so blind even to the simplest dictates of self-preservation that the last proof of its silly cleverness is to be the extermination of all life on our planet? For it will be not only men who will perish, but also the animals and plants, whom no one can accuse of Communism or anti-Communism.

"I cannot believe that this is to be the end. I would have men forget their quarrels for a moment and reflect that, if they will allow themselves to survive, there is every reason to expect the triumphs of the future to exceed immeasurably the triumphs of the past. There lies before us, if we choose, continual progress in happiness, knowledge, and wisdom. Shall we, instead, choose death, because we cannot forget our quarrels? I appeal as a human being to human beings: remember your humanity, and forget the rest. If you can do so, the way lies open to a new Paradise; if you cannot, nothing lies before you but universal death."

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*Man's Duel with the Hydrogen Bomb
by Bertrand Russell
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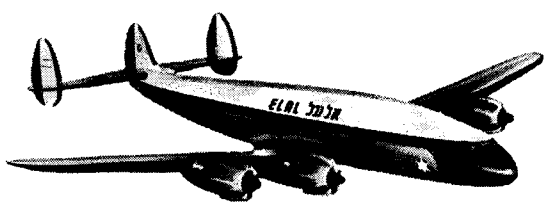

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